The Next War an article by H. G. WELLS

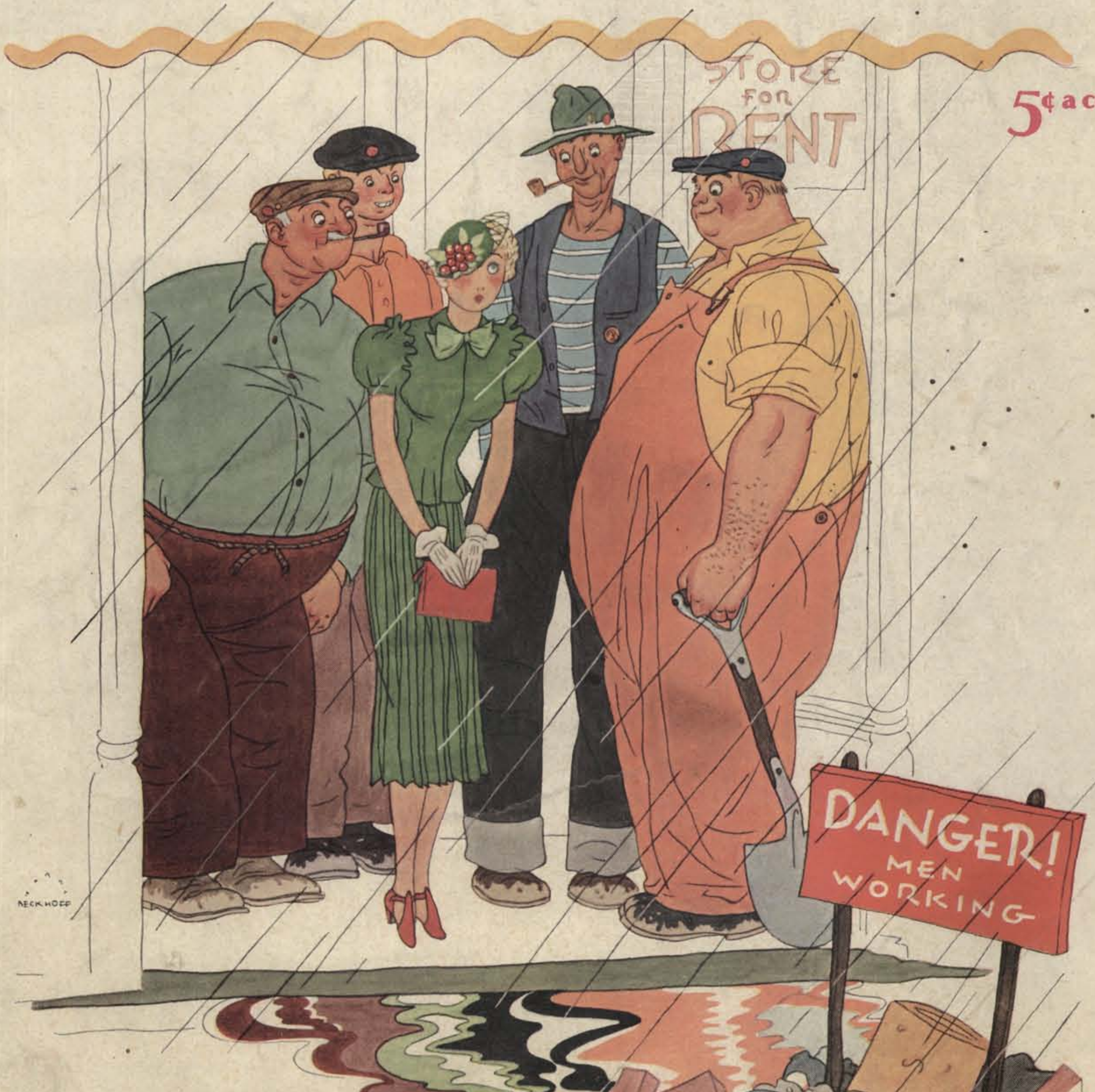
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

July 4, 1936

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

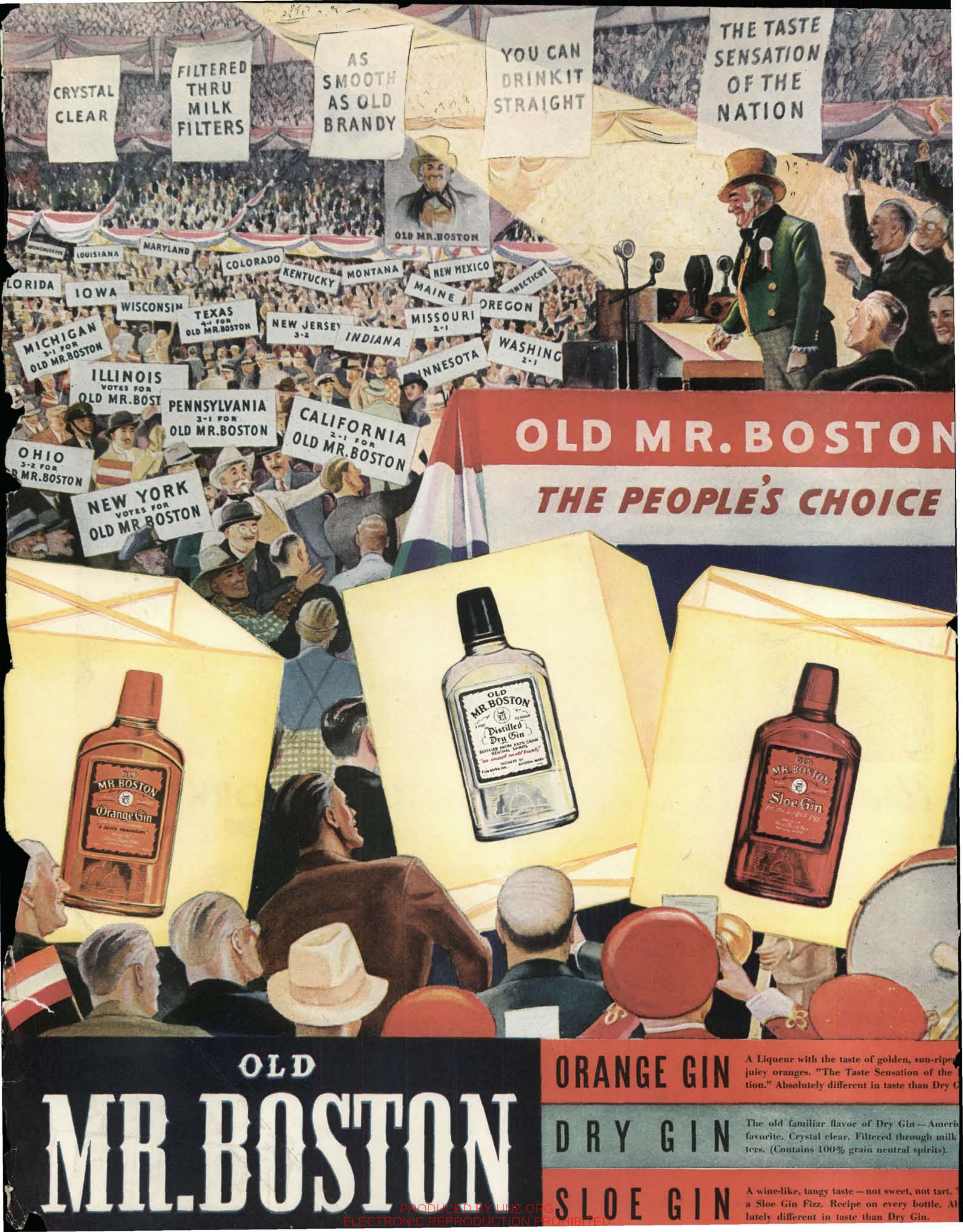
5¢ a copy


STORE
FOR
RENT
DANGER!
MEN
WORKING
BECKHOFF

MRS G R PETERSON
920 N WASHINGTON
IOLA
KANS
25JY36

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

July 11 1936


CRYSTAL CLEAR
FILTERED THRU MILK FILTERS
AS SMOOTH AS OLD BRANDY
YOU CAN DRINK IT STRAIGHT
THE TASTE SENSATION OF THE NATION
OLD MR. BOSTON
LOUISIANA
MARYLAND
COLORADO
KENTUCKY
MONTANA
NEW MEXICO
LORIDA
IOWA
MAINE
NNECTICUT
WISCONSIN
TEXAS 4-1 FOR OLD MR. BOSTON
NEW JERSEY 3-2
MISSOURI 2-1
OREGON
MICHIGAN 3-1 FOR OLD MR. BOSTON
INDIANA
WASHING 2-1
INNESOTA
ILLINOIS VOTES FOR OLD MR. BOST
PENNSYLVANIA 3-1 FOR OLD MR. BOSTON
CALIFORNIA 2-1 FOR OLD MR. BOSTON
OHIO 3-2 FOR MR. BOSTON
NEW YORK VOTES FOR OLD MR. BOSTON
OLD MR. BOSTON
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE
OLD MR. BOSTON Orange Gin
OLD MR. BOSTON Distilled Dry Gin
OLD MR. BOSTON Sloe Gin

OLD MR. BOSTON

ORANGE GIN A Liqueur with the taste of golden, sun-ripe
juicy oranges. "The Taste Sensation of the
tion." Absolutely different in taste than Dry

DRY GIN The old familiar flavor of Dry Gin — Ameri
favorite. Crystal clear. Filtered through milk
ters. (Contains 100% grain neutral spirits).

SLOE GIN A wine-like, tangy taste — not sweet, not tart.
a Sloe Gin Fizz. Recipe on every bottle. Al
lutely different in taste than Dry Gin.

Your HAIR CAN'T TAKE IT!

Protect it from that double-beating by SUN and WATER!

Use VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT!"

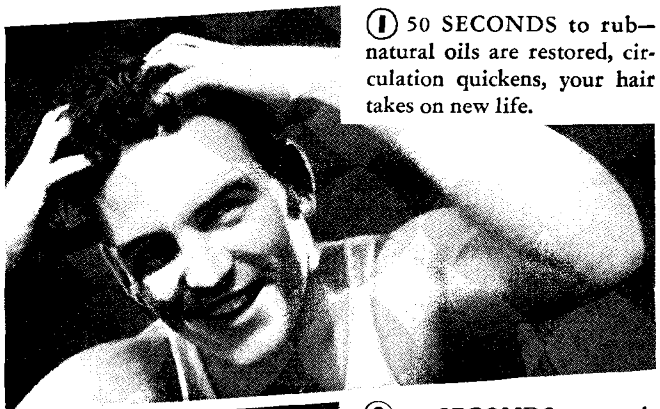
THE WAY WE abuse our hair in summer is appalling!...It's a wonder we aren't a nation of completely bald young men... Allowing a scorching sun to deplete the natural oils. And then—as if that weren't bad enough—letting a shower or plunge soak away the last traces of these oils... And when we rub a hand through the lifeless thatch we say, "Gosh, my hair is dry and brittle"...Well, it's really much worse than that... it's right on the road to ruin.

Your hair can't take—won't take—such punishment. And it's up to you to give it the protection it's crying for—Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." That hard massage gets Vitalis right down where hair health begins—at the hair roots themselves. New circulation gets going in the scalp. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help replenish the natural oils. And you're giving your hair a new grip on life and health.

Now comb it, and take a look at it. Note that natural, healthy lustre—with no "patent-leather" shine. Get the new smoothness, the new good looks. See how easily it stays put—how quickly unsightly loose dandruff is routed and disappears.

Give your hair a break. Don't leave it in a fight it can never win. Sun and water will always lick it. Buy a bottle of Vitalis today. And help your hair to defend itself, to save itself.

ASK YOUR BARBER—
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.



① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE was nothing disgraceful about Gustave Termann's occupation, but he had to keep quiet about it. He was the double for John Harley, the great financier. Only one other person knew.

John Harley didn't know about Magda and so, when he decided to reverse roles and become Gustave Termann, he felt absolutely secure. He could fool the world. And did. But not the woman who loved Gustave. In a breathlessly dramatic short story, Hugh O'Connor and Walter Duranty write about "Double Trouble."

FEW more dramatic scenes have ever been staged than the recent tests of power between William Green, president of the A. F. of L., and John Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers of America. Lewis carried the day, but it was only the opening skirmish in a battle that will profoundly influence the future of organized labor in this country: the Battle of Craft versus Industrial Unionism. George Creel reviews the situation as it comes to a vigorous boil, in an important article.

"I WANT you to marry me," Richard Carleton said to her, as calmly as if he were negotiating for one of her drawings. "How soon can you give me an answer?" Kay Lathrop, who could not forget that life had not always been so easy, gave him an answer that surprised him. It's in Dana Burnet's very short story, "Wrong Number."

BIG-LEAGUE baseball versus a business career—must the young collegian weigh one against the other? There's an object lesson for him in Moe Berg, now rounding out a fine career as catcher for the Boston Red Sox, who off the field is Morris Berg, member of the New York bar, corporation executive and widely recognized authority on the Romance languages. Bill Cunningham introduces you to this "Three O'Clock Scholar."

IN A BRILLIANT short short story, you will meet Burge McCall, who was a bad husband, and learn why his wife looked at him like that. We present the first of a memorable series of short short stories, "Tales of Our Town," by Damon Runyon.

THERE will be additional brief masterpieces by Winston Churchill, Will F. Jenkins, Matt Taylor, Freling Foster and others. The serials proceed under the expert direction of Teresa Hyde Phillips and Ernest Haycox. Proving that you have lots to live for.

This Week

●

July 4, 1936

Cover by Harry Beckhoff

H. G. WELLS
The Next War. What we can do to stop it. Page 7

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Some People's Pets. Sure cures for boredom. Page 9

W. R. BURNETT
Suspect. The boy who met a gangster. Page 10

NEWLIN B. WILDES
The Girl Who Learned. Soft lights and sweet music. Page 12

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trouble Shooter, Part III. The rails run west. Page 14

ROARK BRADFORD
Too Much Sin. Adjustments by the Widow Duck. Page 16

JACLAND MARMUR
Fair-Haired Boy. The skipper of a liner comes down off the bridge. Page 18

W. B. COURTNEY
Douglas Nets the Earth. Announcing the award of the Collier Trophy. Page 20

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
The Prodigal Nurse, Part VII. Up comes Daklin's number. Page 21

JIM MARSHALL
Deepwater President. Manuel Luis Quezon, first president of the Philippines. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Super-Special, by Nard Jones. Page 41

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Universal curiosities. Page 59

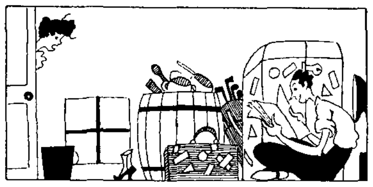
EDITORIAL
Our Great Tradition. Page 62

●

Any Week

MR. BILL LARSON of Concordia, Kansas, was thinking about us. "I'd say," says Mr. Larson, "that you are of medium build, with a middle that's starting to attract attention, slightly thinning hair and wearing your hat on a perfectly horizontal line. You puff a pipe, are particular about your shirts, a family man, witty conversationalist, wear suspenders and are daffy on politics. *But if I find* that you are a young Columbia graduate with a yen for cigarette holders and green, red and purple neckties, you may cancel my subscription immediately."

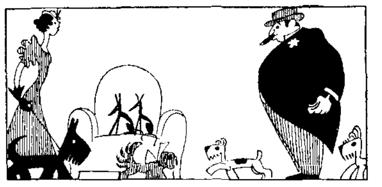
MR. LARSON'S subscription has not been canceled. But even if we were Harvard we'd bet it would do no good to stop sending him Collier's. Mrs. Ernestine Brobst of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, knows that would be a waste of time. "Some months ago," writes she, "my husband wrote you a letter saying that as long as he lived Collier's would never be allowed in our house again. It was two weeks later that my son Fred began buying you at the corner and reading you in his room. He has done so ever since. Then I discovered that our daughter Eleanor was doing the same thing. But I remained loyal to my man and had nothing to do with you until last week, cleaning out the attic where my husband has his hide-away, I found he hadn't missed a week."



BEFORE we tell you the startling news Mr. J. Korber of Chicago, Illinois, has for you, he wants it understood that he is "one hundred per cent American, tolerating all races and religions and not a believer in whispering campaigns." Thus introduced, Mr. Korber says: "What would you give for proof that Franklin Roosevelt is not an American citizen?"

WELL, we have a box containing three corncob pipes (new) sent to us by "A friend." And a necktie clasp made from a vertebra of a bison. Also a pair of rubber gloves decorated by hand with forget-me-nots, the gift of the Southern Alberta Garden Guild. And a rheumatism ward-off wrapped in sharkskin, donated by Mrs. Maybellann Pretty of Charleston, South Carolina. We should hate to part with any of these, our most prized possessions, so we shall have to let Mr. Korber go elsewhere.

IN SPITE of the pessimisms of such readers as Mr. L. R. Jenkins of Washington, D. C., this department will persist in its efforts to save the country. Mr. Jenkins says: "You are doing your best to save us, but we are already lost. The other day I saw clearly what the country is coming to, or gone to. In a famous old hotel in a great American city which had not yet recovered from a national political convention I was compelled to notice that the elevators, and, indeed, the hotel itself, were filled with large prosperous people and small pedigreed dogs, all looking very bilious. One of the elevator boys, seeing my look of concern, whispered that there were more dogs than people in the place. There is nothing you or I can do about it, either."



MAYBE we shall live to regret. Mr. Peter LaF. Moon of Carmel, California, informs us that he regrets everything he ever has done. "As far as I remember, anyway," says Mr. Moon. "I regret every action I can recollect, which leads me to conclude that my regret extends over those things I do not recall. You would do well to follow my example because it is not until you have acknowledged that all of your past has been error that you can look to the future with clear eyes and any assurance of a high position in the life hereafter."

JUST as we were wondering what had become of Mr. Andy Payne, a letter arrived from Mr. Joseph T. Wunder of Norman, Oklahoma. Mr. Payne, as you doubtless remember, won the great transcontinental bunion derby promoted a few years ago by that sterling sportsman, Mr. C. C. Pyle—Cash-and-Carry Pyle. Mr. Wunder informs us that Mr. Payne has quit running, as befits one who has run from Los Angeles to New York. He is now giving his feet a deserved rest as Clerk of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma and has just declined to unlimber his celebrated dogs and run for State Corporation Commissioner.

"WITHOUT any doubt," says Mr. A. A. Shaddy of Minneapolis, Minnesota, "your editorial 'How Much Is Peace Worth?' is the soundest bit of editorial I have seen on the subject for at least ten years."

LET'S have lots of it.

Vol. 98, No. 1. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sure! You can use our Telephone"

WHEREVER you go in this country, you are never far from a telephone. Business or pleasure may take you along strange roads and to strange places. But the lines to home are never broken. Day and night—north, south, east and west—you are in touch by telephone.

The privilege of talking with almost any one, any time, anywhere is distinctly American. Service in this country is not limited to large cities, thickly populated centers or certain hours of the day.

Of the 34,000,000 telephones in the world, more than 50% are in the United States—connected with the Bell telephone in your home or office.

This country also leads in the number of telephones in relation to population, with 13 for every one hundred people. The average for Europe is less than three.

Universal service in this country did not just happen. It has been made possible by the development of the Bell System over the past half-century. Centralized management, research and manufacture, with localized operation, have given America the best telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

No Bite!

LUCKY
HALF AND HALF
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

No Bite!

HALF AND
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

Still no Bite!

You'll like the way Half & Half burns. Cool as a mother-in-law's wire: "Arrive Friday." Sweet as the news that she's changed her plans. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Collier's The National Weekly for July 4, 1936

LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

The Next War

By H. G. Wells

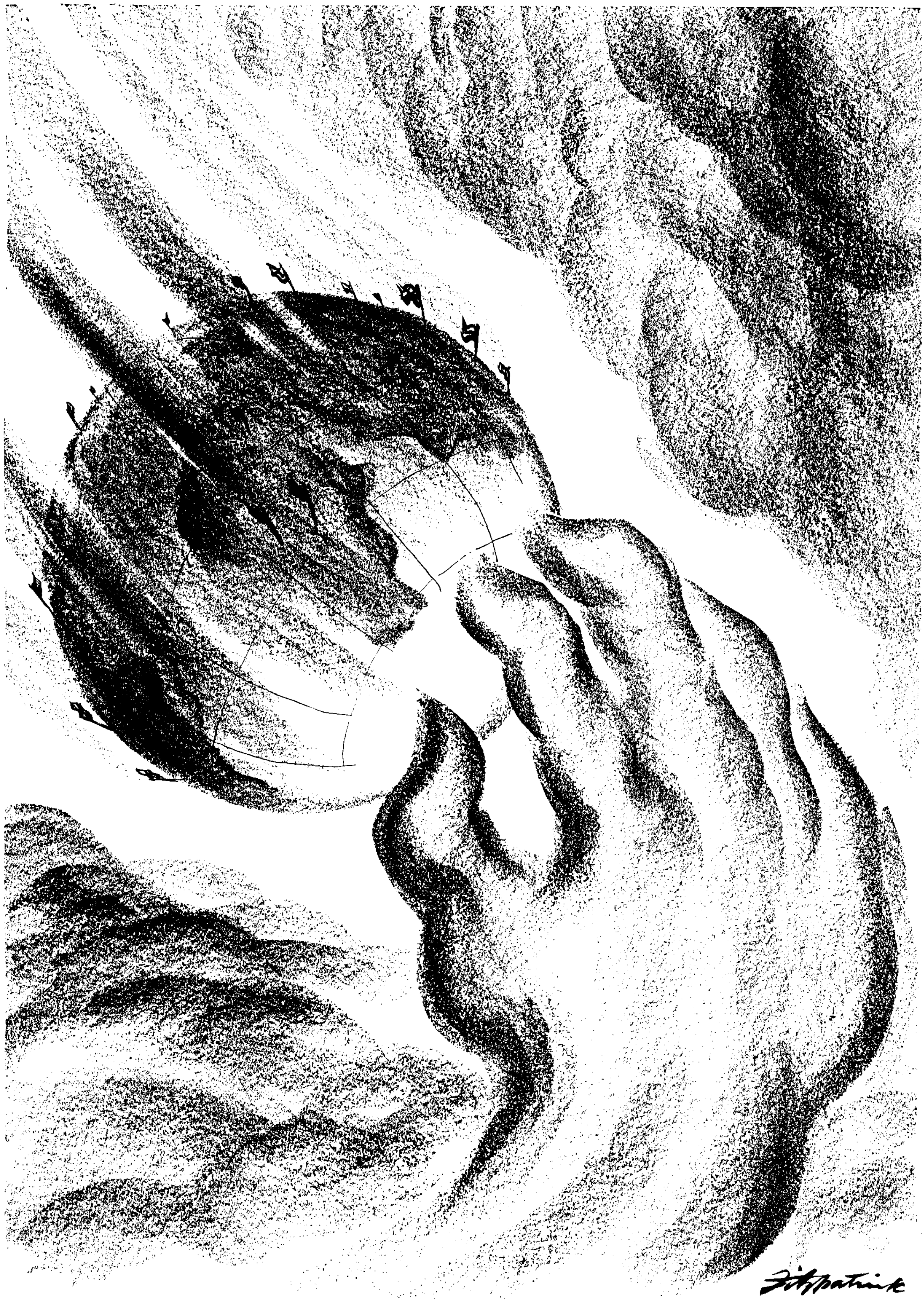
DRAWINGS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

"In 1914 the writer still believed in a certain reality behind democracy; he thought that existing 'democratic' governments were conscientiously responsive to current thought. . . . He did not realize how far governments could go on ignoring the increasing intelligence of mankind. He made himself responsible for the phrase 'The War to End War' and he felt that such a phrase might well be a directive phrase in the war settlement. . . . Catastrophe is the plain and reasonable probability at the present time. It is the flattest, clearest common sense that these things are ahead in waiting for us unless we turn into a new direction"

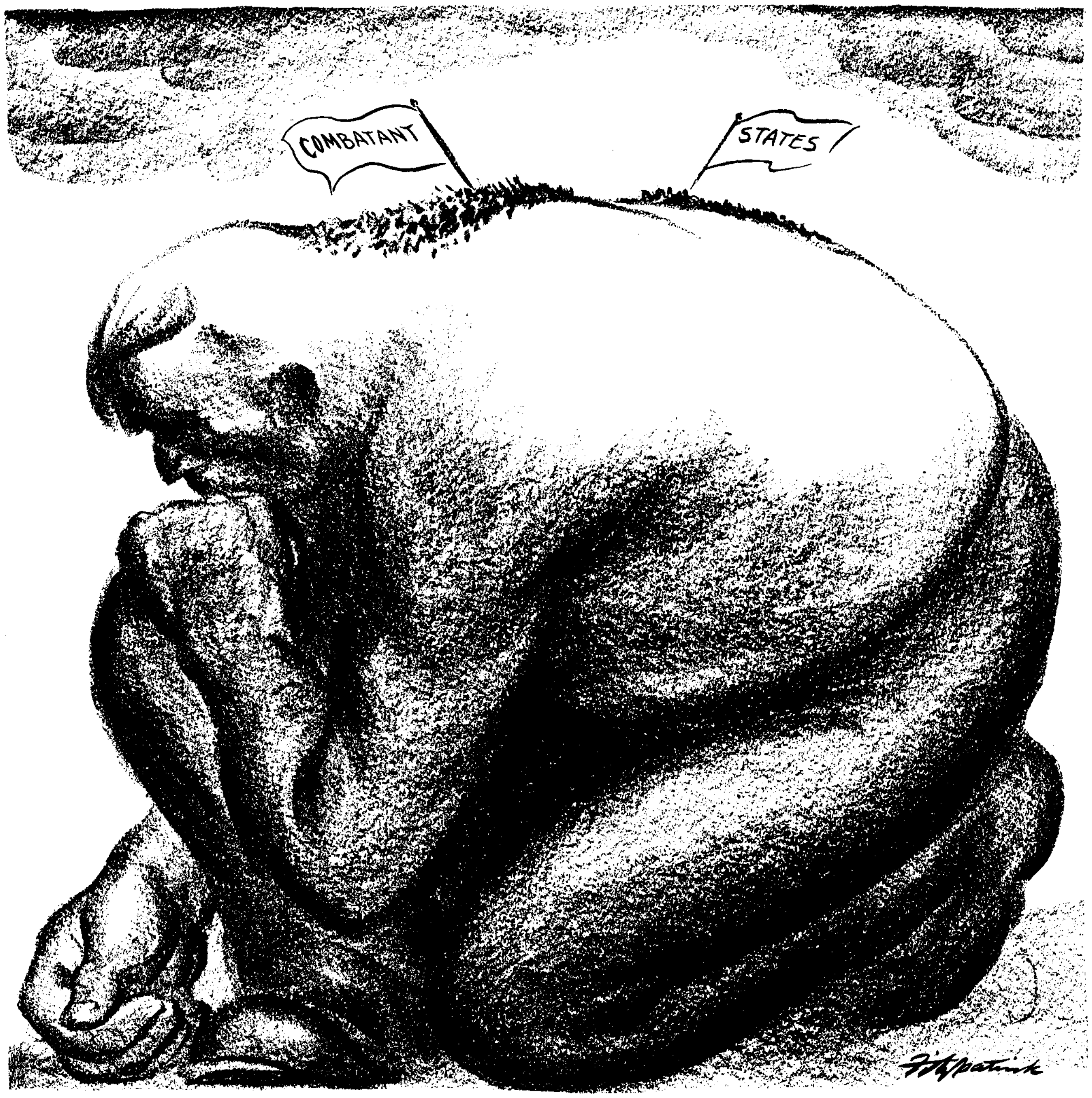
IN THE past some men have interested and busied themselves in politics and most have been indifferent to politics, but until the present time there have been few men and women who were at once keenly interested in politics and quite inactive in the political field—onlookers. Now there is an onlooker class, a class of baffled onlookers, which increases. The game of politics they find enormously important to them, full of menace, entangling them more and more, challenging them to participate, and yet they cannot find how and where to take a hand in the game.

These men and women are not voluntarily outside the melee and it may be interesting to inquire why they are forced at present into a helplessly observant role. Will they always be helplessly observant? Have these accumulating onlookers any political possibilities in the future? Are they a miscellaneous crowd or have they qualities in common? May they not presently constitute a new political type with a will and method of its own?

The writer realizes he is such an onlooker and he refuses to believe that he is doomed forever to political impotence. But he finds himself unable to take definite sides upon any of the resounding issues of the time. In the Ethiopian conflict he is neither pro-Italian nor pro-Abyssinian and he watches the shifty proceedings of his ostensible British representatives at Geneva with the completest lack of endorsement. For him there is no British case. The Italians have a valid *tu quoque*. The Abyssinians have no right to sustain a medieval barbarism over an important region of Africa; the Italians have no right to seize it for their national aggrandizement. In the tangle of European disputes, again the writer is neither for nor against France nor Germany nor indignant Jewry nor Russia nor Japan. He would not fire a shot for any of these sides; he would not slap a cat for one flag rather than the other. Because he does not be-



Awakened onlookers are realizing more and more clearly that this unguided planet which carries mankind is very near to an ultimate war cycle



Almost the whole history of the past five and twenty centuries could be written in the form of a struggle on the part of the human mind to escape from the ancient disciplines, fetters and dangers of the combatant state

lieve that either side makes for human welfare.

This is not merely the increasing indifference and detachment of a man on the verge of seventy. He would run some considerable risks; he would be on the side of lawbreaking, shooting, assassination or what not, if anything of that sort seemed to lead, however remotely, towards stopping that stupid portentous bickering of national governments which is now endangering the very existence of our race. But something has changed in him since the hot days of 1914. He cannot align himself as he did then. He is less simple or the issues are less simple. He has been forced down to deeper and broader levels in the human situation.

In 1914 he still believed in a certain reality behind democracy; he thought that existing "democratic" governments were conscientiously responsive to current thought; he did not know how deeply furtive reaction and privilege could be entrenched against popular opinion by the British "ruling class" tradition, for example, and by the French army and foreign-office organizations. He did not realize how far governments could go on ignoring the increasing intelligence of mankind. He made himself responsible for the phrase "the War to end War" and he felt that such a phrase might well be a directive phrase in the war settlement. He thought Germany had to be "liberated from imperialism" by defeat and then at once welcomed back into the "comity of nations."

In 1917 he was discussing a consortium of colonial possessions as the natural outcome of the struggle. In 1918 he was assuming that world bankruptcy could be averted by a systematic controlled inflation of world currencies. Believing such rational things to be possible, he could be enthusiastically "pro-ally"; he could work for the idea of a "League of Free Nations" and his combative zest began to cool off only when monarchist England and individualist America failed altogether to meet with or deal with the promise of the first republican socialist government in Russia. Even then, like countless other liberal-minded people, he went on trusting in the rulers and those who were set in authority over him, on the assumption that in spite of superficial incongruities they were fundamentally like-minded with himself. He thought national governments could be at once national and liberal. He thought they could be trusted to get together at Paris and make a real supergovernment, a World Pax, that would to a large extent control and abolish themselves.

What's Wrong with the League

Millions of people thought that. Nineteen hundred and nineteen was a year of mirage. Millions believed that a new age had dawned for mankind.

It has been the mistake of liberal thought for the past century and a half to suppose that "sovereign" governments are competent instruments; that they have no fundamental disqualification for maintaining international peace. This mistake is embalmed in the constitution of the League of Nations. Only now are we beginning to realize fully that the forms and methods of government we inherit from the past are essentially combatant, far less able to keep the peace at home than to wage war abroad; and that a League of sovereign governments, a League of Nations, a simple clustering of diplomatic representatives, is as likely to give world peace as a miscellaneous collection of large carnivores would be to form a tranquil herd and eat grass.

We see now that the League of Nations never has been anything more than a League of Victors (containing one or two dissatisfied associates), whose idea of peace was simply the protection of the boundaries of their acquisitions from revision. Its constitution disregarded the essential isues that heaved below the ostensible causes of the war; particularly that abolition of distance which was making all existing frontiers misfits, and that secular intensification of economic and financial pressures which was filling every community in the world with an excess of the most explosive material conceivable, an excess of unemployed young men. Such an excess thrusts any community toward war and revolution—for the Fascist and the Nazi are as much revolutionaries as the Communist.

The Wilsonian idea of pacification was as innocent both of this change of scale and of this new tension in human affairs as The Child's History of England. A rabbit could not have ignored more completely the now obvious fact that the pressure of economic dislocation in any part of the world is almost immediately evident in every other part. The material life of mankind has been increasingly interdependent for many centuries and it has become now one indivisible planetary system. Even the wildest of isolationists confess their error in practice by being also the most strenuous advocates of armament.

Restating Elementary Ideas

Occasionally it is well to restate our most elementary ideas. Mathematicians and physicists have found it extremely fruitful to look into their axioms and fundamental laws, and I will not apologize for writing over again once more things so familiar to all of us, so taken for granted that we have almost forgotten that they have any importance at all. But they are the very core and key of the present human confusion; they give the fundamental oppositions in the world situation and they provide the clearest indications of the only possible road to a World Pax and the restoration of human hope.

In our society, in our literature and discussions there are two fundamental ideas in flat antagonism. They are opposite ideas about the nature of the community to which we belong. They are so different in all their indications that until we get them quite clear in our minds we shall remain muddleheaded and inconclusive. Stripped, they are plainly seen to be incompatible, but in most public discussion they are wrapped up and disguised. One idea, which I will call the modern liberal idea, is that we all belong to one single world community—that in the last resort all the world belongs to all mankind. The opposite idea claims the individual for a smaller combatant community, the national sovereign state, which is engaged in a perennial struggle for existence with other sovereign states. The latter idea is the older; it has an immense weight of tradition and history to sustain it; it is more deeply rooted in human instinct and more "natural" than the other. But it is now in flat contradiction to the material imperatives of our time.

Man's Struggle for Freedom

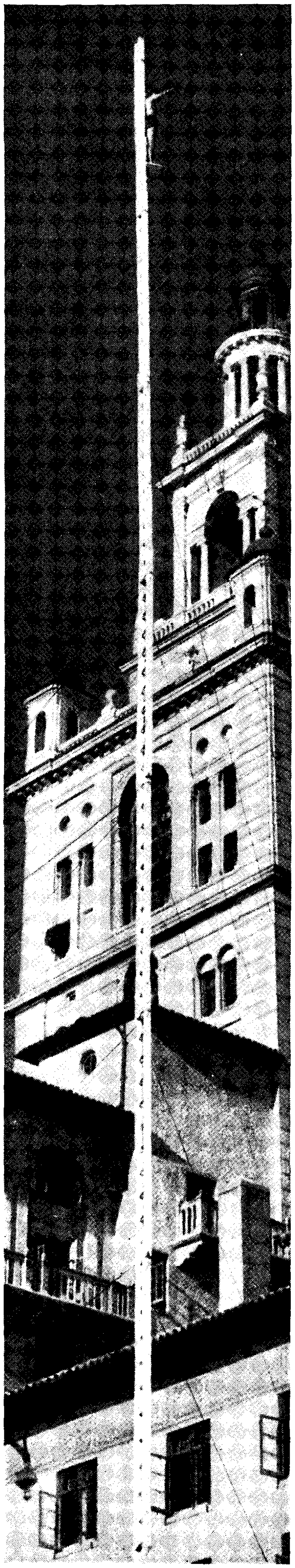
These two ideas have been struggling for predominance in the human mind for at least five and twenty centuries. Before the idea that all humanity was one community appeared, the whole world was tribal, racial, national or imperial, and combatant in its organizations. But all the great world teachings from Buddhism and Confucianism on to Christianity and its variants and successors have denied the supremacy of separate sovereign governments and asserted and demanded a practical brotherhood of all men. Vast multitudes have paid at least lip service to this belief that truth and justice were above any potentates and that the mightiest of kings ruled under God and subject to God. By the scale of geological time this is a new belief, but not by the scale of history.

It is, we repeat, no novel conflict, this antagonism of the idea of a world community to the idea of a combatant community. Those early Radicals, the Christians, were refusing to salute the flag nineteen centuries ago—or rather they were refusing to do what was practically the same thing, to burn a pinch of incense to Divus Caesar. And almost the whole history of the past five and

(*Continued on page* 36)

Some People's Pets

By Quentin Reynolds



Captain Tom Sellers climbs up a shaky ladder to a height of 130 feet and dives off into a scant six feet of water

Henry Coppinger makes a career of wrestling alligators and crocodiles. "It's just like boxing," Coppinger says

Raul Vascquez and a pet fish that comes when he calls it

Riding ostriches, petting fish, wrestling alligators, training frogs to jump—they're a few of the opportunities open to young men and women with imagination. It's all good fun

WHEN Ernest Hemingway talks about fish or fishing you can usually believe him because he knows plenty about fishing in tropical waters. However, he told me one story that I couldn't believe.

"I know a man who tames and trains fish as you would a puppy," he said. "He calls them by name and they come out of the water to be fed. When they misbehave he spanks them."

"I suppose he has them trained to help with the dishes on the cook's night out," I suggested, with what I hoped was fine sarcasm.

"I can see that you don't believe me," Hemingway said, very hurt. "Let's go over and see this man."

We had been fishing in the waters off Key West for a few days. He had boasted that we could catch a dozen different varieties of fish within two hours in those waters, and we had. He said that fish were so plentiful there that you had to go behind a tree to bait your hook. That was true. We had caught yellow jack, amber jack, mackerel, wahoo, grouper, bonita, sailfish, kingfish, barracuda and tuna. We had harpooned porpoises and we'd seen turtles as big as your garage. Yes, I was willing to believe anything that he said about fish. But a man who made pets of them? That was too much. So we went and saw this man and—so help me—everything was as Hemingway had said.

I have seen Clyde Beatty take a piece of meat from a lion that was feeding, and in the Everglades I have seen men toy with rattlesnakes as though they were tame kittens. I have seen a girl who trains and races ostriches, and I have seen a man dive into six feet of water from a height of 130 feet, but never before have I heard a man or seen a man stand beside a pool and coax a fifty-pound fish out of the water. This I saw in Key West and now I present apologies to Mr. Hemingway, for my skepticism.

The man's name is Raul Vascquez, and he owns a barroom on the ocean boulevard at Key West—a simple man who has always lived in tropical seas, and who was, you might say, brought up on fish. He learned to know fish at an early age as youngsters do when they live on tropical seas. He fished the Gulf Stream—not as sportsmen do—for the thrill of landing a fighting fish—but to obtain food.

The Beginning of a Hobby

One day he pulled a small grouper out of the water. It was too small to keep and Raul unhooked him and was about to throw him back when he thought, "I wonder if you could keep a fish alive. Here's a baby grouper. Suppose I take him home and throw him into the pool in back of the barroom. Would he grow up as groupers do in the ocean?"

It was just an idle, whimsical thought but he followed it. He filled his fish box with water, and carried the grouper home alive. In back of his barroom there was a natural pool, framed by rocky ledges, constantly fed by the waters of the ocean. He threw the grouper in there and tossed some bait in to him. The grouper gobbled up the bait and Raul swears that he looked his thanks, wagged his tail and then disappeared. He was still there the next day when Raul came to feed him, and the day after that. Raul had a lot of fun with that fish. He permitted none but himself to feed him. After a while he'd come out and tap on the rock with a stick, and the grouper would emerge to be fed. It wasn't long before the grouper would stick his head above the water and take the food from Raul's fingers. One day when he did this Raul casually dropped his hand and stroked the side of the grouper. Instead of darting away the grouper turned over on his side as a kitten will do, and Raul says that the grouper actually looked pleased as his side was rubbed.

Now this sounds fantastic, but what follows is more fantastic, and I can only say that I saw it myself. And even seeing it, it is still fantastic.

A Cure for Cannibalism

It wasn't long before Raul decided to give the grouper some playmates, so he caught a few more fish and tossed them into the pool. Now Raul was launched on a hobby. Within a few months he had a dozen varieties of fish in the pool. He fed them well, usually with Florida lobster; he fed them so well that even the cannibalistic fish in the selected group curbed their natural tendencies to dine on fellow fins. He added a young barracuda and two puppy sharks, and now he enlarged his pool so that it was 300 feet long and eight feet broad, and he dredged out the small channel which led to the ocean so that more sea water would come in with the tide each day.

Now I stood with Raul on the side of the pool, and the water was muddy, for the tide had just gone out, and there wasn't a sign of a fish, not even a ripple on the water to show that fish were in the neighborhood.

Raul tapped on a half-submerged rock ledge with a stick and he called, "Come on out; come out for dinner. Fresh lobster for you today."

Dark shapes slithered, ghostlike, looking like submerged moving shadows under the water. Three, four, then a dozen fish were at the rock, and Raul was talking to them as if they were puppies.

"Come here, you," he called, pointing to a jewfish that must have weighed fifty pounds. A grouper slid out of the water onto the rock, and Raul rebuked him sternly: "Not you. Go away, you bad boy," and the grouper slid back

(Continued on page 43)

Suspect

The big-town adventures of a small-town boy who learned that the Metropolitan cops aren't always gracious and courteous

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

"I DON'T know! I don't know!" Bart Marker kept saying to himself. Almost all of his life he had known what he wanted and when he wanted it; now he wasn't sure. It made him feel very strange to be so indecisive.

He had probably made a mistake. After all, he shouldn't have quarreled with his old man. It had come up over nothing; a mere matter of money for the week end. He had had dates; he needed money. His dad had complained. That was all. Before Bart knew it, he had committed himself. He said he was sick of being a pauper; he was sick of all the guys he went around with spending more money than he did; he was going out in the world and make his own way. They'd see. He wasn't going to be tied at home all his life. Some day he'd come back rich and then he'd probably have to lend his dad money. His mother, as usual, had tried to smooth things over, but his dad had lost his temper. "Go on," he shouted. "You'll see what it means to get your own money. Why, you'll starve to death!"

And here was Bart Marker, twenty years old, *somebody* in Midland City, cooped up in a little room on the fifth floor of a two-bit Chicago hotel with thirty cents in his pocket, a hotel bill to pay, and no prospects.

He leaned on the window sill and stared out at the snow-covered roofs.

"I won't wire for money," he said, hitting his fists together.

He turned, put on his hat and overcoat, then glanced at the little traveling clock his mother had slipped into his bag along with her picture: eleven o'clock. He hesitated. A scene leaped up before his eyes. A cozy, big room, mellowly lit; a cheerful bluish fire in the big gas grate; his parents sitting in comfortable chairs reading, or else playing casino till bedtime, quarreling a little; and Nate, the Boston terrier, stretched out asleep before the fire, chasing dream cats, his legs twitching.

BART ducked his head suddenly and began to cry. Glancing up, he accidentally caught sight of his contorted face in a mirror. He pulled himself together at once and swore loudly and vindictively. What would the bunch at home say if they ever knew he had actually shed tears because he was undecided and somewhat beaten and homesick?

"Gosh, if they'd ever find out!" He wiped his eyes hurriedly and, muttering, "Get a cup of coffee and some sinkers. I'll feel better," went out into the dingy hall and down to the first floor.

The lobby was dimly lit and dismal. A radiator tapped in a corner. The big front windows were frosted over. The night clerk was leaning on the counter, staring into space.

"Say," he said, glancing up.

Bart did not like his manner.

"Are you talking to me?"

"Who else, buddy, who else?"

"Well?"

"Why the sour mug, buddy? Did I say something?"

The night clerk, weary and cynical, stared with amusement at the pale-faced, broad-shouldered, rather mysterious young man before him. Young four-flusher, he thought; living in this dump and too snooty even to speak to a guy!

"What do you want?"

"Nothing, old pal, nothing," drawled the night clerk, lighting a cigarette, "except a week's rent."

Two men sitting in a divan near by laughed. Bart got very pale, then his face darkened. He turned and stared at the men.

"Do you think that's funny?" he demanded.

"Yes. Don't you?" The men laughed.

"Never mind, you guys," said the night clerk.

Bart looked at the men insolently.

"You two don't look to me like you've got enough money to shout about. Who pays your rent?"

One of the men got up.

"Listen, son."

Bart moved sideways suddenly and set himself. Looking for trouble, were they? All right; they'd get it.

THE man saw the sudden movement, saw the determination in Bart's face, saw the loosely hanging hands, all ready to be clenched into fists.

"Don't get sore, son. We was just joking, see?"

"Sure, sure," said the night clerk, a little nervous now. "It's all in fun. I guess I spoke out of turn about that rent."

The man sat down and, pointedly ignoring Bart, who was still looking at him, began to talk to his companion.

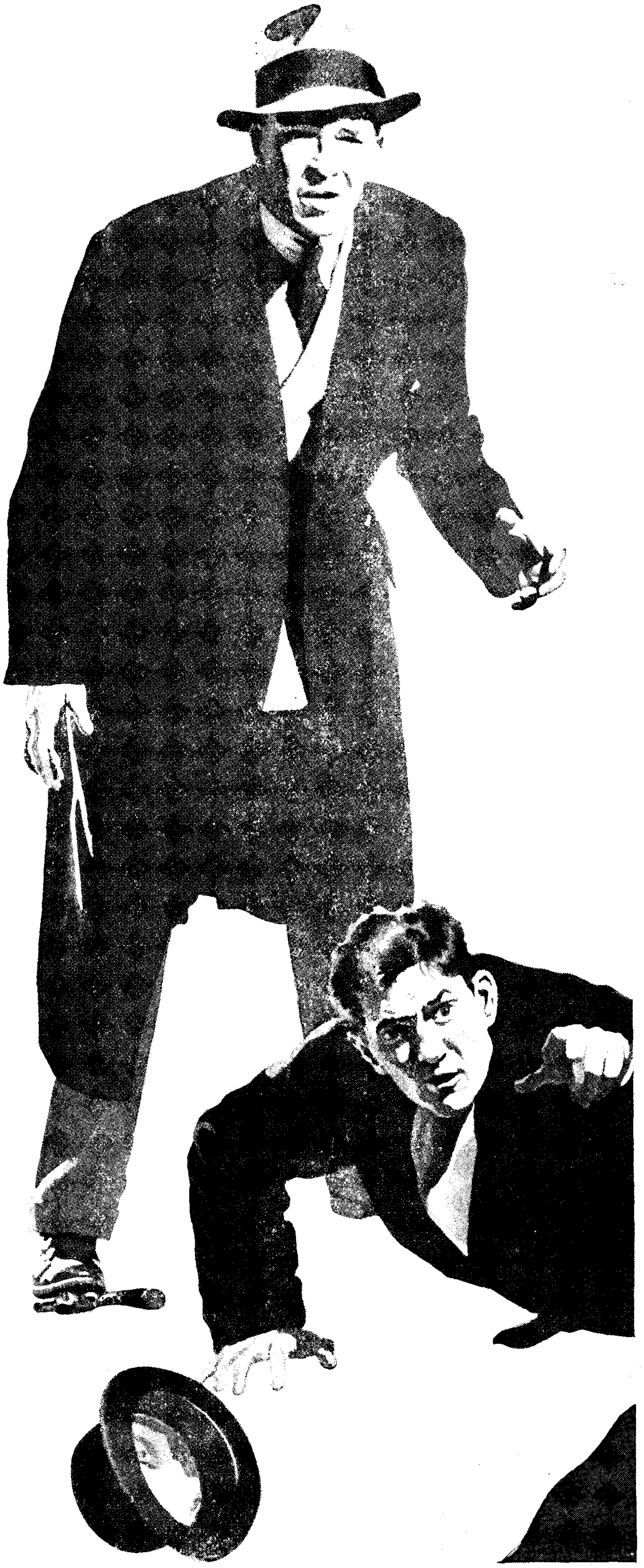
"About that rent," the clerk went on, lowering his voice, "it's the guy that runs the dump, not me. I got my orders. You're a week in us, buddy. That won't do."

"You'll get it, don't worry."

"Look! You may be one of the Astorbilts, for all I know, but we can't wait till your rich uncle dies. It's tonight or tomorrow, son. Sorry. It's mighty cold out there in them streets. Round zero, I hear. So take a tip, scare up some coconuts, pal, or it's going to be a cold winter."

Bart shrugged and went out, recoiling slightly from a wind which was sweeping up the street from the lake; it took his breath and cut like a knife. Before he had gone a hundred feet his ears had begun to tingle. He walked against the wind with his head bent and his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets. He was so depressed he didn't know what to do. He was still trembling from his encounter with the man who had wanted to be funny at his expense. He felt terribly humiliated. That fool clerk, asking him for money right in front of those Chicago scums, as if he were just anybody!

The snow squeaked under his shoes as he turned into Nick's, setting his teeth on edge. What a night! He sat down at the counter. The place was empty except for a big, dumb-looking Greek, who stared at



him sleepily and smoothed the front of his dirty white apron, and a huge, broad-shouldered man in a dark ulster and a slouch hat, who had a steaming cup of coffee at his elbow and was pulling on a cigarette with very apparent enjoyment.

"What you have?" the Greek demanded.

"Coffee and doughnuts," said Bart.

THE Greek walked back to the huge nickel coffee urns, which were sending up steam. The big man turned and looked carefully at Bart, then he grinned. His face was red and heavy, both good-natured and brutal. He had white eyebrows and whitish-blond hair. He was very well-dressed but looked like a prize-fighter or a stoker.

"Hiya, kid," he said.

Bart looked at him for a moment, then said grudgingly: "Hello."

The big man moved down beside him, bringing his coffee. Bart was irritated; he was in no mood for conversation. He stared straight in front of him.

"Brother, brother, what a night, what a night!" said the big man. "When I first come in here I thought my nose was going to drop off. But what the hell! It's nice to get out again. I been penned up so long I almost forgot what it was like to walk around loose. Yes, sir. You bet. A guy can't breathe inside a house. Houses is poison except in little doses."

Bart said nothing.

"What's the matter, buddy, cat got your tongue?"

Bart turned to look at the big man. There was something overpowering about him that made you feel small. Bart did not like that feeling.

"I don't want to talk."

The big man drank from his coffee cup noisily. The Greek came with Bart's order.

"Greek," said the big man, "how about it? I come in here to chin a little. You're too dumb to talk to, and this guy here, he ain't dumb, from the looks of him, but he's high-hat and won't talk to me. Is that right?"

"So? You want more Java?"

"Sure. More Java. Listen, buddy," he went on, turning to Bart, "how come you don't feel like talking? You ain't lost your mother, have you, or something like that?"

"No."

"Your face is long enough. Hey, Greek, look at the face on this guy. His chin's going to hit him right on the knee."

The Greek brought the big man's coffee.

"So?"

"Is that all you can say?"

"What else you want?"

"He can talk, this Greek, but he don't say nothing. What's the matter, sonny, lost your girl?"

"No."

"No job? No money?"

BART hesitated. He was beginning to like this fellow. He could ask you the most personal questions without offense; and there was something so strange about him that Bart got interested.

"No job. No money."

"Think nothing of it. Don't let it worry you. Laugh it off, that's my motto. Say, listen, buddy, I faced the chair twice and I just laughed it off."

"You what?"

"Just one of my little jokes. Always clowning. Say, listen, I been cooped up in a room for over two months. I do get a little downhearted now and then, especially just before I go to sleep, but mostly I take it big. Laugh it off, that's my motto."

"What's the matter, been sick?"

"Me, sick? Oh, yeah. Cold on my lungs. Sort of like pneumonia, or flu. First time I been out. Ain't seen anybody. Nobody. Not even a dame."

"You don't look sick."

"Not now. I ain't. I'm cured. Say, how about a steak and some fried potatoes? Yeah, let's do it right. Don't say a word. I know you're broke. Eat on me, buddy. I got plenty of jack and no place to spend it."

Bart hesitated.

"Well . . ."

"Sure. Sure." The big man yelled the order at the Greek, then he turned to Bart. "Say, boy, I got a funny one to tell you. Listen."

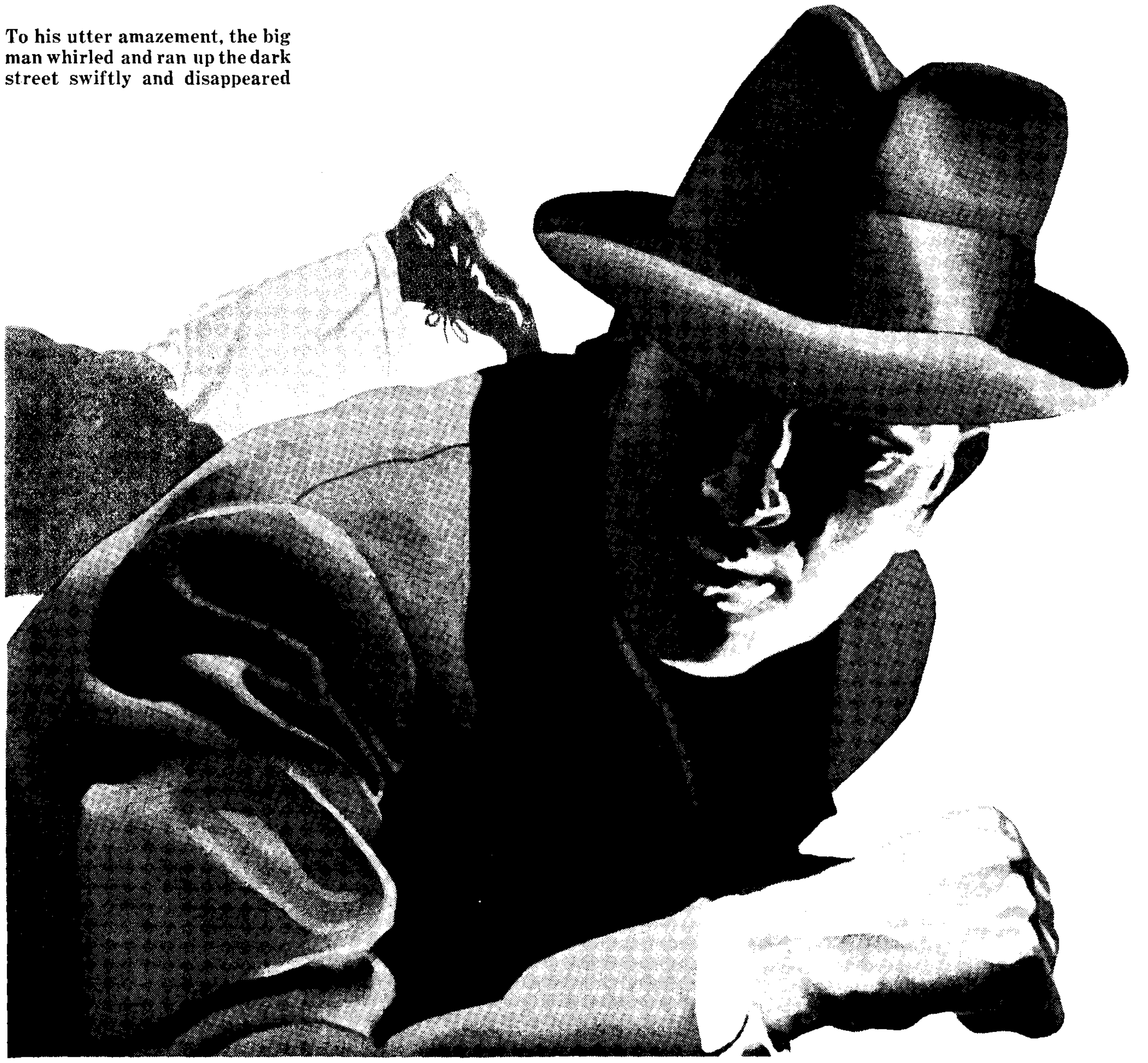
When the Greek came with the steak, Bart and the big man were talking and laughing and the Greek stared at them suspiciously.

"Ha!" cried the big man. "Look at that great big fine, juicy steak. That's my idea of food!"

He slapped a big piece onto Bart's plate and then helped himself.

"Go to it, kid," he said. "Your stomach's ready for it now. Got his chin up, Greek. He's taking a little interest in life now."

The hands of the battered clock in Nick's place pointed to one o'clock. A bitter wind was sweeping up the street outside, blowing the dry, powdery snow against the big front windows, which were steamed. Inside it was warm and cozy. The Greek was sitting behind the counter, nodding in front of the coffee urns. Bart and the big man were talking and laughing.



To his utter amazement, the big man whirled and ran up the dark street swiftly and disappeared

The big man listened with interest when Bart told him about Midland City and how football crazy it was and how they were going to build a stadium that would hold one hundred thousand people.

"Good money in that racket, you bet!" said the big man. "Sorry I never went to college. I would've been a bang-up football player. Got the build for it."

"You certainly have," said Bart; then he went on to tell how he had played three years of prep football, but hadn't even tried out for freshman football at the university because he didn't like the school and finally quit altogether.

"You shouldn't've done it," said the big man. "Education, that's the caper. Get smart. Be somebody. Don't be an ape. Apes are ten cents a bunch in this man's town. Don't know nothing, can't do nothing. Me, I been lucky. But I wish I had an education."

THEY went on talking. Of a sudden the big man got up. Bart looked at him with amazement, he had moved so quickly. Turning, Bart saw that he was looking toward the front window. A man had just passed hurriedly.

"Well," said the big man, "sorry. Got to be going. I know where you're staying. May give you a ring."

Then he went out. The wind whistled into the little lunchroom, fluttering the leaves of a dirty calendar. The wind was so strong that it held the door open behind him. Bart went over to close it. He heard voices, muffled by the wind.

He stepped out. There was a vacant storeroom next to Nick's place. Bart saw the big man standing with his hands in the air and his back to the street. Just inside the doorway and with his back partly to Bart was a man in a derby. He was holding a gun on the big man.

"Peel him, kid," cried the big man. "He knows I'm heavy with dough. It's a stick-up."

BART hit the man in the derby a hard blow behind the ear. Bart was an expert boxer and knew how to land a blow. The man fell; his gun slipped from his hand and Bart put his foot on it. Then he glanced up. To his utter amazement, the big man whirled and ran up the dark street swiftly and disappeared. Bart stood with his mouth open.

"You . . . !" shouted the man in the derby, getting to his feet slowly. "You . . . !" He gasped and then emitted a string of profanity, some of which was new to Bart.

"Why, I . . ." Bart began.

"Nice work," said the man in the derby, retrieving his gun. "Nice work, sonny." He grabbed Bart by the arm and pulled him into the lighted doorway of Nick's place. "One of Whitey's stooges, eh? Holdup! That's a good one. Don't move. You move and I'll fill you so full of lead you'll think you're a lead pencil. . . ."

"Who . . . who . . . are you?" Bart stammered.

"He asks me! I'm Lieutenant Caskey, from the Lynwood Avenue Station. And that was Whitey Macfarlane I was sticking up, and who you are we'll soon find out."

"But I didn't . . ."

"That's what they all say. I'm going to take you over to see Captain Boylan. He just loves mugs that punch cops. He loves them."

Caskey slipped handcuffs over Bart's wrists, then he took him into Nick's to call the squad car.

As Caskey jerked Bart up the stone steps of the Lynwood Avenue Station, Bart protested, trying to make the dick understand it was all a mistake. But Caskey was furious and wouldn't listen.

(Continued on page 44)

Collier's for July 4, 1936

The Girl Who Learned

By Newlin B. Wildes

Decidedly not a case of off with the old love, on with the new. There was a great deal more to it than that

SHE was a small girl, Mary Carr, small and slender with tousled tight curls that were brown and crinkly, and cheeks in which the color came and went quickly, and eyes that were brown and deep and showed too plainly what she was thinking. She was very young, not quite twenty, and very serious and very much in love.

For six weeks now, as she sat behind the big reception desk, her eyes had flashed up eagerly and then dulled because he hadn't come through the doors. But today, she knew, would be different. And at ten o'clock he came in, quietly as he always did, tall and straight with broad shoulders and the blond hair that she loved, and the blue eyes. He walked slowly across the wide room, his eyes on hers, and a smile just showing, tight-lipped, at the corners of his mouth, as if he were very glad to see her but didn't want anyone to know. She never knew herself, really, but it was enough that he came back and that she could see him again.

"Hello, Mary," he said across the desk, "is Carl in?" and she felt the blood rush into her face and tried to stop it and couldn't.

"Hello, Tony," she said, "I'll see," and spoke into the telephone beside her. "Mr. Galan is here, Mr. Vandenburg," and then to Tony again, "He says to come right in."

He started away, and her eyes followed him pleadingly until he stopped and turned. "Tonight?" he said, and she nodded. "Of course, Tony, if you want to." And he said, "At seven, then," and everything was wonderful.

She would, she thought, wear the black dress that was tight here and there, and the silver slippers that he liked and that had high heels and made her almost up to his shoulder, and the white clipped bunny coat that would be hers in two more months. But no jewelry, and only a drop of the perfume that he had given her because he hadn't liked hers.

And it would be only nine hours until she was with him. She would see him again before that. He would come out with Carl Vandenburg and walk past her desk, but he wouldn't notice her beyond perhaps a nod and probably not even that, because it would never do to have people know that they were seeing each other. And particularly Carl Vandenburg, who was Tony's boss and very serious about things. Carl Vandenburg wouldn't like to have one of his Chicago men being too friendly with the reception girl, and taking her places to dance when he came in to report.

Mary didn't know just why he wouldn't like it, but he wouldn't. Tony had told her that. And she must never say anything to anyone about their evenings. Not, of course, that there was anything wrong in it, but it just wouldn't do to have people know. Tony had said so, and she understood. Or tried to.

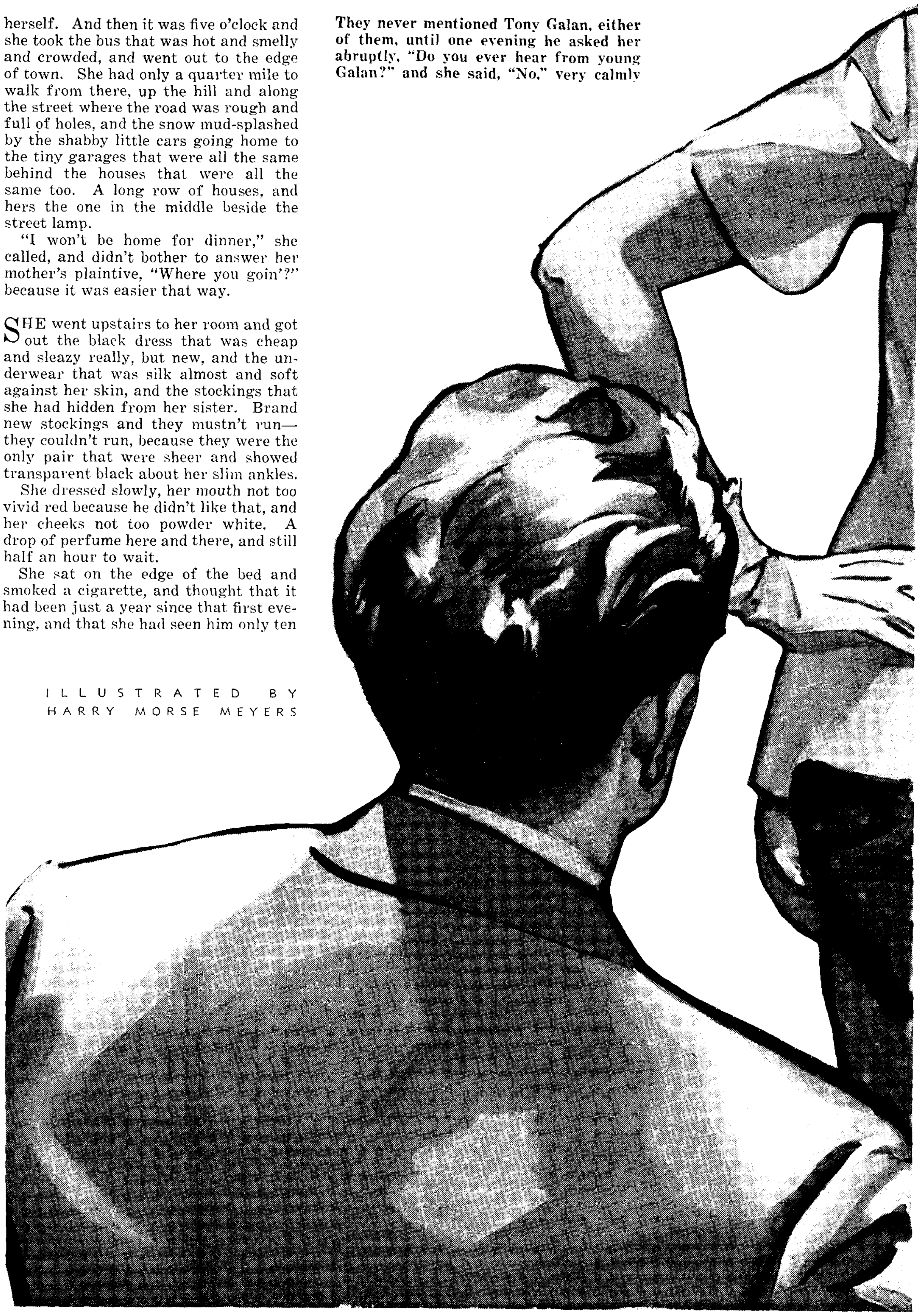
Then it was noon, and she ate her lunch alone in the cafeteria, and apart from the others because she was very happy and wanted to think about it by herself. And then it was five o'clock and she took the bus that was hot and smelly and crowded, and went out to the edge of town. She had only a quarter mile to walk from there, up the hill and along the street where the road was rough and full of holes, and the snow mud-splashed by the shabby little cars going home to the tiny garages that were all the same behind the houses that were all the same too. A long row of houses, and hers the one in the middle beside the street lamp.

"I won't be home for dinner," she called, and didn't bother to answer her mother's plaintive, "Where you goin'?" because it was easier that way.

SHE went upstairs to her room and got out the black dress that was cheap and sleazy really, but new, and the underwear that was silk almost and soft against her skin, and the stockings that she had hidden from her sister. Brand new stockings and they mustn't run—they couldn't run, because they were the only pair that were sheer and showed transparent black about her slim ankles.

She dressed slowly, her mouth not too vivid red because he didn't like that, and her cheeks not too powder white. A drop of perfume here and there, and still half an hour to wait.

She sat on the edge of the bed and smoked a cigarette, and thought that it had been just a year since that first evening, and that she had seen him only ten



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

They never mentioned Tony Galan, either of them, until one evening he asked her abruptly, "Do you ever hear from young Galan?" and she said, "No," very calmly

HARRY MORSE MEYERS

times. Only ten times because it was a long way to Chicago, three hundred miles anyway, and he came in to the home office never oftener than once a month, and sometimes it was longer, as it had been this time. Really only eighty hours that they had been together, but it had made everything different. So very different. Something to live for and look forward to and remember. . . .

The horn sounded outside and she was downstairs, the bunny coat half on before his footsteps were on the porch. It was dark after she had closed the door, and he kissed her very lightly and said, "You're sweet, darling. Are you glad to see me?" It wasn't a question, really, because he knew the answer, but she said, "You know I am, Tony," and stood very close to him.

The snow had drifted in over the steps and he turned and picked her up, so light in his arms, and carried her down to the car, tucking the robe carefully over her knees and around her feet. "You're very small," he said, "and I have to take care of you."

They drove far out, twenty miles, to the Gables Inn, where they went always because Tony said that the music was good and there wouldn't be a lot of people they knew bothering them. Once in a while she saw people there who knew her but not Tony, and was very proud because he was so handsome and carried himself so well and dressed so perfectly.

Tonight there were only a few cars outside, and the headwaiter was very glad to see them again and put them in their little booth in the corner, where they always sat. He remembered their kind of cocktails and brought two for each of them so that they wouldn't have to wait, the way Tony said. Bitter cocktails and very strong, that she didn't really like, but drank anyway.

IT WAS after the second one that he looked at her for a long time, a minute almost, before he said, "I shouldn't tell you this, I suppose, but I miss you more every time I'm away. You're getting to be too important to me. Did you know that?" as if it were something she shouldn't be doing. "You are to me too, Tony," she whispered, and her face showed how very glad she was.

Then the orchestra played their tune, and she turned to him and smiled as he got up without a word, pushing the table away for her to get out of the booth easily.

The music, their music, was very slow, with a low steady rhythm, and they danced in a far corner of the floor where the lights were dim, keeping away from the others and doing the steps they had done over and over again, so many times, and never grew tired of. Never could grow tired of, she thought, his arm tight at her waist.

The last notes drifted away, but he held her in his arms for a second, and she could feel his lips brush against her hair, very lightly. "That was grand, Tony," she whispered, and he let her go and said "Um" gruffly, and looked over at the orchestra. But the next tune was fast and brassy and they went back to their booth and the fillet mignon.

Through most of the evening they stayed in the booth, except, of course, when it was their kind of music. Tony never talked to her very much, but he liked to listen to her, his eyes on the tall glass in front of him. He drank steadily always through their evenings together, but it never seemed to bother him, only making his smile quieter and less frequent, as if he were thinking thoughts that were his and that she would never know about.

So she talked to him of hopes and plans that were very close to her heart, that she had never spoken of to anyone else. Of being someone and doing things, getting somewhere beyond the rut that had always been about her and her family. First by learning stenography, which she had almost mastered now, and then perhaps by being secretary to some man who was a leader and a power, and, finally, of accomplishing something by herself as he, Tony, was doing. Or—but she stopped there, embarrassed, and he laughed at her earnestness.

"But I mean it, Tony," she protested. "I can't go along just being satisfied. Not any more than you could." And he said, "All right, but let's not get too serious about it tonight," and made her dance with him.

BEFORE they knew, it was two o'clock, with the musicians putting away their instruments and the waiter standing impatiently for the check. Outside, it was still snowing, and she stood on the steps and let the flakes fall light and cool on her face, while Tony got the car.

He drove home very slowly, keeping over to the left on her street where the road was rough, and stopping the car just beyond the street light. They sat there quietly for a minute, the exhaust making little clinking noises as it cooled, and the parking lights glowing feebly over the long hood. Then he pulled her gently to him, her lips upturned to his. "Gee, I love you, Mary," he whispered into her curls, and her breath caught in a quick little gasp, because it was the first time he had ever told her that.

"I love you too, Tony," she said, her eyes very wide, and waited for him to go on as she hoped he would. But he only held her in his arms and kissed her until, finally, she pushed away breathlessly. "I have to go in, Tony," she said. "When will I see you again?"

"I don't know," he answered. "A month, six weeks perhaps."

"Will you write to me?"

"I don't write letters," he shrugged.

"Not even to me?" Her voice was hurt.

"Not to anyone," he said tonelessly, and, after a second, she fumbled in her bag for the key so that he could open her door. His shoulders were very broad as he bent over the lock, and she put a hand on them gently. "It's been fun again, Tony," she said, and he took her face between his hands and kissed her carefully on the forehead. "I thought so, too, Mary," he said, "we'll have more of them, I hope. Good night." She watched through the front window as he turned the car around and vanished slowly down the dim white street.

THEY were long and dreary, those next three weeks, with nothing to do but work and think that every day was bringing the next time closer and being afraid, sometimes, that there wouldn't be a next time. It was on a Friday, finally, just after one o'clock, that Carl Vandenburg came out from his office and looked at her hopefully. "Can you take dictation?" he asked, and she nodded eagerly. She liked Carl Vandenburg. He was tall, too, and young, really, but stooped just a little at the shoulders, with sandy hair getting thin on top, and gray eyes that saw everything, and big hands.

"Come on then," he said, relieved, "my secretary's at lunch, and there are some notes I have to get off before I forget them." He held the door open for her and found a notebook, dictating very slowly at first, so that she could keep up.

The first letters were routine, uninteresting, and she thought that he was finished, but he waved her back to her seat. "There's one more," he said, "it's very confidential and, of course, you won't mention it outside, but I have to do it now before I lose my courage."

He thought for a minute, staring at the desk before him. Then he began.

(Continued on page 32)

Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

ACCOMPANIED by "Big Sid" Campeaux, a notorious gambler, a girl who says her name is Nan Normandy arrives in Cheyenne. She is beautiful, lovely; she does not seem to be Campeaux's sort.

When she arrives, the Union Pacific Railroad is engaged in its historic "race" with the Central Pacific. Both roads are laying track toward a junction point in Utah; the Central is working east from San Francisco, while the Union is driving west from Omaha. The question is: Which will first reach the junction point?

Crooks, gamblers, labor agitators are everywhere along the Union's railheads. To handle them, a strong man is needed. And one is found: Frank Peace (known as "Bucko")... Engaged to a girl in Cheyenne, Eileen Oliver, Peace has few opportunities to see her. From time to time, he encounters Nan Normandy; he wonders who she is, what she is. . . . In Laramie he is informed that Ed Tarrant, whom he knows, is "in trouble" at a resort known as Straight-Edge Annie's place. A few moments later, in one of Straight-Edge Annie's rooms, he is bending over the body of Tarrant, whom someone has shot. As he rises, a bullet from an adjoining room snaps past him. Then the room is raked by a rapid, plugging fire.

III

FLATTENED along the base of the dark room's wall, his head just short of the doorway, he listened with a wire-thin attention as those repeated gunshots swelled and thundered through the house. A bullet ripped the casing just above his head; a bullet made a chance target of the lamp on the table, shattering the globe, whipping out the light. Powder smoke thickened around him; a windowpane's bursted fragments jangled down; one of Straight-Edge Annie's girls was screaming as steadily and automatically as though she were wound up. The whole building shivered. Peace counted those shots as they came.

He counted five, and drew one knee beneath him, and remained crouched that way. There was one more shot to come. The hidden marksman's breathing began to rasp through a palpitating stillness. The man was smart; he wasn't wasting his last bullet. Peace brought his weapon forward and stretched his arm full length, into the doorway; and dragged the barrel across the floor, making a sharp break in the quiet. Hard on the heels of the sound the gun across the hall drove one more bullet sullenly through the dark.

Peace said aloud, "Six," and was on his feet, tramping through the doorway without hurry. The darkness was heavy, additionally thickened by powder smoke pouring along the hall. The man over there scraped his feet uncertainly across squealing boards—and quit moving. Peace bent his high body forward. His fingers touched a wall, and slid along it until they fell off into the doorway. He went through that opening low and fast, gun swinging in one fist, and struck the man dead in the chest with his driving shoulders.

THAT long, stiff dive carried them both across the room until they slammed into the far wall. The man's breath was hot and full on him and a fist reached out of the black and laid a slanting blow along his face, a ring on it ripping a clean furrow through his cheek flesh. Both the man's arms gripped him doggedly then, and a knee came up and jolted him in the groin. He swung away and they went wheeling around the blackness, with the other one's weight bearing against him, with the other one finding his face again with those short, beating jabs. His gun hand was pinned to his side; his free arm clung to the fellow's coat. His boots snagged the raw floor and he fell backward, hauling the other over with him. His head struck the boards fully, the concussion lighting up his brain. He lay like that a moment, rolling his knees to protect himself. He got his knees under the man's stomach and broke free. They were both crawling around the black, but Peace heard the other one's breathing continue to labor violently and by that sound he placed his target and lifted his gun. He put a single shot over there—and heard it strike.

He heard it strike and he heard the man suddenly roll and lose his breath in a long, strangled sighing. Sitting on the floor, blood creeping down a cheek that seemed to be on fire, he listened to the man die. It was as plain and brutal as that. Stillness was settling in heavy layers around him, but somebody's feet were pounding up the outside stairway violently enough to rock this shell of a building. Overmile's voice smacked through the dark.

"Peace!"

Peace said: "Wait a minute. Annie!" His call struck down the black hall, piling against the closed doors. The outside stairway rattled under more traffic.

Overmile said: "What's this?"

PEACE rose and found the room's doorway. At the far end of the hall a faint glow gushed out of a crack, as though a lamp had just been lighted. Overmile was shuffling forward, exploring the blackness. Peace lifted his call more peremptorily. "Come out of there, Annie."

Phil Morgan said, from the stair landing: "That you, Peace?"

A door opened, flushing its square beam of light into the hall. Straight-Edge Annie walked from her room, throwing a high and bony shadow before her. Of a sudden other doors swung back and women stood there in the half light, all their faces strained and full of fear. Morgan and Overmile tramped rapidly toward Peace. Overmile said: "What's the matter here?"

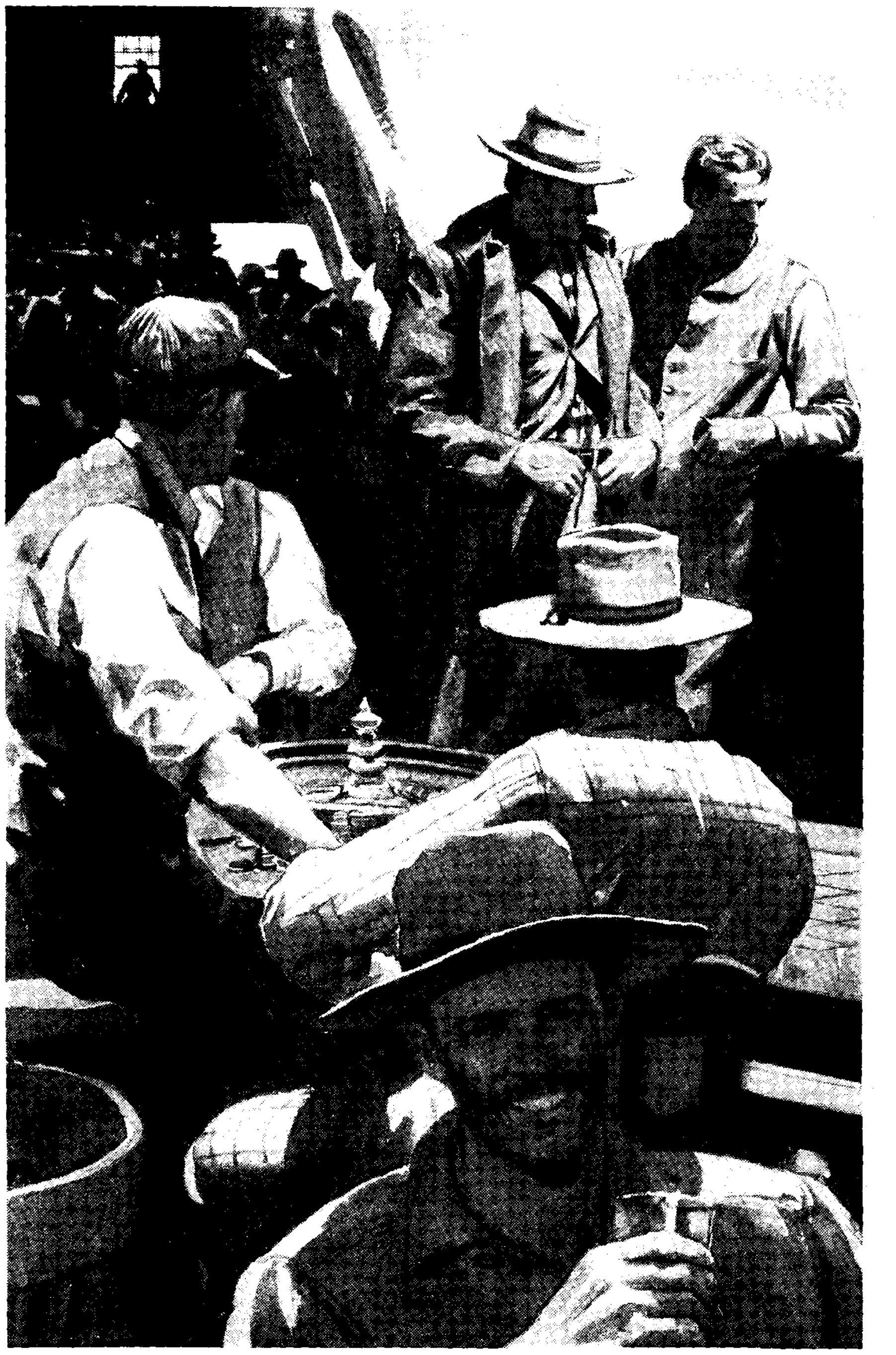
"Annie," said Peace, "bring a light."

Annie's voice was as rough and heavy as a man's. She threw that order behind her. "Bring a light," and then she advanced on Peace. She was almost as tall as he was, with a head of iron-colored hair and a half-masculine face.

She said: "Before God, Frank, I had no part in this!" One of the girls came up with a lamp. Peace said, no feeling in his talk, "Be quiet, Annie," and took the lamp. He swung it around so that its light struck across the room in which he had staged his fight—and so that it touched the dead one on the floor. Overmile and Morgan were crowded beside him.

"Dollarhide," grunted Overmile.

Peace wheeled. His stare struck Annie hard enough to drop her shoulders. Her talk jumped at him, frightened and quick. "Listen. Mitch came here and told us to stay in our rooms. Next thing I heard somebody run up the stairs. I heard Mitch call out Ed Tarrant's name and then there was a shot. It wasn't more than two minutes before you came."



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

At mention of Tarrant's name Overmile seized the lamp from Peace and wheeled over to the other room. He stood there a minute, shedding light down on Tarrant's still bulk; and came back, his face drawn at once to a wicked pale wedge. The light of his eyes then was yellow, it was full of compressed, frigid rage.

"Annie, you—"

PEACE stopped him there. He said, "Wait, Leach." Temper rolled around his vitals, squeezing them. His talk beat out at Straight-Edge Annie. It roughed her up; it hit her like physical punishment. "You didn't open the door when Tarrant was shot?"

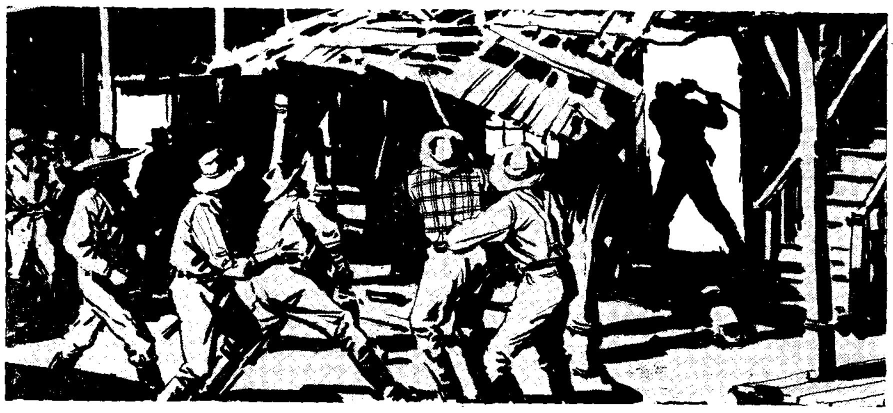
"Me?" she cried. "No! Mitch told me to keep out of the way! How was I to know? Mitch always carried Sid Campeaux's orders. When Campeaux talks to me, I mind. Why not? He runs this place. It's his building and he's my boss! My God, you know what he'd do to me? He'd bust in my face!"

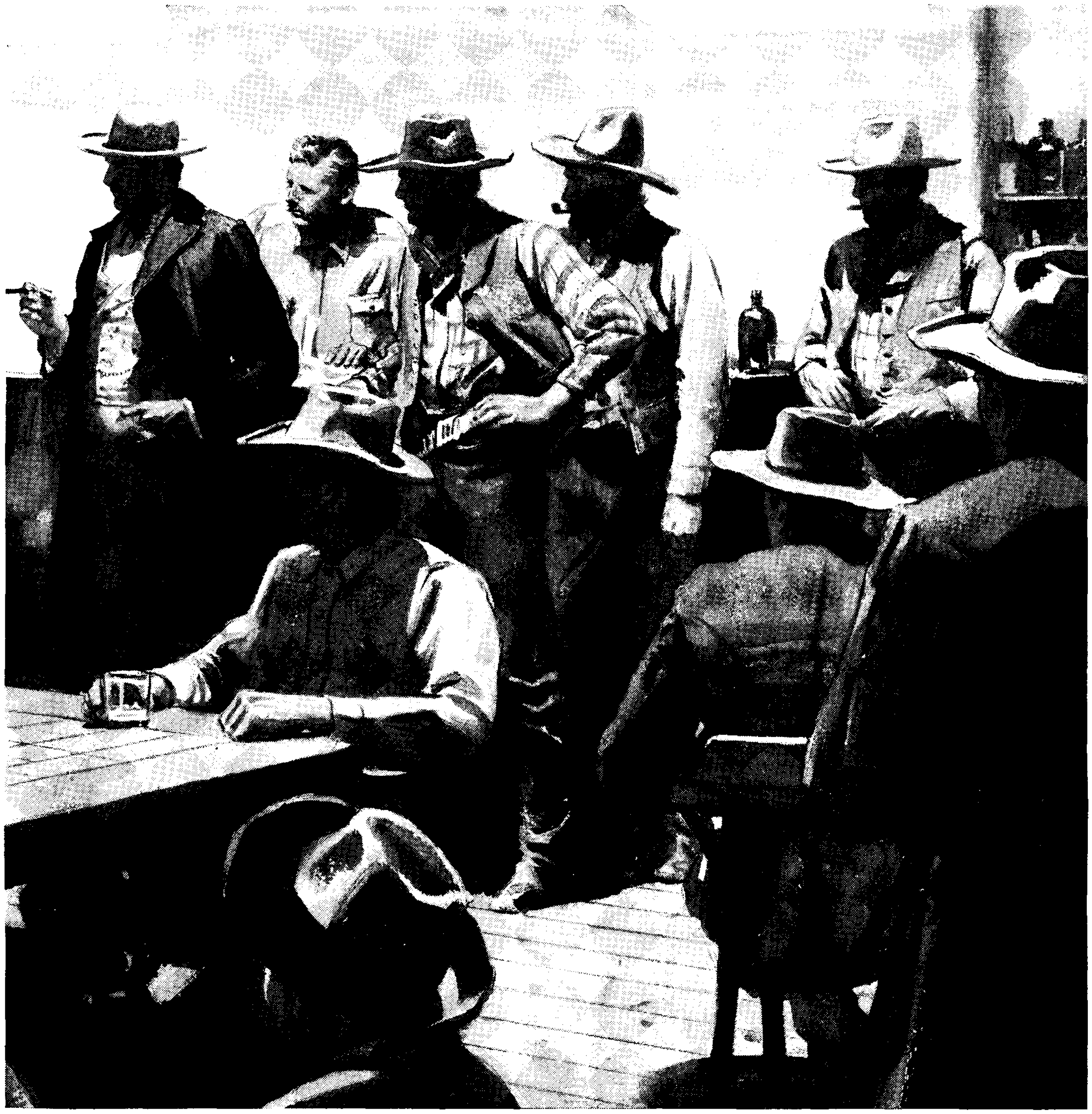
"You don't know how Tarrant came to be here?"

"No—no!"

Phil Morgan looked at Peace. "How'd you get here?"

Peace told him. Morgan said: "Then that's how Tarrant got here. Somebody told him he was wanted here and he came up and ran into Dollarhide's gun. Then you came up, marked for the next shot. It was done cleverly. We were waiting for you in the saloon when somebody walked over and told Leach that Reed wanted to see both of us at the train. We were pulled out of the way, like that."





Campeaux murmured: "Your fun comes high for me. Some day it'll come high for you"

Peace said: "Move out of here, Annie. You and your girls."

"What?"

Peace walked into the room where Tarrant lay. He stooped down, running his hand beneath the man's body. He pulled Tarrant up and lifted him all at once over his shoulder and marched down the hall. Annie said, "Frank—what?" But Overmile growled, "Shut up," and these three men descended the outside stairway.

LIFE boomed along Main Street; darkness and quietness still held this side alley. The recent firing had meant nothing to Laramie town; it had drawn no crowd. There was a tent across the alley, with light shining through its open flap. Peace walked into it, laying Tarrant on the floor. A round, apple-cheeked little man, with bright eyes stuck to either side of an enormous nose, lay half turned on a straw mattress, reading by the glow of a candle driven into a catsup bottle. He pulled his attention from the book. He reared up, at once complaining:

"Hey—this ain't no morgue."

Peace said: "Stop that, Abe."

Abe Klein took another careful look. He rose then. "Tarrant." He ran one small hand across the absolute nakedness of his head. "My goodness—my goodness. Such a terrible thing." Then he thought of something; it lifted his shoulders and caused him to remove his spectacles and put them carefully away. "Boys, you wait till I get my gun and I'll go with you."

Peace turned out. He stood a moment with Morgan and Overmile and Abe Klein beside him, his glance pinned to Straight-Edge Annie's house across the way. Tarrant had been a solid friend, a big and hearty man who cared more for the fun of these last two reckless years than for the profits of his construction work. Peace remembered him at Julesburg, standing squarely in the middle of the rioting gamblers, his huge fists mowing them down as they came against him, all the while laughing that deep, careless laugh out of his chest. Peace recalled it vividly, the tone of Tarrant's unquenchable voice with him now as clear and resonant as in life. The hatred of the toughs surrounded them like a blazing fire—and the toughs had gotten Tarrant at last. It was, Peace considered, the first break. Looking up to a sky sullenly glowing from Laramie's lights, he realized then that neither Morgan nor Overmile nor he could expect any let-up in that fiercely unreasoning animosity. They were out to kill him, and to kill his own close friends. They would never stop until they had paid him back for Julesburg, until they had destroyed him.

Overmile said: "When you make up your mind, Frank, let's know what it is."

"Rose," Peace muttered, "warned me. So this stunt was in the air. It was bein' published on Campeaux's grapevine system. But Lovelace didn't know it, or he would have told me."

"Trust no gamblers, Frank."

"Lovelace is white. Wait a minute."

HE HEADED out of the alley, into the solid stream of wild Irishmen roving through Laramie town. Overmile said, behind him: "Reed said I was to stick to you. So I stick to you." Peace stopped on the walk, splitting the traffic with his shoulders; it swayed him and turned him, but he stood there until he saw the man he wanted to see, a gray-headed man built like a water barrel, with his fist hanging down from his long arms in the manner of rock chunks. Peace reached out and his fingers caught Collie Moynihan. Collie looked up at Peace and smiled in a wicked, happy way. He said: "You want somethin', Mr. Peace?"

"There's a pile of double-bitted axes over in Jack Casement's warehouse, Collie. Find yourself thirty good lads and go get 'em. I'll be waiting for you in front of Straight-Edge Annie's."

Collie Moynihan had been in Julesburg with Peace. He looked carefully up to the tall man now and saw the black devil in Peace's eyes. Collie had been smiling; he laughed and said, "'Twill be less a wait than you'd think, Mr. Peace," and whirled and went down the street with his granite fists beating a path. He was saying in a loud and hearty way: "Just thirty of the best, me bhoys. Just thirty—or wan or two more—for some fun."

Peace tramped back into the alley. Morgan and Abe Klein were still in front of the tent; two men came down the stairway of Straight-Edge Annie's place carrying the dead Mitch Dollarhide. They retreated through a little lane to one side of the building. Lamps began to sparkle through the windows of the place. Out on Main Street a long, high tone whirled its way with the wind and caught hold of the crowd, touching off the latent, tinder-dry violence. At once the alley was full of noise, with Collie Moynihan's chosen ones rushing headlong into it, the bright steel bits of their borrowed axes whitely flashing in the little shafts of light crossing the dark.

Collie Moynihan said: "And what is it to be, Mr. Peace?"

Peace said: "There's a building that belongs to Campeaux, Collie. Tear it down."

THE wickedness of it went like fire through them and a rash, high yell ripped the shadows apart. They were wheeling and running against the building before he had quite finished talking, with their axes slung forward in the manner of soldiers storming a fort—as, in fact, many of them had done during the rebellion. They struck Straight-Edge Annie's house head-on, slamming their axes into the wood wherever they reached it. Collie Moynihan went up the outside stairway with part of his crew behind him, into the second story. Men made a breach through the sudden-shattered windows of the lower floor. The door sprang off its hinge; the long, loosely nailed planks began to groan and drop all around.

Straight-Edge Annie's girls ran out of the place, cursing as they came; and all this fury irresistibly towed the restless traffic off Main Street. Lanterns were throwing a fuller radiance down the alley. Beds and mattresses and furniture tumbled from the second-floor windows; shingles flew off the roof and a man, working from the attic of the place, chopped himself a hole and crawled up and walked along the ridgepole. Others followed and immediately they were strung out along the roof, tearing it apart. A whole section of the front wall sagged out and fell. Peace, never moving from his position, had a full look into one dingy room.

Leach Overmile grumbled, "Look out, Frank," and moved deliberately in front of Peace, taking his station between Peace and the thickening crowd at the alley's mouth.

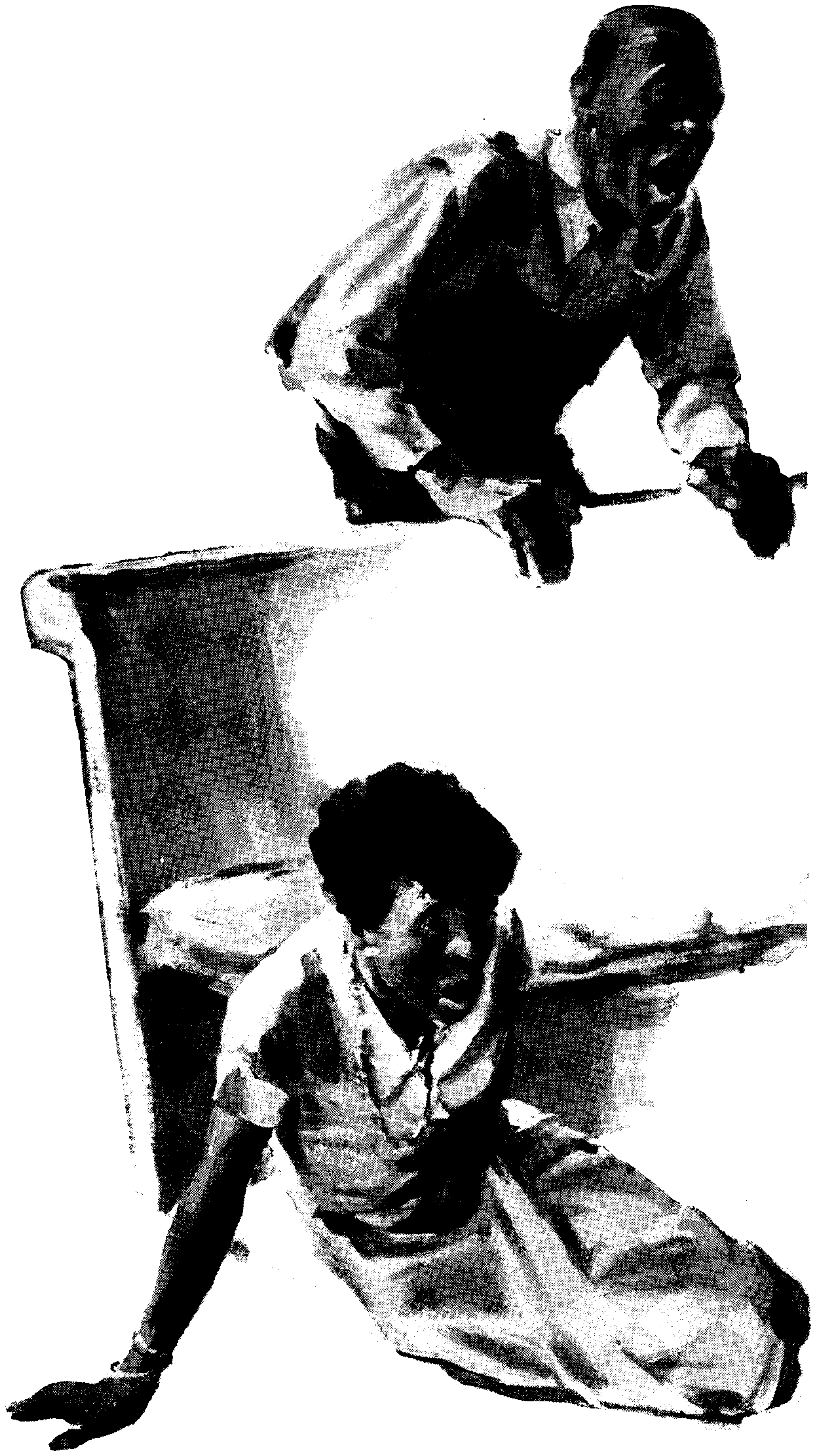
Peace looked that way and saw only a mass of faces turned in—the blackened faces, the bearded faces, the mixed faces of a rough-and-tumble crowd avidly witnessing this destruction. These were the men building the Union; these were the sharp-witted ones and the muleskinners and the desperadoes. He saw that bulk for what it was—raw and undisciplined and dangerous. Wild enough for a wild country. But he wasn't afraid of it. Some of that mob's virtues were his virtues; some of its faults his faults. There was no quietness in it; there was no quietness in him. And afterwards his turning glance met a woman's grave eyes. Nan Normandy stood there, imprisoned

(Continued on page 51)

Too Much Sin

Another exciting episode of life down at Little Bee Bend plantation, with the Widow Duck taking the warpath again

By Roark Bradford



THE Old Ship of Zion Church stood with dignity and quiet beauty on the bank of Willow Chute Bayou. The saying was that the church had been built during the slavery time when people could do their church-building and churchgoing only on Sunday.

Whether that saying was true, the Widow Duck was not old enough to remember. But she knew it was an old church when she, as a girl, went seeking after salvation.

"Ah, Lawd," she sighed, "dat was a powerful lick You hit me. So purty!"

Almost immediately the sweet memories in her mind turned sour, for, out of the corner of her eye, she saw B'r Charlie crutching down the bayou path. And B'r Charlie had been used by Satan to stir up discord and trouble in Old Ship.

"B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck called when the preacher-blacksmith drew near, "drap by de po'ch. I wants to speak wid you."

"Hy-dy, Mis' Duckie," B'r Charlie replied. "I'm in a big hurry right now—"

"No mind dat," the Widow Duck insisted. "You was in a big hurry last night to name dat Ringgold strumpet de haid deaconess, soon as you kotched me outn de church. Now, you come hyar. I got certain words to speak wid you!"

B'r Charlie knew if he got into an argument with the Widow Duck he was bound to lose. In spite of that he crutched over to her porch.

"Now, Mis' Duckie," he began defensively, "you hadn't ought to fly offn de handle so quick. Sissie Ringgold is a good woman, and young."

"Yeah," sniffed the Widow Duck, "and a fool about preachers."

"She kin lead de singin'," B'r Charlie said. "You knows, Mis' Duck, you's gittin' along in de years, and yo' leadin' in de singin' ain't de kind er leadin' us needs."

"Naw, you needs somebody to lead out reels, hunh?" the Widow Duck demanded. "Dat de only kind er singin' Sissie Ringgold know how to lead out."

"Reels?" B'r Charlie demanded indignantly. "Ain't no reels gonter git sung in Old Ship! Hit's too holy for reels."

THE Widow Duck snorted. "Snake-in-de-grasser!" she accused. "You ain't foolin' me and neither de Lawd wid Sissie Ringgold."

"I ain't snake-in-de-grassed nobody," B'r Charlie denied. "I jest called for de nominations, and Reub named Sissie—"

"Whoa, Charlie!" ordered the Widow Duck. "Le's I and you git dis right. What you done is dis: You knowed Giles sont me over to Duke's Bend yistiddy to 'tend to some business, and you knowed I wouldn't git to church last night. So you told Reub efn he'd e-nominate Sissie for de haid deaconess, well, you'd name him for de senior usher. Ain't dat right?"

It was right, and B'r Charlie lacked the courage to affirm it or deny it.

"You might fool de members," she said, "and you might fool yo' wife, cause Sugar ain't so smart in de haid. But you can't fool me and de Lawd about Sissie Ringgold. She a strumpet f'm away back yonder. And you's a snake-in-de-grasser f'm Bal-moral to Belle Isle, and den back. And dat's ugly, an' God don't love ugly. 'Wharfo', ye cause de strumpets to come babblin' in My house—' "

"Yeah," put in B'r Charlie, " '—in My house, will I bless yo' name and therein ye shall abide in peace and quiet, and woe befall he or she which raiseth up a ruckus.' Mis' Duck, you ought to read yo' Bible more. A lady which hold herse'f to be a Christian lady like you, and not know her Bible!" B'r Charlie strutted off, simulating great disappointment in the virtues of the Widow Duck.

She sat on the porch for half an hour, getting madder and madder, and the madder she got the worse she felt.

"I swear to my soul," she concluded, "I b'lieve I'm fixin' to ail some. I ain't felt so bad since I don't know when."

After another pause, she decided a walk might do her some good. " 'Wawk ye tharfo' in de ways er de righteous,' " she quoted, " 'and shall come a day and time when no man knoweth not.' "

SHE waddled aimlessly along the bayou path, her more than two hundred pounds vibrating lazily with each step. "Maybe I don't know de Bible good as Charlie," she mumbled, "but I *daid* know de verse which say, 'Blessed is de man which don't git mad when somebody do you dirt, but wharfo' he who plagues one er my chilluns, him will I hand de hot end er de poker to, and let him abide therein.' So say de Sperrit, Lawd. God will change conditions. Be not disencouraged." She chuckled aloud in her satisfaction. "And I jest bet," she added, "dat de Lawd is hottin' up dat poker right now for Charlie to grab a-holt of."

The walk and the reflections completely erased the anger and bitterness from the kindly old heart of the Widow Duck. It was God's good world, and she liked it.

There were, however, one or two details which she—with the co-operation of the Lord—intended to change about the world. To begin with, ever since she first joined the church, she had led the singing at the Old Ship of Zion. Even in her backsliding days, when she danced and sang reels with Big Jim Haley, she always was on hand in church to lead out:

Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd—cert'ny been good to me,
Woke me up dis mawnin'—cert'ny been good to me,
Feed me when I'm hongry—cert'ny been good to me,
An' He save my soul f'm sin an' shame.

Now she was no longer the song leader and that was wrong. Worse, the question of Sissie Ringgold entered the situation. Sissie was a newcomer on Little Bee Bend plantation. She was a tall, dark woman with a husky voice and a roving, friendly eye. That was all anybody knew about her. She had come, she said, from Ringgold's plantation, and for want of more complete identification the people on Little Bee Bend called her Sissie Ringgold. What her real name was, or why she had left Ringgold's in the middle of a crop time, nobody seemed to know. But B'r Charlie took her in to help Sugar with the housework, because Sugar had been ailing all spring. Talk was that Sissie had lived in Shreveport, but nobody knew about that except Sissie, and she was close-mouthed about her past.

"I knowed she was a strumpet," the Widow Duck declared with satisfaction, "long before she pulled all de wool outn B'r Charlie's sheeps. But what happen to her ain't none er mine. I'm gonter leave de Lawd a free hand to handle her wid."

In the course of her walk, the Widow Duck passed several cabins, and greeted the people on the porches with her usual friendliness. She could tell by the way they responded which ones had voted her out of office as head deaconess. At Reub's house the situation was tense. Reub barely grunted, and Mattie actually slipped off the porch and disappeared behind the house without speaking.

"How de new senior usher gittin' 'long?" the Widow Duck asked when she noticed Reub's embarrassment.

Reub looked hopelessly for Mattie, and finally, after clearing his throat two or three times, replied: "Ain't had no chance to ush, yet."

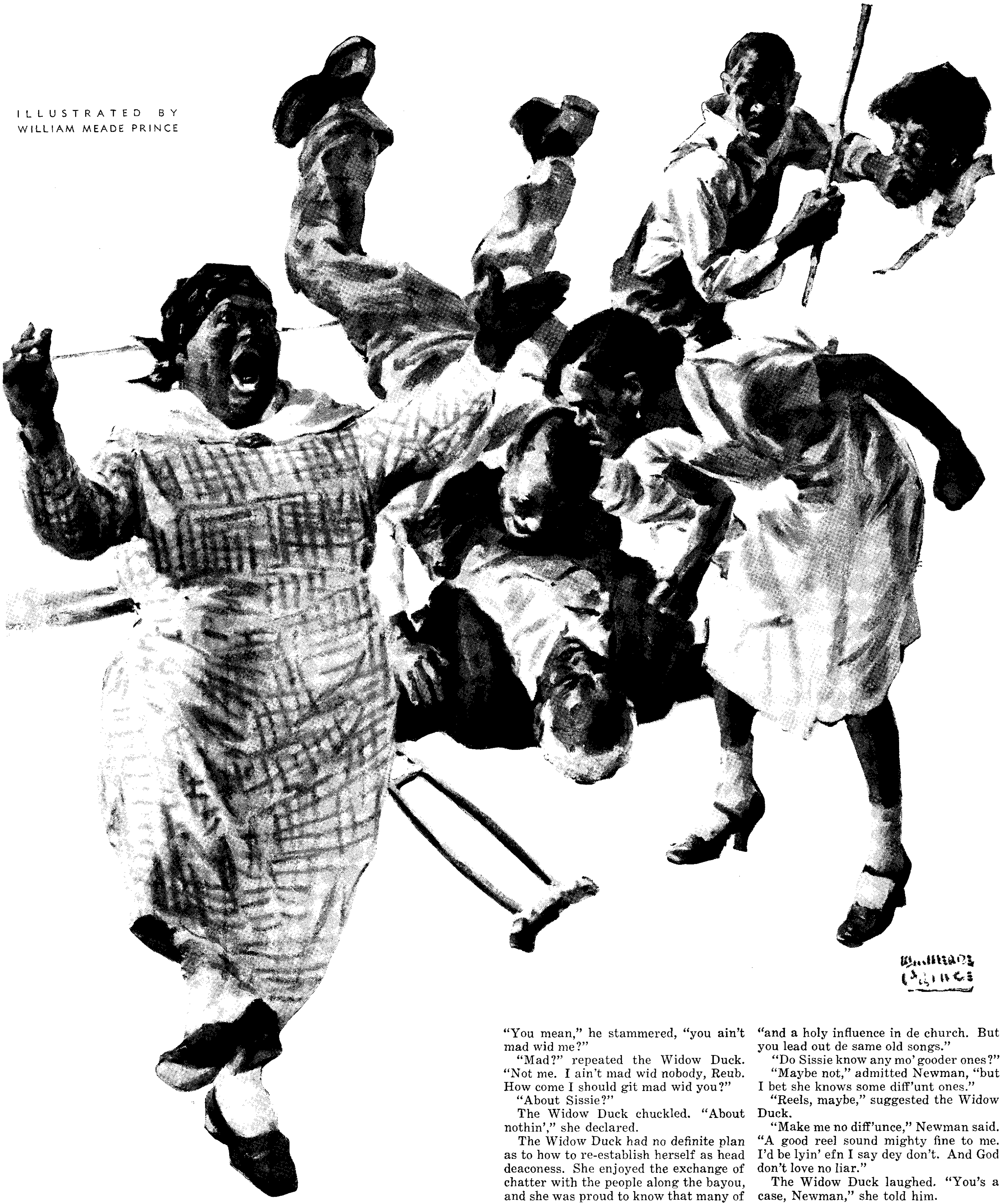
"Whyn't you ush up a meetin' to install de new haid deaconess," suggested the Widow Duck.

"Well, uh," stammered Reub, "maybe I better speak wid B'r Charlie."

"I'll help you," urged the Widow Duck. "All you got to do is pass de word amongst de members. I'm wawkin' about myse'f, and I'll he'p you pass de news."

Reub gulped two or three times more.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Mamie T buried her fist in Sissie's stomach and Sissie crumpled up. The Widow Duck shuffled another dance step and led out with another verse of the Old John song

"You mean," he stammered, "you ain't mad wid me?"

"Mad?" repeated the Widow Duck. "Not me. I ain't mad wid nobody, Reub. How come I should git mad wid you?"

"About Sissie?"

The Widow Duck chuckled. "About nothin'," she declared.

The Widow Duck had no definite plan as to how to re-establish herself as head deaconess. She enjoyed the exchange of chatter with the people along the bayou, and she was proud to know that many of them volunteered to vote for her if the election were called again.

Only one of her friends had the frankness to speak his opposition. That was Newman Dyke, a big field hand that the Widow Duck loved like a wayward son. "You a godly lady," Newman told her, "and a holy influence in de church. But you lead out de same old songs."

"Do Sissie know any mo' gooder ones?"

"Maybe not," admitted Newman, "but I bet she knows some diff'unt ones."

"Reels, maybe," suggested the Widow Duck.

"Make me no diff'unce," Newman said. "A good reel sound mighty fine to me. I'd be lyin' efn I say dey don't. And God don't love no liar."

The Widow Duck laughed. "You's a case, Newman," she told him.

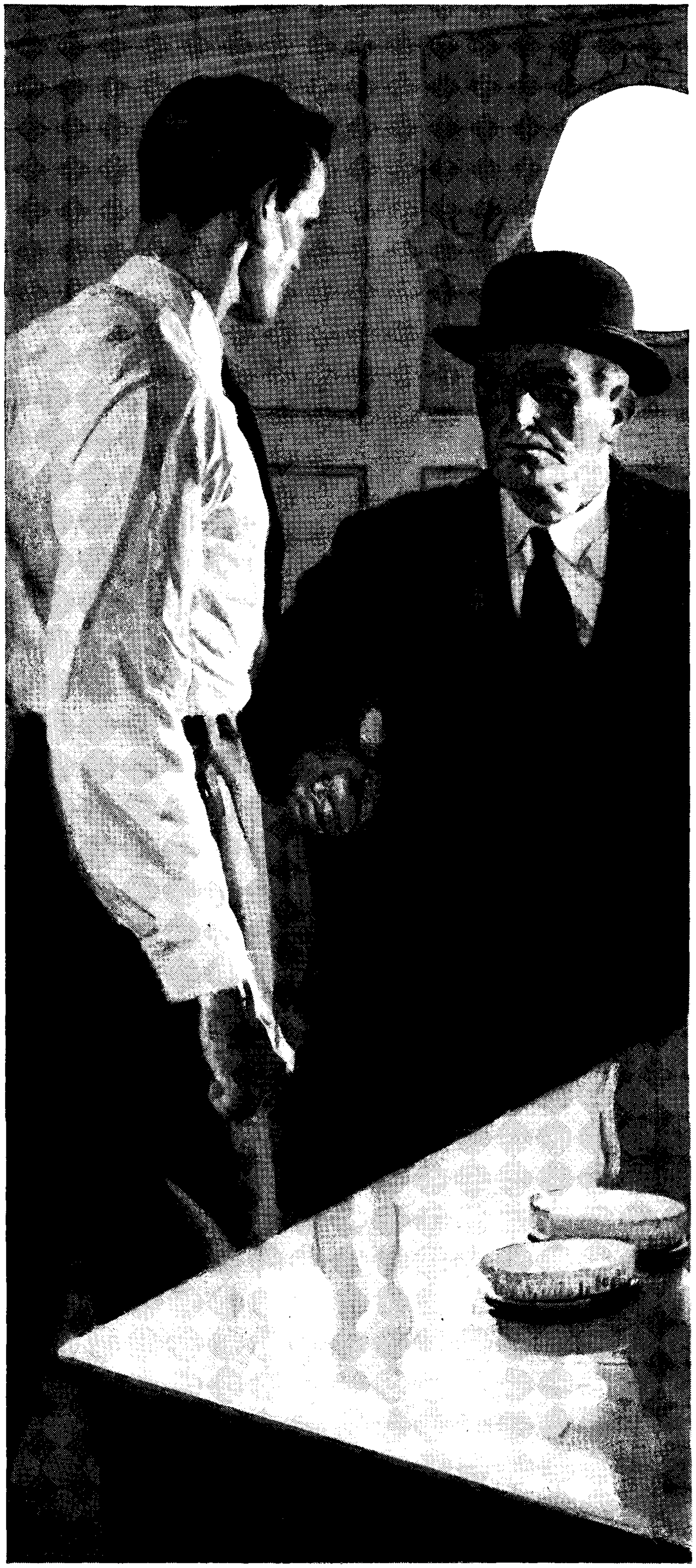
Newman grinned. "I speaks what I got in my mind," he admitted. "Fo'ks kin like hit or lump hit."

The Widow Duck continued on her walk.

When she arrived at the foreman's

(Continued on page 60)

"Then I guess I'm no longer her master." The captain, his fists tight at his sides, erect and solid before the old man, restrained himself with effort



Fair-Haired Boy

Old Jonas Martin learns the truth about his son—a story of love at sea, where they play no favorites

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

JONAS K. MARTIN, one-time master mariner skilled in the high art of sail and steam, waited for the Paladin to dock. The Paladin, a fifteen-thousand-tonner in the Pacific trade, had reported clear of quarantine some time before. Old Jonas knew she would be in sight presently in spite of the pea-soup fog, because the Line prided itself on its prompt dispatch and arrival; but mostly he knew it because his son, Captain Bob Martin, had her in charge.

Old Jonas Martin was a privileged personage on the wharf. He stood outside the dock shed by the heavy dolphins, severely erect and robust in a long blue coat and black bowler with his seamed face turned toward the bay. The loitering stevedores, waiting to handle the Paladin's lines, looked at him deferentially. He deserved their deference, with his snow-white hair and startling black brows over piercing eyes, and the jaw of an old-time quarter-deck martinet. He deserved their deference because he was supervising inspector of hulls and boilers for the Pacific coast. He had it in his power to make masters, mates, and engineers—and to break them in a court of inquiry when they gave good cause. And he waited for his son to bring the Paladin in.

The fog drifted past the dockhead; thin veils of it loosened somehow from the outer void. At times gusts of raw wind sent tatters of it across the old sailor's shoulders, like the soiled white smoke of forgotten strife still clinging to him. Behind the restraining lines at his back, an impatient crowd waited, buzzing. But old Martin's ears were attuned to other sounds: the short quick hoot of the ferries feeling their way toward Oakland, the mournful double notes at the pierheads, the rapid ringing of anchor bells. And the ebbing tide as it raced past the dock posts, blubbering.

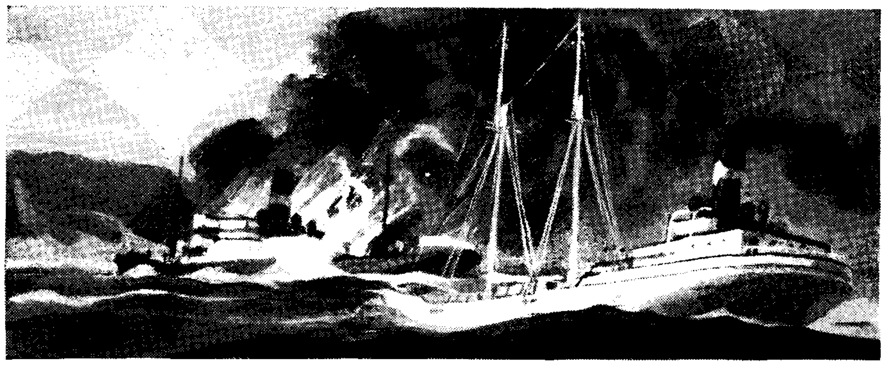
Close at hand, a deep nasal blare ripped at the fog. The nearest stevedore spat over the edge of the wharf and turned to his companion.

"That's her," he said decisively. "Mind her now, Jack. Bob Martin'll send a heaving line at your head from the fo'c'sle head before you can see his anchor hawse."

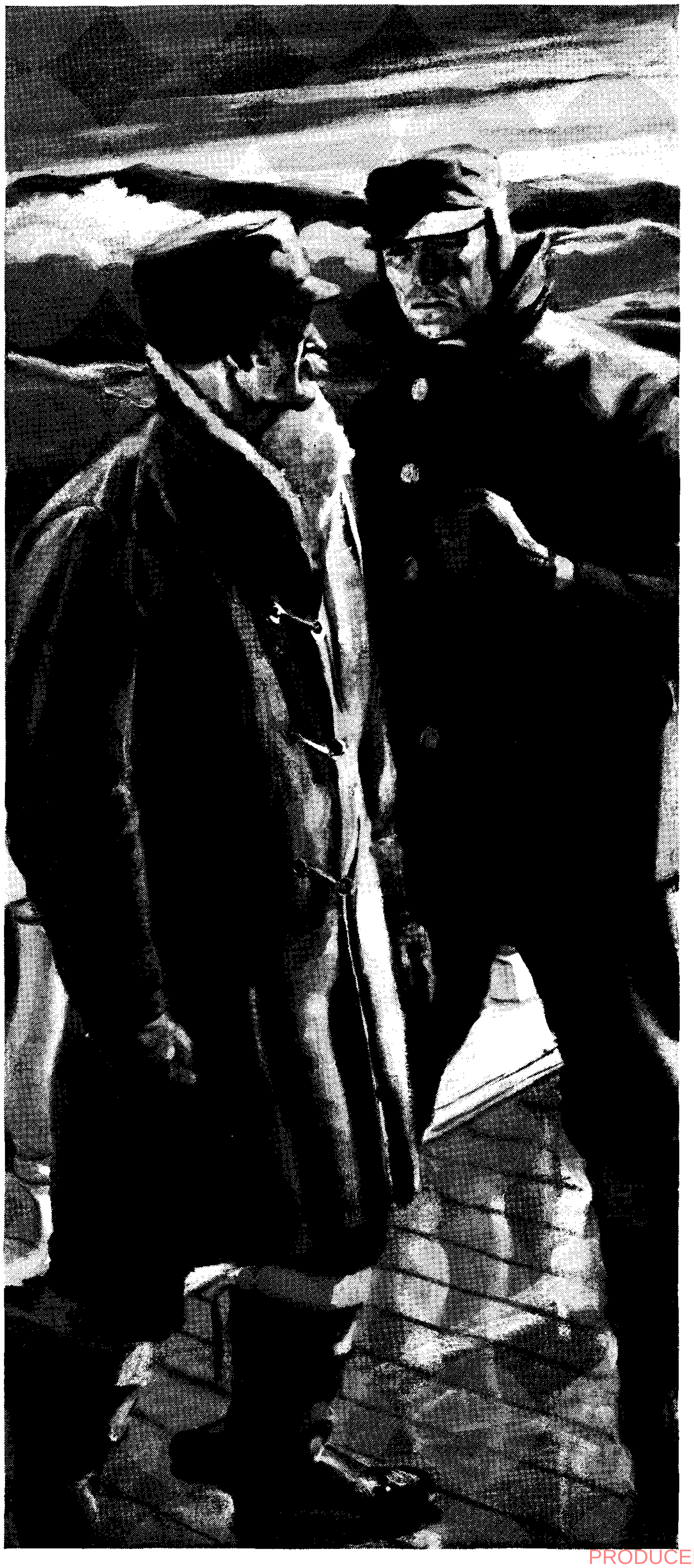
The other fellow grinned and peered at the fog wall. Old Jonas blinked, and that was all, until he saw plainly the gigantic gray loom of the Paladin shouldering her way through a smoky screen, her forward structure tearing the fog apart like a sundered veil. He moved into the shadow of the wharf shed then, and quietly watched the big ship make her dock.

THE foreshore was suddenly filled with the noise of the ship's homing. Her forward mooring winches started hissing steam. Hawsers came snaking into view. The wharf timbers groaned as she broke slowly around to her berth, smart white hull bristling with ports, black animated shapes on her forecastle head. The crowd started crying welcome. Her passenger rails blurred with waving color. Old Jonas Martin looked aloft as her wide bridge came drifting through the fog. There was a young fellow up there with a lot of braided leaf on his uniform cap, muffled in a bridge coat with his hands sunk deep in his pockets. You could just make him out, dwarfed a little by the majesty beneath his feet. He looked worn, a little haggard, eying the ship's way with skill and assurance and dropping a sharp order to the junior at the engine telegraphs.

Suddenly he flung out his arm, and the voice of command roared down to the dock. Then his hand went idly back in his coat. That swift gesture, startling, abrupt, decisive, gave the key to young Robert Martin's nature. He knew the



"You've driven me from hell to high water ever since I've joined your tub," he said. "All right. No complaint. But if you say no now, I'll smash you down"



secret words to put at ease fifteen thousand tons of steel. She slid gracefully to rest at his assured command, gasping from her double funnels still hanging with tatters of fog.

Tough old Martin's lips twitched as he looked up at the bridge from the shadow of the dock shed. For a bare instant his hard eyes lit up. He had always taken his will of men and ships and his own life. It showed in his iron face. But he was alone now, and in that solitude he allowed himself a fleeting instant's pride in the skill of his only son. It vanished at once as his eye came down to the promenade deck.

THERE was a girl standing there, in the white of a doctor's nurse. There was no one near her at all, but she was smiling. She smiled at the San Francisco water front as though there were no fog on the oceans ever anywhere at all, as though the world were very young and very bright. She was small and lovely and golden and, although you could hear nothing of it, she must certainly have been humming blithely to herself because everything seemed so fine. It was in her eyes and in her slim, erect carriage. Old Jonas Martin looked at her. His lips went tight. He turned abruptly for the gangway and strode aboard toward the master's suite.

He found Robert Martin peeling off his shirt, his bridge coat and the braided sleeve of his jacket dangling from an easy chair. His lean, bronzed face was drawn. Dark rings circled his sleepless eyes: the certain marks of a midwinter crossing of gale and fog. But he spun around as old Jonas came in.

"Hello, Pop!" he boomed. "Good as glory to see you! If I don't get under that warm shower soon," he rushed on, "I'll pass out standing up. Six hours shut-eye in four days. So help me. Not a wink more. Counted it myself by the clock. . . . There's glasses and your special sherry decanter in the locker there. Excuse me. Out in a jiffy."

HE DISAPPEARED. Old Jonas smiled faintly as he heard water splashing lustily. Bob Martin came out presently in shore-going trousers and shirt, grinning.

"Better," he said shortly. "Well, how's—"

"If you'd taken that spring line twenty feet further aft, she'd break around the corner twice as easy, m'boy."

Young Captain Martin stopped short; then burst into a loud guffaw.

"Y'know, Pop," he said with gayly bubbling eyes, "I'm only a milk-fed lad to hear you tell it, and you tell it often enough. I'm not yet thirty, I know. But I been going to sea for almost fifteen years. So help me, in all that time, I've never done a thing to suit you yet in seamanship, from the time I was handing canvas in the Alaska square rig fleet to commanding a Pacific liner. If I was to sail the Paladin halfway up Market Street and back to here again without twisting a bow plate or starting a bolt, there'd be something wrong, at that."

"If I told you you were good, your head'd blow up."

"But I am good," young Martin said at once with a simple and quiet certainty. His eyes were level. Old Jonas looked at him. Their stare held. The young master went on soberly. "I've never made a braggart's boast in my life," he murmured, "and I'll not start now. But I've worked at my trade for fifteen years because I wanted to, the way you did and your father did. It ain't all skittles: you know what it is. I've taken knives through my skin in windjammer brawls, and I've broken my bones on iron tramp-ship decks. What's the difference, so long as you do it right?

"Maybe it's the blood, hey? You've told me often enough the Martins have been seafarers since Salem whaling days. You know what I'm trying to say. You've been through hell and high water since you were a kid. On your own with no one's help. That suits me fine, too. I'd give my right arm, and you know it, to have you say to me once—just once!—'That was well done, son.' . . . Well, hell, that's how it is." He grinned his contagious grin. "But don't you come telling me I'm not good. 'Cause I am! I know I am."

He turned carelessly toward the mirror. Old Jonas looked up at him from under his startlingly black and beetling brows. "Are you?" he murmured quietly.

Captain Robert Martin turned quickly at the old man's tone, a military brush in either hand. "How do you mean?"

OLD JONAS set down his traditional glass of sherry and leaned back, his large hands on his knees. "I mean, Bob, that you're something of a fool."

"Granted." Bob grinned. "Sometimes it's the only way there is to be honest."

"To be a fool?"

"Certainly."

"I mean in things . . . ah . . . romantic."

"Oh; I see." He breathed it out softly and put down his brushes with exaggerated care. "Is that gale making up again? You mean Joan."

"The doctor's nurse on board here; yes."

There was the faintest stiffening of the young shipmaster's jaw. "Look," he said steadily, "let's not speak about it. It'll be better that way. I know you've got it all figured out for me to marry that Bradcliff girl. It's no go. She's too society. Not that I've got anything against it. It's just not for me. Y' can't work a thing like that out by course and distance. I'm crazy about Joan and that's enough. I know you don't approve of her, and I'm sorry. Because you're aces with me . . . even if you are my father. So let's forget it. Joan's quitting the ship when she signs off this trip. We're going to get married."

A sudden, smoldering quarter-deck blaze showed in old Jonas Martin's eye. "And I suppose she's crazy about you?" he chopped out with sour irony.

Bob grinned. "Of course."

"You're a fool!"

"You said that once."

"Well, I say it again. She ought to be marrying some junior engineer or a longshore stevedore! And here—"

"Easy now." The smile vanished from

(*Continued on page* 56)

Douglas Nets the Earth

By W. B. Courtney

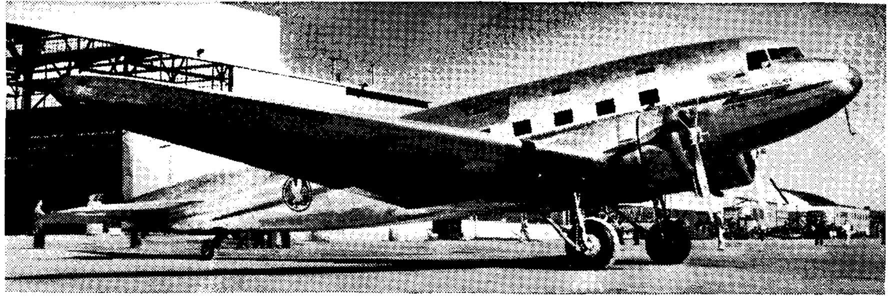
Because his airliners and fighting ships crisscross the skies of the world Donald Wills Douglas receives, from the hands of President Roosevelt, the Collier Trophy, most coveted of aeronautical awards. His approach to his present fame and fortune was a modest and inauspicious one—it began when he was a midshipman at Annapolis with a misadventure with an admiral who didn't understand genius

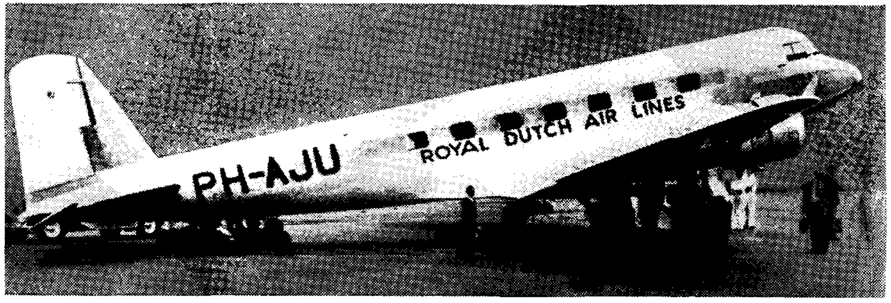
JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Aviation's most coveted award, The Collier Trophy, given each year for the outstanding achievement in American aeronautics

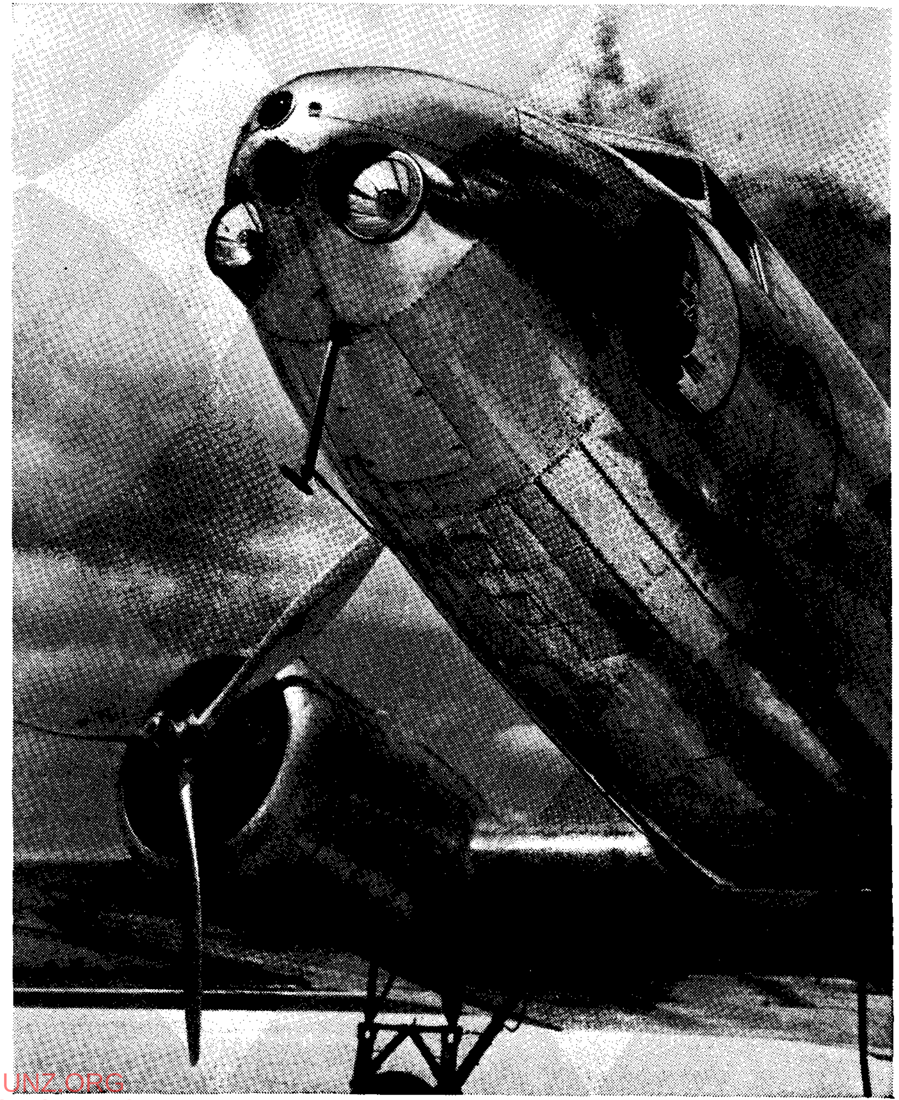
ACME

Donald Wills Douglas, whose development of "the outstanding twin-engined commercial airplane" earns him the 1936 award of the Collier Trophy


ACME



ACME


GEORGE ADAMS

Right: Douglas passenger transports of the type that earned Collier Trophy recognition

BESIDES, it is a true story. The young man *did* smack the admiral on the head, right out in public for everybody to see and to laugh at. And yet that same young man, somewhat older, is now the white-haired boy, the apple-toting pet of all the admirals of all the American fleets. Indeed, no end of admirals in other navies the world over would give four ruffles on a gold-plated bugle and have a bosun pipe up the plush-lined gig if only the young man would be nice to them, also. Completely to judge the strangeness of this tale you must recall what solemn and peacocky fellows admirals are, and how they remember—as any hapless mess boy can warn you—longer than elephants; and then you must be told the ghastliest circumstance of all—how this humiliation of the admiral took place within precincts sacred to brass hats, and before the delighted eyes of midshipmen, who, at the opposite end of the social and cultural scale from admirals, have a natural inclination to laugh at them, anyway.

The upstart was Midshipman Donald Wills Douglas of New York—Doug. The admiral was—never mind, leave him unnamed and unmanned in the shredded remnants of his dignity. The place was Annapolis on the Severn. Doug was enrolled there chiefly because an older brother had been one of the Academy's chalk-line immortals; not from any belligerent instincts. He did like the yachting on the Severn. For the rest, he spent most of his time reading about the incredible exploits of a group of daring young men led—in this country—by the Wrights and Curtiss, who sat in machines and flew through the air, sometimes for as much as seven miles. And when he should have been studying shoulder arms, and how to keep a crease in his pants during June Week, he was building toy airplanes and sailing them from the dormitory windows. Not childish things of folded paper, but extraordinarily forward contraptions with ribs of stick and wire and paste and rubber bands.

His planes, launched unexpectedly and with never a warning shout of look out below, became a menace to the eyes of the Corps; and a penance to the dark gardeners, who had to sweep up the abundant wreckage. Everyone knew that some day it would happen. It did, and with particular éclat—because Doug, having achieved what he considered his finest and most imposing airplane, scorned his window and climbed instead to the dormitory roof. Ceremoniously, this first Douglas plane to receive naval recognition and more than local fame was cast into flight.

It dipped and it swooped and it stayed right side up in the bright Maryland air, and lost altitude with a proper ratio between descent and forward glide, and made as pretty a three-point landing as any achieved by Douglas, or any other aircraft, before or since. Only, fortunately for the mortality rate among admirals, the other landings have been on more orthodox fields. This one was on the back of a passing admiral's head, and was a great surprise to him.

The case of the admiral whose head turned out to be the first aircraft carrier in naval history became celebrated. Midshipmen are not supposed to desert their books and go around displaying signs of genius ad lib, as many who later became our best minds have found out. There was such a pother by ribald midshipmen and sputtering of admirals; and such a lecturing by thinner gold braids, that Doug allowed he would resign and go to a real college—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, where it is all right if you show signs of intelligence and a bent for design and original thinking.

I mean, don't let us say it could only happen in this land of equal opportunity to all. It might happen any place, I suppose—similar success dramas have been known in South Africa, and in Sweden, and perhaps in Burma. Aviation, romantic child of this most romantic of ages, is full, the world over, of Frank Merriwells and from Dog House to Dukedom stories. What gives Donald Wills Douglas' career a specific American significance is the nature of the

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

CELIA LANDIS, a beautiful twenty-one-year-old girl, begins her career as a trained nurse in New York City. In the home of her second patient—the wealthy Mrs. Carleton Daklin—Carleton Daklin insists on making love to her. Celia drops the case when Daklin and young Pat Braddock (an artists' and advertisers' model) almost come to blows over her.

Within a few days, she is at work again. *As a model!* It is Daklin, head of a powerful advertising firm, who gets her the job—who tempts her into taking it by assuring her that she can make a great deal of money. . . . And make money she does—almost instantly she is a tremendous success.

Still, Celia is far from happy. Often she finds herself wondering if, after all, she shouldn't marry young Dr. Anthony Starr, who loves her and is eager to marry her. . . .

Grateful to Daklin for what he has done for her, Celia sees much of him. And the gossips begin to take notice. . . . Celia and another model, Betty Yandell, occupy a small apartment on East 43d Street. René LeMarr, whom Celia has met, has the suite just below them. Accepting LeMarr's invitation to hear him play—with his musician friend, Pietro Gallo—Celia goes to his suite one evening. The only other guest is Jane Leeds, a gay young debutante, with whom Gallo is madly infatuated.

A trivial remark by Jane to LeMarr arouses Gallo's jealousy—he leaps at LeMarr and stabs him! . . . LeMarr is still alive; but the police arrest Gallo. Carleton Daklin assures Celia that he will see to it that the newspapers mention neither Jane nor her. Unfortunately, Alita Brett, a much-married woman who imagines that Pat Braddock, whom she hopes to marry, is interested in Celia, tells the whole story to Jed Hay, a reporter.

Then—just before Hay's sensational story appears on the streets—Celia receives a letter in which St. Martha's Hospital, where she trained, offers her the post of chief nurse in its operating-room.

She decides to accept the offer; as she does so, Mr. Hay's story is beginning to roar through the city!

VII

BETTY looked up at Celia. "I think you are right," she said quietly, "but I can't tell you how I hate to have you go." She felt a thousand years older than her roommate, though, she reflected, to feel older than Celia was not really to feel old at all.

She got up without more talk and turned on her bath, reflecting that she liked Celia better than any girl she had ever known; that she would enjoy using Gallo's knife on Jane Leeds; that there was something odd about those Daklins and that both Celia and she knew that what Celia meant by going back to St. Martha's was that she would see no more of Mr. Daklin; that when she herself was married she must have Celia visit her and that if one were ill Celia would be an answer to prayer. She would loathe nursing herself but she was intelligent enough to respect Celia for having done it and for going back to it.

"But you don't really hate nursing, do you?" she called out above the rushing water.

"Nearly all the time."

"I can see how that would be. But there's the other side of it. Pulling people out of awful holes. Like making new lives for them."

"That's what you like to believe," said Celia, amazed that Betty should have said that. It helped, somehow. It was what Starr lived by, that feeling, and what she had thought when she entered training and here was Betty understanding it. . . . "Well, I'm going back to it," she said, standing in the door, watching Betty lay out powder and bath salts.

"You've a job with Vaski at six, haven't you?" Betty reminded her.

"Yes." She made ready to go to Vaski, her last time of posing. She felt depressed about a number of things, among them leaving Betty, this girl who looked at life so honestly and with so much common sense. "I'll go over to the hospital in the morning," she said. "I'm going to shut off the telephone when I get back tonight and sleep twelve hours."

She went up to Vaski's; and Betty went out with her Bill; and none of them saw the evening papers. If Vaski had read them and the news about his favorite model, that sphinx gave no sign, he who never talked and was a solace to all.

But perhaps it would have been better had he spoken, for Celia went to interview Dr. Mathews, the superintendent of the hospital, the next morning without having seen the papers.

SHE went into that bleak office in her frock that was the day after tomorrow with her youth and her good looks and all of a professional beauty's glamor seemed to stream into the office behind her. Dr. Mathews' new secretary looked up at her from her neat desk and perhaps it was not odd that she looked with less than favor upon Celia Landis. For Miss Baker had never been lovely and it was long since she had been young and her own clothes belonged to history.

"I came in answer to Dr. Mathews' letter about the post as operating nurse," Celia explained.

"Oh, yes." Miss Baker gave her a strange look. "I'll ask if Dr. Mathews will see you."

Celia looked back at her stiffly. "See her," indeed. Had not the man asked her to come? She watched Miss Baker go into another office. She went quickly and was back as quickly.

She closed the door behind her with a little snap when she returned and Celia, who had risen, thinking she was to go in, looked at her in surprise. Miss Baker presented her guarded face to Miss Landis. Celia, finding those faded blue eyes fixed on her, felt uncomfortable.

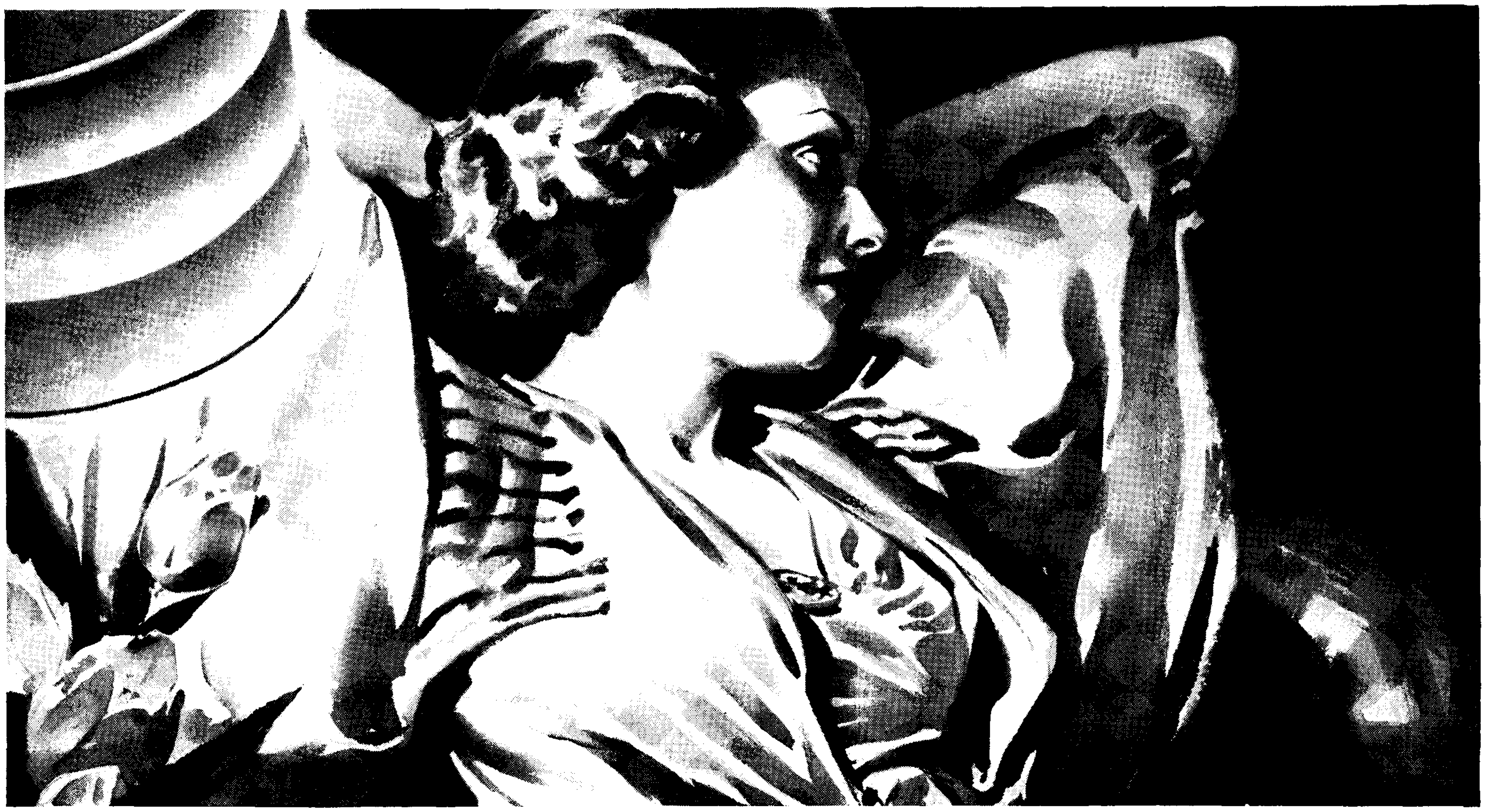
Miss Baker sat down behind her desk. "I wrote you a letter and posted it a few minutes ago, Miss Landis," said the secretary. "I am sorry you have not received it. I am afraid we have given you a trip for nothing."

"For nothing—" Celia was mystified. She stopped. Miss Baker's face had stopped her.

"You must understand, Miss Landis, that Dr. Mathews—the hospital—well, in the circumstances, it hardly seems advisable to give you the post. You must see that yourself?"

Certainly Celia did not see it. Her expression showed that. Miss Baker's lids flickered, covering her eyes. "Naturally," she said, "with so many nurses available, the board will hardly feel justified—" She stopped. "Miss Landis," she said, exasperated. "I should not have to explain this. You can see for yourself that you have brought the most unpleasant notoriety upon the hospital. We all feel it very deeply."

"What notoriety?" Celia said blankly.



"I wanted you to go," she said aloud to the closed door. "I meant it"

Did they mean the Hygiene posters or what?

She would never forget that next few minutes. She would remember always Miss Baker's indignant look at her and her pulling that tabloid out of the wastebasket with the tips of her fingers as if it were something physically dirty.

Miss Baker said—oh, that subacid voice, "I am really surprised, Miss Landis, that you should come here to see Dr. Mathews after this."

"WHAT is that? How could it be—" Celia was staring at the headlines: "Mystery Woman of Triangle Stabbing—Former Nurse of St. Martha's Hospital, Now Queen of Models, Involved in Radio Death Try . . ."

"You understand," said Miss Baker.

"Yes," said Celia faintly. She was still obsessed with that huge full-face of her staring up from the brazen page.

Miss Baker dropped the paper back into the wastebasket again still with the tips of her fingers. "Well?" she said.

"I can't," said Celia, "say anything . . . it isn't so . . ." She not only could not say anything, she could not think. Carleton Daklin was going to keep this from the papers, was he? She met Miss Baker's eyes again and her disbelief. And something in that harsh, cynical look stiffened Celia. "No," she said, "it is not true. I was helping someone else—" she stopped. Why explain to this woman? "Miss Cox will understand," she said, "I'll go to see Miss Cox."

"Miss Cox is away, in Canada, on a six months' leave of absence."

"Then I must see Dr. Mathews."

But what good did that do? She wondered afterwards why she had insisted upon seeing him. He had been kind, he had even understood her explanation, for she told him everything except Jane Leeds' name. But he was adamant.

"I'm sorry, my dear child," he said, putting his hand on her shoulder. "But you can see that the board would not understand?"

"Yes. Thanks."

As she went past Miss Baker, the secretary coughed, lowering her lids softly as if she were closing the eyes of a dead self.

It was raining when Celia reached the street. A taxi took her back to the Hotel des Arts. The driver reached back and opened the door. His passenger remained seated until a slanted corner of his face demanded, "You wanted this place, didn't you?" Celia handed him a bill and entered the building. She had not waited for change and the driver was quite prepared to leave it at that.

BETTY was waiting for her, as if she were not waiting but merely happened to be at home. With that tact which is the highest product of good breeding, or, maybe, of only a kind heart, there was no sign of the morning paper.

"Have you been to the hospital?" she asked casually.

The outcast nodded. She did not say anything, so Betty understood it all.

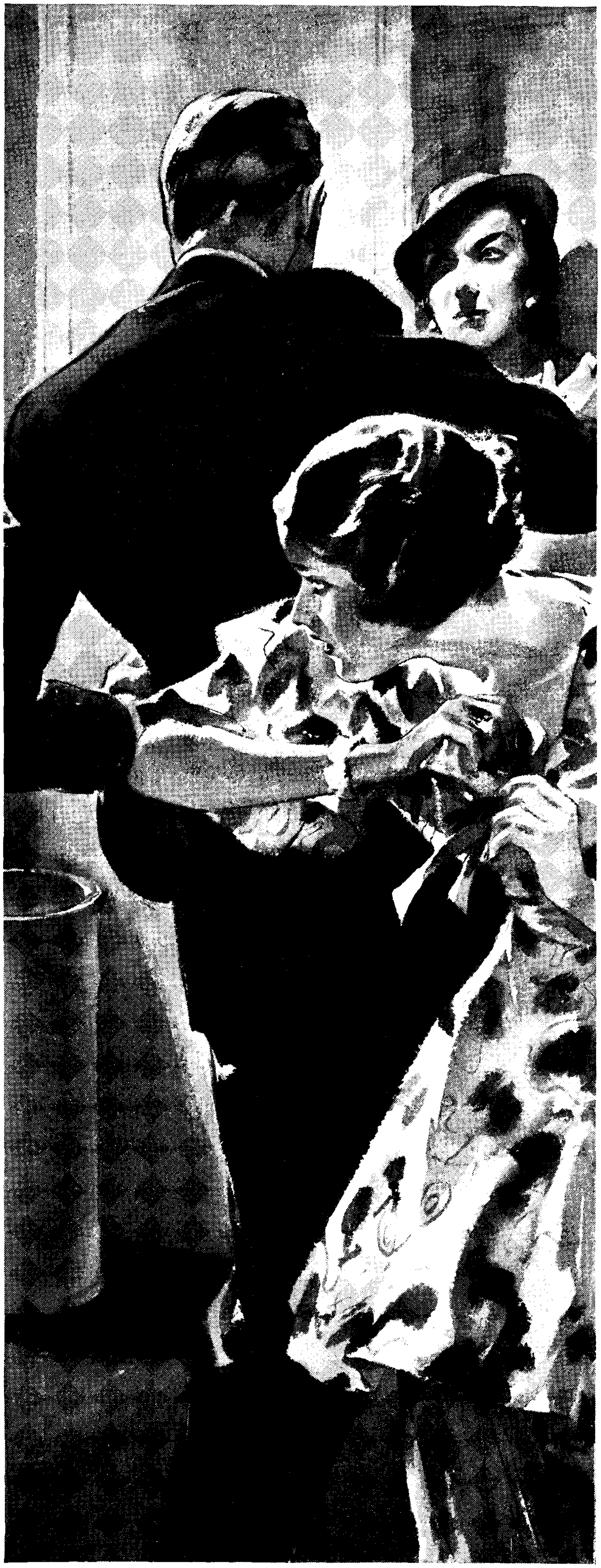
"Celia," she said. "Dry those tears! What difference does it make? They won't care up at United Models. And who wants to be a nurse anyway?"

"I couldn't say. Have you seen yesterday's *Evening Star*?"

"It was a nice photograph of you. You'll probably get a movie contract on the strength of it."

"Will I not? Just the sort of publicity the films love. And won't the Hygiene Council be pleased when they see that face that sank a thousand ships?" She sat sideways on the arm of a chair, with somehow the air of one who will sit like that the rest of her life. "Especially," she added, "the one with the lilies. That extremely virginal one."

Betty rose and sauntered across the room to her. "Snap out of it," she said, hands on Celia's shoulders, much as Dr. Mathews' hands had been.



Celia stood rooted and Daklin jumped and thrust her aside

"I'm all right."

"Celia. Take that look off your face."

"My face is all right," said Celia in a new, bright voice, a voice like shattered glass. "My face is my fortune, Betty. You should know that."

"Celia, do you feel ill?"

"No, dear, I'm quite well."

Betty dropped her hands and retired to the kitchenette. Celia could hear her slamming the icebox door angrily. She came back with two glasses of tomato juice and some crackers. Celia's face softened. She didn't want the tomato juice but she drank it. Betty squeezed lemon juice into her own glass and watched her.

"Listen," she said, her eyes troubled. "This isn't your line, Celia. You're not tough."

Celia merely looked at her.

"What did they *say* at the hospital?"

"I'm a disgrace to the profession."

Betty threw up her hands and spilled some tomato juice. "Damn!" she said, and went for a cloth to wipe it up. "It's just an institution," she said. "And all institutions are alike. Can a kitty change its meow? Don't let them get you down!"

Celia said, "I'm not down. I'm just learning some things."

THE brief silence that followed was cut by the telephone bell. Betty answered it and came back. "It's Dr. Starr," she said, and her voice was relieved. It said plainly, "Everything will be all right now." She said, "He's downstairs and wants to come up."

Celia said, "I won't see him."

Betty put her hands on her hips and stood there grimly. "Celia, if I had known you could be such a little fool—"

"I used to be. But no longer. I don't want to see Dr. Starr. I never want to see another doctor in my life. I tell you, I'm through."

"He's not just another doctor. The man's mad about you. He's the best friend you have in the world. And he's here. Naturally, he'd be here when he thinks you're in—when you're having a tough break." She started back into the bedroom. "I'm going to tell him to come up."

"Then you can talk to him yourself," Celia called after her. "I won't see him." Betty looked back at her and saw that she meant it. "You win," she said simply. And, to the telephone, "I'm sorry, Dr. Starr. Celia can't—she's—" Then, after a pause. "Well," she lied, "she's dressing."

When she came back she looked at her roommate. "What are you thinking of, Celia? Are you losing your mind?"

Thoughtfully Celia put down her empty glass. "No, darling, and if Dr. Starr is still in love with me someone had better cure him. And quick."

Betty had known that Celia would be horrified by her notoriety. She had guessed that St. Martha's might cast her out and that in that event Celia would be angry or else passively, horribly, desperately hurt. She had not dreamed that she would, cut to the quick, act like this. It was as if Celia were suddenly cased in rock, and, if anything was going on inside her, it took place too deep to show. The girl who had gone out that morning no longer existed or existed under a complete and unfathomable hardness. The Celia she had known was not even a ghost, it appeared; it was as if she had never been.

Betty was afraid and her panic made her try again.

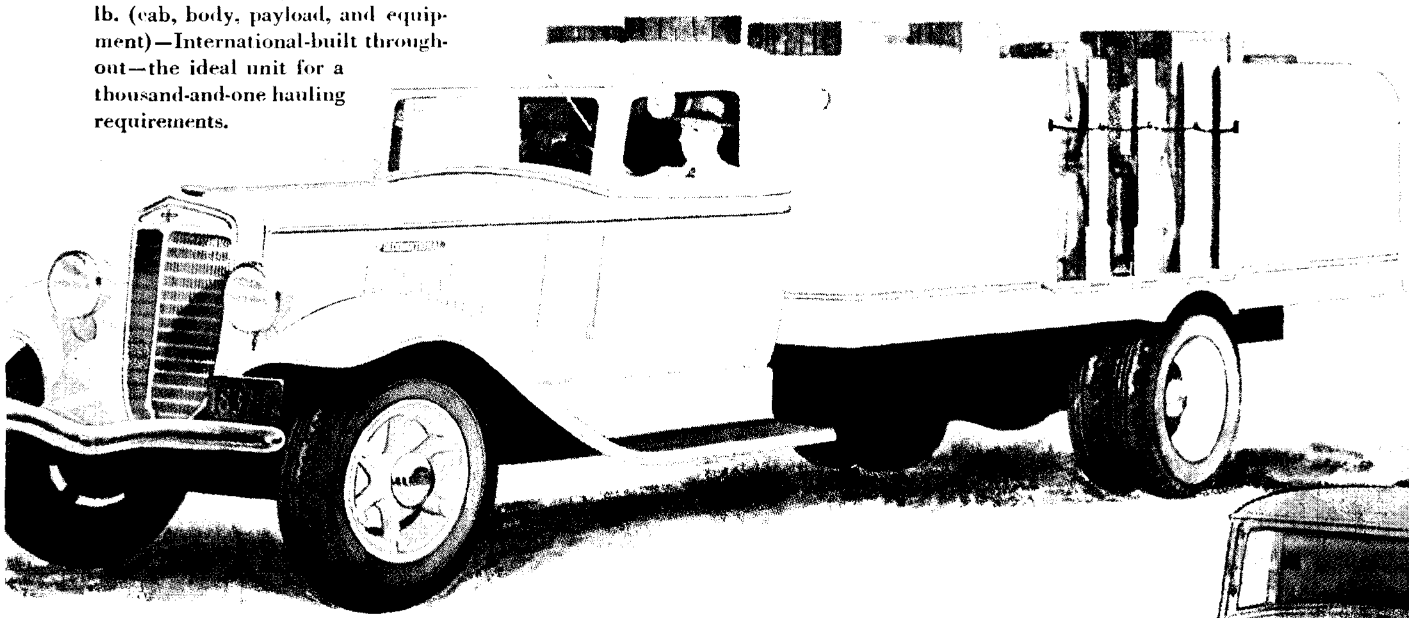
"I never," she said, "would have thought you would act like this. Turning your back on the one man in this world who really matters a darn. And for what? He hasn't done anything to you. All he's done is to come paddling

(Continued on page 28)

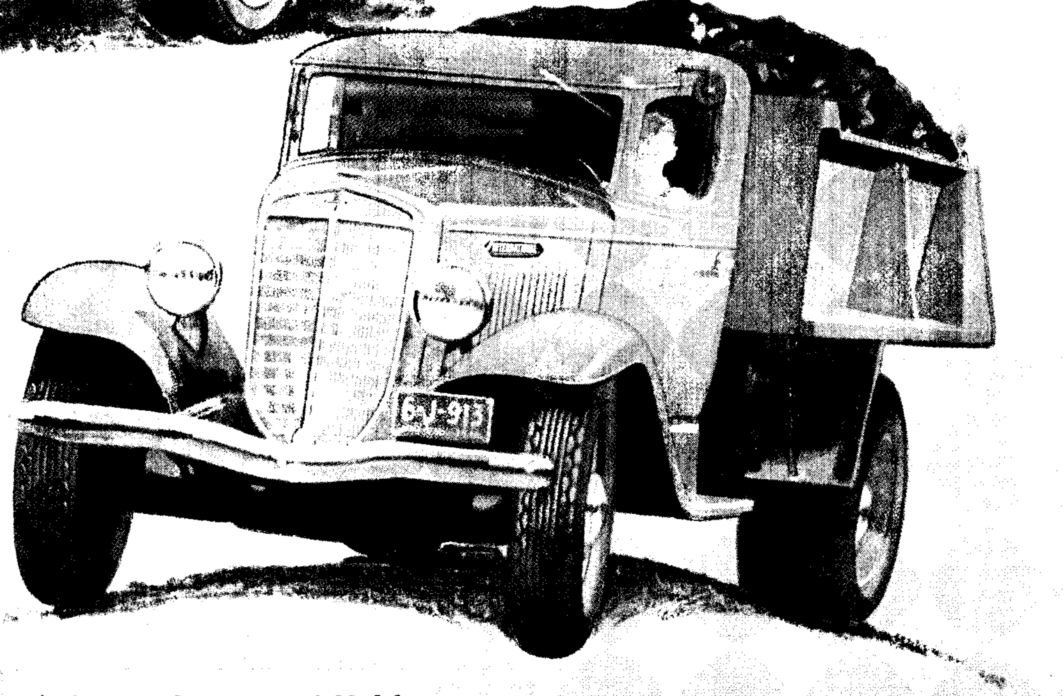
Another Example of the FLEXIBILITY in the
INTERNATIONAL TRUCK *Line*

Here are 3 Popular Models, basically the same—but VERY DIFFERENT!

This is International Model C-35, a quality truck of 1½ to 2-ton rating with a max. carrying capacity of 8,350 lb. (cab, body, payload, and equipment)—International-built throughout—the ideal unit for a thousand-and-one hauling requirements.



This is International Model CS-35, same rating and capacity, but engineered throughout for hardier service. This model has an International inbuilt 2-speed rear axle, doubling the transmission range, providing 8 forward and 2 reverse speeds for dual efficiency on hard highway and in roadless going. Here is POWER when you need it—SPEED when you want it.



This is just one example of International Truck FLEXIBILITY—the full line offers a wide range of choice to make full efficiency on any job—on YOUR particular job, whatever it is. Remember that there are 28 International models—sizes Half-Ton to biggest Six-Wheelers—in 83 wheelbase lengths. Chassis prices from $415 up, f.o.b. factory. Low time-payment rates apply on all models. International branches and dealers are always at the service of truck users. They will be glad to advise you.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

And this is International Model CS-35-T, a perfected six-wheel truck—International-built—*with a greatly increased carrying capacity.* If you want this trailing-axle six-wheeler without the 2-speed axle, ask for International Model C-35-T.

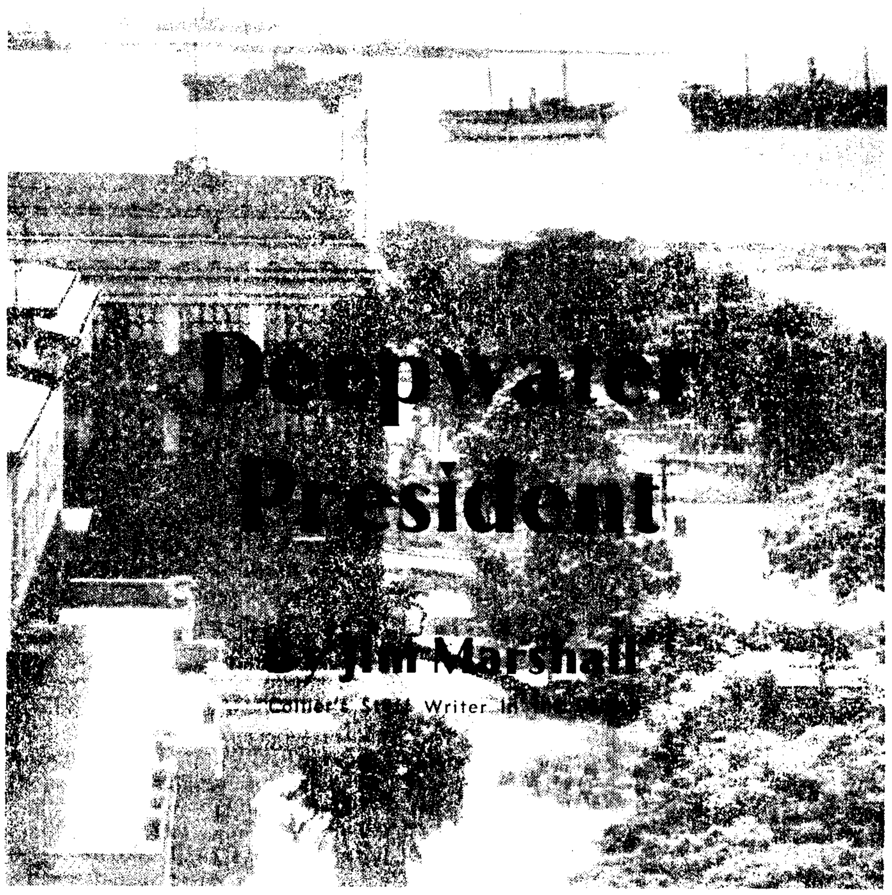
INTERNATIONAL
98-728

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Deepwater President

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in Manila



The anchorage basin of Manila Harbor

© INTERNATIONAL NEWS

President Quezon and his son, Manuel, Jr.

EWING GALLOWAY

"Maybe we are going to go through hell, but we will at least be free." That is Manuel Luis Quezon, first president of the Philippines, speaking, and in that spirit he is struggling day and night to set up a western democracy on the edge of the overcrowded and hungry Orient. But that doesn't frighten Quezon. To quote him again: "It's a hard job, by jiminy!"

IF you shut your eyes, you might think it was Lou Holtz talking to you—but it's Manuel Luis Quezon, first president of the Philippine Commonwealth, one of the world's hardest-working executives, the little brown giant who fought and cajoled and played poker and stormed and argued for twenty years to win independence for his people.

"Sure, I've got a hard job, by jiminy!" he says, passing the cigarettes. It was a case of three on a match and he snapped: "Not superstitious, are you? Neither am I . . . If you think it is easy to convince nearly 14,000,000 people that they can't have independence without working for it and sacrificing for it and maybe fighting for it—well, you try it.

"I make speeches about it. I get around, and I get a crowd and I tell them: 'These damn' politicians tell you you can be free and live without work and pay no taxes and have a hell of a good time. That isn't independence: That's heaven! Independence,' I tell them, 'being a free man in a free country, means for all of you, and me too, harder work and greater responsibilities and more taxes.' "

"Wasn't there a poet once who said it was better to be a free man in hell than a slave in heaven?" suggested your correspondent.

"Yes, by jiminy! And maybe we are going to go through hell, but we will at least be free."

We talked in Quezon's study, a dim, quiet room in the old Malacanan Palace in Manila. A big, softly furnished room, with lounges upholstered in plum-colored velvet. Cushions of gold brocade on the chairs. Benches with cigarette boxes. A businesslike desk facing the doors. Behind the desk, an outer room, looking over the muddy Pasig River flowing swiftly down under its low bridges to Manila Bay.

Down the middle of the inner study runs a long table; on it are a dozen old swords and bolos, in sheaths. Between the outer doors, on another table, a massive golden ark of the covenant, for the original of the Philippine constitution. The tobacco boys gave that to the commonwealth, and made sure there would be no doubt about who chipped in by recording the details on a brass plate in front.

Outside the study, the great halls lie silently empty: The state banquet chamber, much as it was in Spanish days, the floor of wide polished hardwood boards, the chairs and table of rare woods, and up above great crystal chandeliers. To one side is Mrs. Quezon's reception room, with an oil painting of the president and a great vase of paper flowers, rainbow hued, in a corner. Around a river angle of the palace is an open veranda, with a shining tiled floor, where meals are served in hot weather. The enormous reception hall, with its pillars, is empty except for a khakied office of the Philippine constabulary.

A Man's Job for Quezon

Quezon is lithe, wiry and hard as nails. For years he fought for his life, against tuberculosis and other ailments—and won. The California climate helped. Today, at fifty-six, he's springy and apparently headed for old age. What few minutes a day he rescues from running his islands he devotes to his wife and children—two girls and a boy. The Philippine constitution allows presidents only one term—and when his six years are up, Quezon hopes to get really acquainted with his family again.

But getting a brand-new country onto its feet is a man's job. The little brown giant is always rushing here and there, by car and coast guard cutter, firing one governor and "bawling the hell," as he says, out of another; exhorting his people and raising Cain with hospital authorities for letting flies into the wards. He may not be a dictator, but what he says goes from north of Luzon to far down toward Borneo.

He hasn't lost his humor either. Your correspondent, who always believes in going to GHQ with any troubles, complained rather bitterly about the lizard-service in the government's luxury hotel in the capital. Since, if Quezon ordered the place torn apart tomorrow it would be done, and no questions asked, it seemed he was the guy to see.

In the islands you sleep nights under a net, to keep out the mosquitoes. Also, each room has a quota of two lizards—called tikis—who live up on the walls near the ceiling and make a noise like prying a rusty nail, by jerks, out of an old board. These lizards—little gray fellows about three inches long—are supposed to menace the insect life of the place and commit murder upon it at every opportunity.

Nervous lady tourists sometimes have to be reassured by "Andy" Anderson, who runs the hotel, that the tikis are harmless and beneficial. Mr. Anderson, with a captive mosquito, demonstrates how the little fellows work: A slight snap, and all is over. They seldom come down on the floor unless invited by morbid-minded visitors who want to catch one by the tail—to see the tail break off. The lizard, not discommoded in the least, retires to his lair on the upper wall and grows a new tail.

An Eight-Hour Night for Lizards

Well, we told Quezon, the lizards in our room wouldn't work. They just lay up there and let the world go by. Mosquitoes hummed around, and the lizards paid no attention whatever. We exhibited eight bites on one hand and five on the other and intimated, pretty bluntly, that the president ought to do something about it.

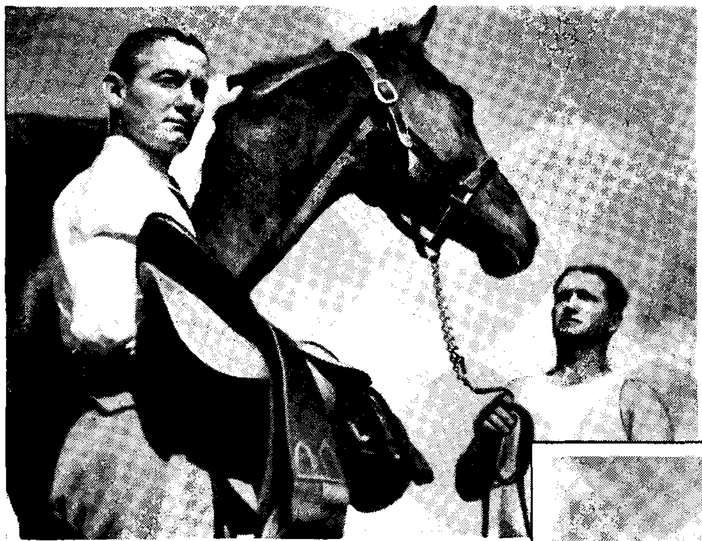
"After all," we said, "it's your hotel and we're a guest."

"We might," said Quezon, with a grin, "get the legislature to pass a law requiring lizards to work eight hours a night—but that'd take time, by jiminy! You go see Andy and tell him I said to talk to the lizards. Andy'll fix it—he's a good man, and . . ." Quezon switched to his serious side again . . . "he can have his job as manager of the hotel for life, if he wants it. So can any other American working for the Philippine government. We are not firing Americans because they are Americans, as long as they make good. We are glad to have them working with us."

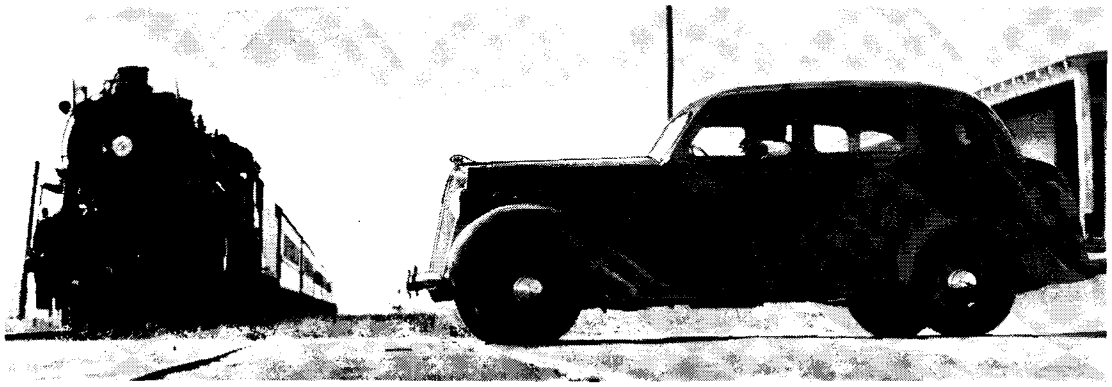
"About Americans," we asked, "do you want young Americans, with good technical training in mining, farming, lumbering and so forth, to come to the

"Plymouth Won on 3 Counts —Size—Smoothness—Style—

IT WAS THE ONLY LOW-PRICED CAR WITH ALL THE FEATURES I WANT"

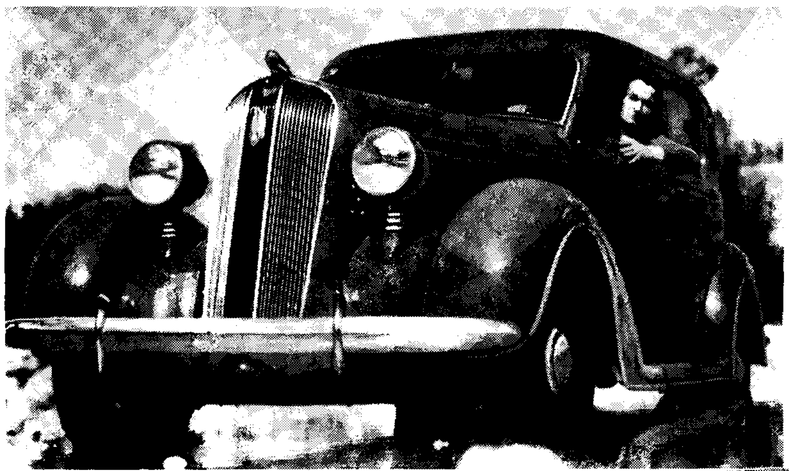


"BUDDY" ENSOR picked his car as he would a racehorse...compared performance, record, price.

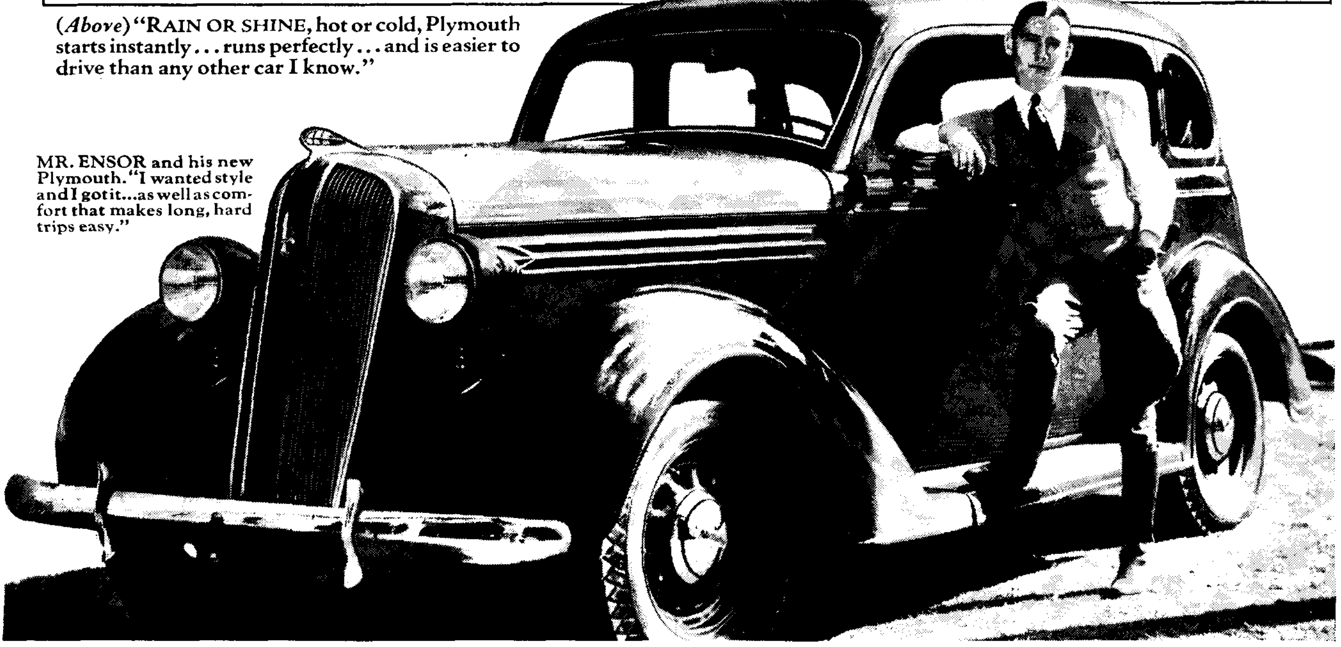


"I WANT A SAFETY-STEEL BODY and Hydraulic brakes when I drive today. Of 'All Three' only Plymouth has both."

(*Below*) "FRIENDS TOLD ME, 'Plymouth stands up.' Right! Mine never gives me any trouble."



(*Above*) "RAIN OR SHINE, hot or cold, Plymouth starts instantly... runs perfectly... and is easier to drive than any other car I know."



MR. ENSOR and his new Plymouth. "I wanted style and I got it...as well as comfort that makes long, hard trips easy."

WHEN "BUDDY" ENSOR, famous jockey, winner of 2000 races, looked at "All Three" leading, low-priced cars, he found them very nearly the same in price.

"I saw that only Plymouth has all the things I wanted," he says. "That engine with Floating Power performs like a thoroughbred...quiet, smooth and powerful. And it's the only one of 'All Three' with both a Safety-Steel body and double-action Hydraulic brakes. It's a money saver, too. I'm getting the best gas and oil mileage any car ever gave me.

"It has lots of room...rides like a million dollars. Yes, sir, I'm glad I looked at 'All Three'!"

Don't buy any car until you drive this beautiful, new 1936 Plymouth. See your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer today.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C. RED NETWORK

EASY TO BUY

Priced with the lowest...$25 a month buys a new Plymouth. The Commercial Credit Co. offers Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers terms making it easy to buy.

$510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Deepwater President

Continued from page 24

Philippines and grow up with the country?"

"We certainly do. There is plenty of room for them. We can double our population every decade for the next thirty or forty years, and still have lots of room left.

"Of course, if your American youngsters come out here, they must take their chances, because our first duty is to our own people and naturally Filipinos will have first call on jobs. If Americans come here and settle and become prosperous, we would like them to become citizens of our commonwealth and enjoy to the full the benefits of such citizenship."

Here it should be made clear that Philippine law, especially land law, discourages foreigners from owning land and makes it clear that Filipinos must, under independence, have full control of their country. Today the islands watch for a nod or a headshake from Washington, but ten years from now, if full independence comes according to schedule, there'll be none of that—and then the American, legally, will be on the same plane with any other foreigner. Socially, of course, he'll have an advantage for a long time, because Americans and Filipinos are well acquainted and like each other.

"You know," went on Quezon, chain-smoking cigarettes, "there are less than 14,000,000 of us and this island—Luzon—alone would support 35,000,000 people. So there's plenty of room for Americans. But we are not welcoming anyone who imagines he can come here and loaf. Let hard-working young people come, and their work will reward them, perhaps more than it would anywhere else in the world, because we are naturally one of the richest countries in the world. . . .

"I just got back from Mindanao—you ought to see that great rich valley in Cotabato province. They can grow anything there—sugar, rice, fruit, anything. Come back soon and come down there with me and I'll show you."

To get the right slant on Quezon you have to realize what he's trying to do. Asia is five times the size of the United States and a billion people live there under governments that range from bad and indifferent to just plain lousy—Communism, dictatorship, terrorism, European domination and exploitation, and war-lordship. On one edge of this madhouse are 7,000 of the richest islands in the seven seas, with only the area of the New England states and about twice the population of New York—far less than two per cent of the Asian population.

Nobody Wears a Vest

These little fellows—a mere handful—propose to set up a western democracy and make it work, with a trifle of assistance from us. They know they have territory that a dozen nations would give their eyeteeth for, and they know these islands can't be defended from the sea. So they don't propose to waste time or money building a navy and the battleship and submarine salesmen never get their grips unpacked. They propose to have a citizen army, raised by conscription, and string along with that and what moral support they can get from us.

The mainspring of the Filipino people is Manuel Quezon, and people like Hitler and Mussolini and Kemal have soft snaps alongside his job. Not that he aspires to be anything but a leader, but simply that to attempt to build a tropical replica of the United States with only a handful of people is just about the world's biggest experiment at present. If it works, then all Asia may copy it. If it doesn't . . .

People have pulled out the first, second and third drawers of Quezon's brain and found inside a grim determination to make independence work, and a passionate faith that it will. But what may be in the bottom drawer, no one knows—perhaps not even Quezon. Some of the men closest to him say that, down at the bottom, he realizes that without the United States his dream will be shattered. He has, they say, *got to* have the United States back of him, and some day he will have to admit it.

The little man, with the good, strong nose and graying black hair is what the boys in the smoking-room would call a snappy dresser. When we talked to him he sported white-and-gray striped trousers, fawn and tan shoes, a white shirt, a navy blue coat and a blue tie with a handkerchief to match. No vest—because nobody wears a vest, not even in the Malacanan Palace where the dons once strode with clanking swords and nine pounds of gold braid pulling apart the seams of their bemedaled uniforms.

There is a sort of military atmosphere around the cool, airy executive offices next to the old palace. The new Philippine national army seems much in Quezon's mind, coupled with a mild worry because his people, who have had all their naval and military protection for nothing for twenty-five years or more, aren't taking very kindly to the new conscription plan. The first recruiting poster, showing two Filipino girls deserting a shamefaced civilian to chat with a smartly uniformed youngster, caused a lot of bitter comment here and there.

But Quezon is a realist and he knows he has to have an army. He is realistic about other things, too. . . .

"I know I can't stop gambling—half a million men couldn't stop it. I gamble a little myself and my instinct is to gamble more. I restrain myself, and, by jiminy, I will restrain judges and all other public officials who gamble too much! If they will not stop, I will cashier them."

He never stands on ceremony. One day he conceived the idea that fifty men confined in the old Bilibid prison in Manila had been sentenced "too quickly, too harshly." He waved a thin hand, snapped: "Let them go!" They filed out five minutes later.

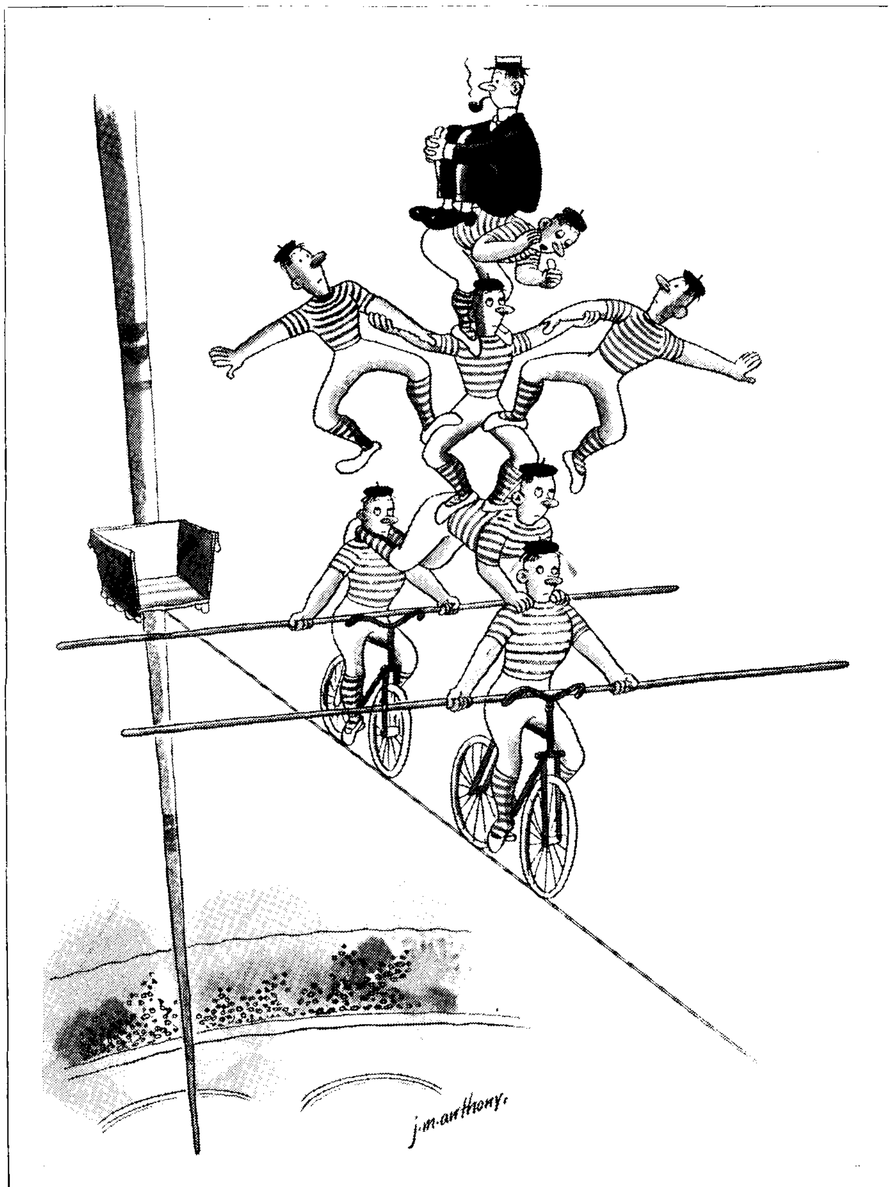
Wagging and Moaning

When the little brown giant became president and moved into the Malacanan Palace, Governor Frank Murphy, the redheaded ex-mayor of Detroit who had been governor-general, moved out and over to the Elks Club. In Quezon's study, there's a large picture of "the governor."

Quezon looked at it with a quizzical grin.

"I think the photographer smoothed out Frank's hair a little, don't you?" he smiled.

Quezon acknowledges his debt to Murphy. The Detroiter, who believes in absolute religious liberty, did a lot to smooth down the feeling between Mohammedan southerners and Christian northerners. He got the wild tribesmen of Mindanao working with the government by giving them responsibility and starting them on the road to co-operation. He fired, as a senator, the Sultan of Sulu, an old reprobate living on pensions both from the Philippine and British governments—his jurisdiction extending into British North Borneo, just south of Zamboanga.



"It's my brother-in-law. He wants to learn the business"

J. M. ANTHONY

It is very pleasant to sit in the open-faced terrace dining-room of the Manila hotel, which turns out a nice annual profit for the government. The lighting is dim and the breeze rustles through the palm fronds and mango trees and acacias. Scarlet hibiscus splashes your table, and at the next table a lady tourist gets too close to the rind of her iced mango and thinks somebody left it too close to the turpentine barrel. Or she forgets to squeeze lemon over her chilled papaya and remarks that the melons in Goshen, Indiana, have more kick to them.

Just across the road from the terrace the silver shape of the Clipper rides at anchor, a spotlight on her and her lights glinting on the bay waters. Navy launches chug back and forth to the admiral's landing. Out in the anchorage the dim shapes of the destroyers are outlined in lights with signal lamps winking from foremast heads. The gobs are swapping telephone numbers and making dates for the Lovely Lady cabaret out on the Cavite road . . . even as on Puget Sound or in San Francisco Bay.

Around the tables on the terrace sit the Americans and Filipinos, in white suits. Mining men from Bontoc and Baguio; businessmen and editors and sugar men and coconut men and oil men. And here and there a Sydney swell, up from Australia, leaving aitches scattered all over the stone floor.

Practically all these people spend a great deal of time solemnly wagging their heads and moaning that the Filipinos can't possibly exist without American protection.

"If you don't want these islands," drawls a monocled Britisher, "we do."

Over at another table a suave little Japanese smiles and says nothing.

An American gloomily says that if nothing else goes wrong, the Moros will certainly put on one of their Number One nonstop rebellions and mess up the parade.

He Has Supreme Confidence

A Filipino nods in agreement and says: "Eventually, we shall fall back on the Americans for help. If you do not want us, there are the British. . . . And maybe the Japanese, who can tell? They are very friendly."

You would think, to hear the experts talk about the impossibility of Filipino self-government, that the self-government of Chicago, New York, Seattle, Sydney and Tokyo was practically perfect, and that the national government of the United States was one hundred per cent successful.

Maybe some of the foreign doubts about independence sometimes assail Quezon, but you'd never know it. The little man has supreme confidence in himself and in his people.

To his right, as he sits at his study desk, is the red, white and blue, sun-and-stars decorated Filipino flag. He often glances at it. If he glanced back over his left shoulder he would see, hanging in a corner case, a complete suit of old Samurai armor. It is a gift from the Japanese of the Philippines.

The old armor seems to take on life as it hangs there. You can almost imagine, within it, the tense figure of a fighting warrior, waiting. . . .

But, of course, that doesn't mean a thing.

JULY 4TH

[illegible]

Mobiloil
"AF"
FILP

Fill up Today with Fresh, Summer MOBILOIL for Hot Weather Driving!

START YOUR HOLIDAY motor trip with an engine you know is all set for hot weather driving. Give it the safe, sure lubricating protection of summer Mobiloil.

Mobiloil is clean, tough, long-lasting. The weak elements of oil that break down and form gum and sludge have been removed by Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process.

That's why Mobiloil gives longer mileage—why users are able to report savings as high as 50% on oil bills—reduced repair costs—and greatly improved engine performance . . . why they say that Mobiloil gives them greater economy than any other oil they've ever used!

Make sure that the motor of your car has the unusual protection Mobiloil gives. Enjoy the savings that are possible with America's favorite motor oil. Drive in wherever you see the familiar Mobiloil sign or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

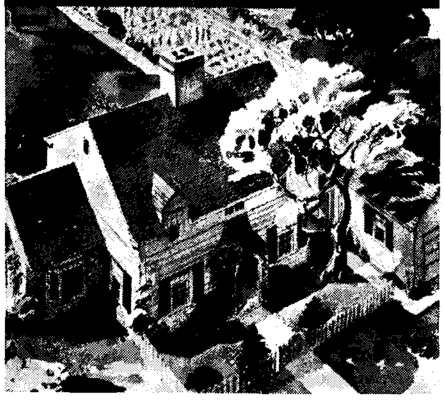
1936
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Mobiloil
LUBRICATION
CHART
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY

SOCONY-VACUUM

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

See the 1936 Mobiloil chart for correct grade for your car

A BREAK FOR NEW HOME OWNERS



Planned for next year—Ready Now!

New AMERICAN RADIATOR CONDITIONING SYSTEMS

Provide humidification
Air circulation • Air cleansing
Positive controlled heat for every room
Ventilation • Sun-like radiant heat
Year 'round domestic hot water

So you're buying a new house. Good! There have been so many recent improvements in building, but none so important to modern living as a new American Radiator Conditioning System. That of itself is reason enough for buying a new home. Only yesterday the conditioned comfort this new System provides was a rich man's privilege; now it's every man's opportunity!

And what does a new American Radiator Conditioning System give you? Home comfort you never dreamed possible! Proper air movement through forced circulation sends filtered, dust-free, dirt-free, humidified air through your whole house. In winter, sun-like radiant heat pours forth from radiators (recessed in walls if desired), warming evenly every inch of every room. The most advanced type of controls and valves guarantees perfect heat distribution regardless of how cold it is outside. *Year 'round domestic hot water* is on tap for ready use. Any fuel—coal, oil, coke or gas—can be used, and everything can be completely automatic! There's complete, controlled, conditioned comfort for you! Worth having in your new home, you'll agree. Worth demanding, we say!

We'd like to tell you all about it.
Mail the coupon below.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
45 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
● Send your free book, "This New Comfort."
☐ Building a new home.
☐ Modernizing an old home.
☐ Just interested.

*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City or Town*__________ *State*______
© A.R.Co. 1936 C 7-4

LISTEN IN! American Radiator Fireside Recital . . . every Sunday 7:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. WEAF-NBC Network

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 22

down here lickety-split to give you a hand. And you haven't the decency to see it."

"I see it. But I don't want it."

Betty turned away in disgust. "And I thought you were a pretty grand person," she said bitterly. "My error!" She made an attempt to deny the scalding moisture which, Celia knew, was suddenly behind her eyes.

"I'm sorry," Celia said, still hard. But something in her voice flung Betty around. She looked at Celia and shook her head. She did not want to forgive Celia, she wanted to despise her for her foolishness, not to be touched by her unhappiness. But she couldn't manage it.

"Gosh," she said at last, trying to laugh. "It's your affair, after all. I just think you shouldn't treat Dr. Starr this way, but I'll say no more about it. It's your business."

Celia looked at her, a little hostile disturbance still at the corners of her mouth, but not hostility towards Betty. "Betty," she said. "Please."

"Present," said Betty. And she knew that what Celia was saying was, "Let's not have things different between us. Let's have our friendship stay at least." Betty said to herself, "She'll get over this. It's just a mood and I don't know that I blame her. I'd be pretty sore myself."

She was thinking this when a knock came at the door. "And *that* is Daklin!" she said to herself furiously, and had half a desire not to open the door. "Why can't he keep to himself!" she thought passionately and knew that he, like Anthony Starr, would not stay away. Grimly she walked across the room, for now she had something more against Daklin. He hadn't even kept his promise to see that Celia's name wasn't mentioned in connection with those two crazy pianists.

SHE flung open the door and in walked Anthony Starr. "Sorry to barge in on you like this, Miss Yandell," he said. "But it is important that I see Celia."

Betty breathed again.

"I am delighted to see you," she said triumphantly. She beamed at him. Now everything was all right. "I'm awfully glad that you came." She felt like throwing her arms around him. "I was just going down the hall," she said, hastily, "to see a girl. Celia's inside. Go right in." She slid out into the corridor and closed the door firmly behind her.

Starr went on into the living-room. Celia, at his voice outside, had risen and stood facing the door.

"Hello, Tony," she said, and waited, standing stiff and tall.

He looked at her and felt two violent and directly opposed sensations at the same time. One half of him, the kind and understanding half, wanted to take her in his arms and keep her there, safe from the outside world forever; the other half wanted to lay her over his knee and spank her. He had gone down to her apartment feeling only his love and desire to defend her. But something in the defiant silence with which she greeted him roused the sense of outrage in him. For he was outraged. It was by her own choice that she had gone on with modeling; he was well aware that his friends had called her several times to give her cases, and that they would have kept her busy. But she had plunged ahead into a life for which she was not, so he thought, fitted by nature. And look what had come of it!

"It's nice to see you," said Celia. "And so early in the morning! How does this happen?"

She knew she was being ridiculous but she could not help it. She had been hurt and she must take that hurt out on someone. And she flew now into one of those fantastic moods which sometimes come to women when they think they are in the wrong and won't admit it. A mood in which a certain craziness invades them, in which they lightly fling away everything that has hitherto mattered for a whim which, after the spell is over, may never matter at all.

Starr's jaw tightened at her brittle words and look. He couldn't make her understand how much he loved her, how his heart had ached for her when he read that story, how instinctively he had come to her.

HE WENT straight to the point, however, for he could not, his nature would not allow him to evade. And he would not permit himself to show his anger.

"I saw the morning paper," he said. "And I'm here to find out what I can do."

She said, "I appreciate that." And what she thought was, "I can't bear it if he is going to steam with reproaches and good counsel." She said, "There isn't anything to be done, Tony, except forget the whole thing. It really doesn't matter, except at the hospital, and there it is too late."

"What do you mean, too late?"

"I've been over," she said. "They don't want me, now."

"Celia!" His understanding was swift and chivalrous. It made her want to cry and that simply wasn't done, to flop into helplessness, to clamor for solace. And, besides, she knew that with it all he saw the hospital's side of it, and though she did too, she had made up her mind to refuse to see.

"Celia! I'm sorry!" he said. His mind caught hold of her, held her tight, but only his mind. His feet remained on the same spot and his hands tucked themselves into his pockets, for she said vehemently, "I don't care in the least. I can make loads more money at posing and have loads more fun."

"I see," he said quietly. "And you call affairs like that stabbing, fun?"

They were angry now. He looked at her and felt that she could not mean what she was saying, and his heart and his pulses implored her to be herself.

Her own instincts were begging the same thing but her nerves were frayed and her feelings were broken fragments of inexplicable contradiction. She liked him. She needed him. She sometimes thought that she loved him. But if she didn't love him, a doctor, that would be best. She wanted never to have anything to do with medicine or doctors or illness again. She was through.

He was watching her. "Pretty bad stuff, my dear," he said.

"All right. Perhaps it is. But I don't want to hear about it. I wish you would go, Tony. I—it would be better if we don't see each other any more." For a moment he stood looking at her. Then he caught her wrists and held them until they hurt. He muttered something about her not knowing what she was saying.

"I know exactly," she said curtly. "I have never told you that I care for you—"

He went on looking at her, holding her wrists, his face grim. "No. You never have," he said at last. "Am I asking you that? Now?" He dropped her wrists and took a turn about the room. He came back and took her by the shoulders and shook her. "You little fool," he said angrily. "What you need now is a friend."

His shaking her was the last straw. "To tell me exactly what to do," she said furiously. "Is that your idea of friendship?"

That was low; it was petty; it dragged everything that was fine and precious in their relationship in the dust. "Oh, what am I doing, what am I saying?" thought Celia frantically. She saw at once that those fatal words had carried nothing to him of all her defenseless, frightening last few days. And why should they? She had bound her indignation and her humiliation and her vanity around her like so much barbed wire with the points sticking out at his breast. She tried to think of some decent thing to say to wipe out those words but her brain refused to respond. And deep down in her was the thought that if she were free of him, after the first few days of loneliness her whole life would be clear, she would not be bothered by conflicting desires.

"Celia."

"Don't talk sense to me, Tony. I simply can't bear it—" Every strip of armor, every shield of concealment for her hurt pride was up. If he would go now!

He saw that. That was all she wanted—that he should go.

His anger was quiet in him, not the flaring, futile anger of Celia. "Why, no," he said gently. "*I* shan't talk sense to you, Celia. Nor anything else." And his blue eyes were gray now, belying the softness still in his voice.

He picked up his hat. He was going. She wanted to call him back, but everything in his look, in his manner, denied her. And that was fine, she told herself. She would be glad of this sometime. Perversely she clung to her anger and her sense of desolation as though they were love and happiness and a refuge.

"Tony," she said, as he opened the door, "we'll see each other—this isn't goodby—" Now what was she doing? she asked herself passionately. But she had to say it. She could not let him go entirely. "We will see each other later—"

He looked back at her before the door closed. "Certainly, Celia. Yes, my dear. About ninety-five years later."

SHE sank into the couch and put her head against the back and eyed that door from under her thick lashes. Now what had she done? And why had she done it? And what was there to do now?

"I wanted you to go," she said aloud to that closed door. "I meant it. It's simply silly of me to feel this way about it now. I don't like your work; I want nothing to do with it." Her eyes begged the door to open again. "Well, all right—" she said at last and threw herself over on the couch, lying face down, her long slim legs crossed over each other, her hair copper against the dark green pillow.

Betty found her like that when she returned a half hour later. She stood beside the couch and looked down. "Has Dr. Starr gone?" she asked. She couldn't believe it.

Celia sat up. "Yes," she said briefly. "He's gone for good."

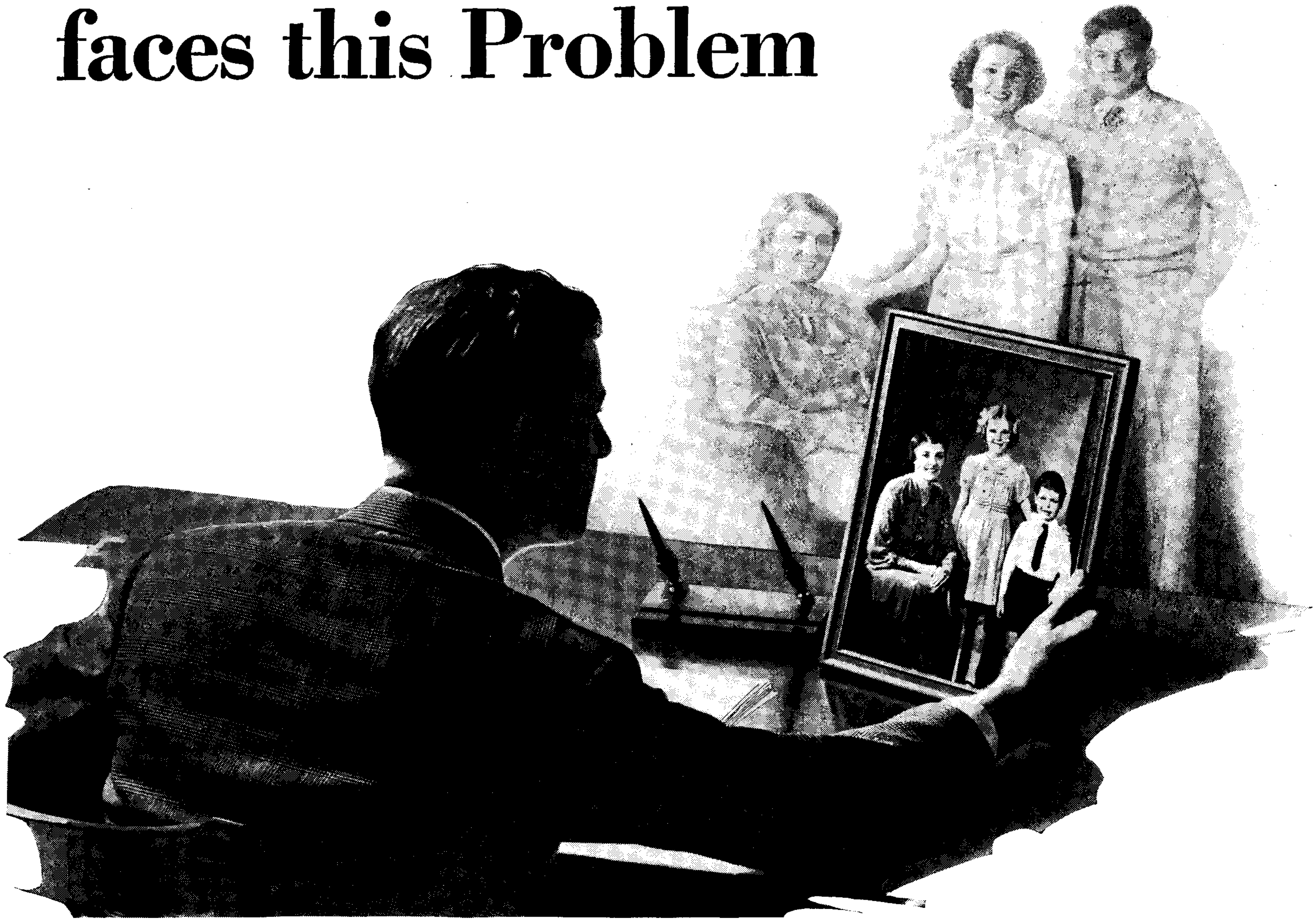
Betty opened a chromium box and took out a cigarette. She flicked open a match folder and held a match to the cigarette. She shook out the match and dropped it carefully into a tray.

"I see," she said. "Of course. Even the simplest mind can perceive that a really great person like that doesn't fit in well with the picture of what a *femme fatale* wants in the way of a showpiece."

She blew out a gray streamer of smoke and picked up a magazine. She would take no risk by word or glance of discussing this thing further with Celia.

(*Continued on page 30*)

Many a Husband faces this Problem



YOU can read his thoughts as he looks at the family photograph on his desk—"What would become of them if anything happened to me? How would they get the things that I intend they should have?"

Perhaps you are facing the same problem. There is a way to make certain that your wife will have the money she needs to see the children through until they are grown. You can remove doubt and uncertainty as to their future. And you can also provide for your own later years, if you live to retirement age.

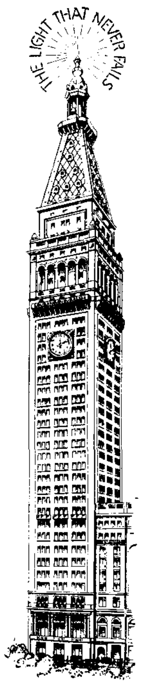
The Metropolitan Family Protection Plan will do the following:

1. For your wife it will provide money for living expenses, and the means of maintaining normal family life until your children are grown.
2. At the end of that period it will provide a definite amount for your wife or an annuity for life, if desired.
3. For your children it will provide an opportunity to complete their education—at least through high school.
4. For yourself, it will provide a Retirement Income for your later years.
5. If desired, Total and Permanent Disability Provisions can be included so that payment of further premiums will be waived if you are disabled before you are 60.

The Family Protection Plan is a complete insurance program at a remarkably low cost. Ask a Metropolitan Field-Man to explain this Plan in detail. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office—or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Without placing myself under any obligation, I would like to have information regarding the Family Protection Plan Policy.

NAME ________________
ADDRESS ________________
CITY __________ STATE ______
76-C

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ∽ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ∽ **LEROY A. LINCOLN**, President

© 1936 M.L.I.CO.

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 28

The telephone rang. Betty made no move.

Daklin's voice said to Celia, "Sorry I've been so long. I tried to reach you earlier but you had gone out."

"How did the papers get it?" Celia asked quietly. She watched Betty come into the room, put on her hat, pick up her bag and leave without another word. Celia's eyes followed her and her palm wore a neat little line of nail marks.

"—that hellcat, Alita Brett," Daklin was saying. "Celia, you aren't taking this too hard?"

"No."

"Good girl." Daklin's voice changed. He highly approved of women who refrained from scenes.

"How about dinner tonight?" he said.

"That will be delightful."

SHE dressed with care that evening, her eyes looking as if she had left them on guard somewhere, her face very still. She wore her smartest frock.

When Daklin came she was ready to go out. In his town car, rolling up town, she thought, "Model Queen Dines with Millionaire Advertiser." She said to herself, "Very good, Celia. How well you talk in tabloid headlines."

Daklin said, "What were you thinking then?"

She told him.

He snapped, "You've been reading the Evening Star. Where do you get the filthy sheet?"

"Where does one?" She had no desire to tell him about Miss Baker and her wastebasket. Miss Baker was out of her life along with the rest.

She said, "It seems that Gallo is married. Nice for his wife, wherever she is." She remembered it now. Seeing that bit of news in Miss Baker's paper.

"Yes. Let's worry ourselves ill about Gallo's wife."

"We might introduce her to Jane," she said bitterly.

"So you *are* taking this hard," he said, looking at her sharply. He put his arm around her. He, had he been in her place, would have said those words in just that tone, but he hadn't expected it of the Celia he had known. He held her close. He looked down at her with his mocking, tender eyes. "You're not going to tell me, Celia, that you are going to be silly about a newspaper story. Don't you know that a thing like that is a day's sensation and then it's over and everyone forgets?"

SHE let him hold her. Her hand lay in his. She was looking up at him with her bronze eyes which, if you could see them in the light, had little flakes in them like gold sealing wax. "Wouldn't *you* care," she said, "if it happened to you? If," she said more slowly, "it happened to Mrs. Daklin?" That was a mistake. She shouldn't have said that.

But he, if he knew it was a mistake, remained urbane. He kissed her on the nose. "Magnums of champagne for you," he said. "And by tomorrow the papers will be about their scavenging over someone else."

She entered Voisin's, an incredibly chic young woman, apparently entirely pleased with herself and with her escort. Not only was her frock one of the best-looking in the room but they made what is known as an arresting couple. They dined together, not across a table, but sitting side by side against the wall. Their shoulders almost touched. The food was delicious and the wine was more than that. In its silver bucket beside them it chilled while they talked.

"Better, much better than Luchows," she told herself firmly. Why did she have to remember, here and now, that night at Luchows, with Alderdice and Starr? She lifted her crystal glass with its bubbles which were guaranteed to cure a dull, persistent ache.

Daklin smiled down at her. "Now you are looking better," he said. "Now you are being sensible," he said, with his manifest ease of an old hand. And the wine was a warm blessing and life in a bright, high tide flowed all about them. Over the benignant room it swept and Celia was afloat on it. Caught and submerged. It was all, all good.

She began laughing and he thought, "Good Lord, how unhappy she is." Well, that wouldn't last. She would forget this trifling unpleasantness. He raised his glass. "Here's to Alita Brett," he said, bringing it out into the open where it would die a natural death. "And to our little friend Jane Leeds."

They drank, looking into each other's eyes.

He had dismissed his car and they went back to the apartment in a taxi. He held her again in his arms. Gradually she became the desire of all desires. The taxi went on, speeding apparently only toward the river, but speeding, too, in other ways, in only one direction. And all gulfs were closed between them, crossed by bridges which they would burn behind them.

"What am I doing?" Celia thought as she had thought that morning. "And where am I going and does it matter except that it's all exciting and gay?" What was going on in the world? Was this love? One tried not to do harm; one tried to act for the best; one preferred very much to make everyone happy and in the end—what?

"You are going to love Paris," murmured Carleton Daklin, holding her tight, like a little squirrel under his arm.

She was staring at him with wide-open eyes, filled with tears, the tears that do not fall. He kissed her lightly. He pressed the back of her hand with his thumb. He released her. She looked a good ten years old. How long her lashes were!

The taxi stopped and she walked across the pavement and waited inside the revolving door while he paid the driver. She watched him turn his face up to the sky, for a few unexpected drops of rain were falling. Very attractive he looked. He joined her and the lift rose in silence to the twentieth floor.

It rose so quietly, as usual. Nothing warned them, no unrest was in that little varnished box.

"GOOD night, miss," the boy said and they stepped out into the corridor. The door clicked behind them, the empty village returned to its depths, and down the corridor a woman stirred.

She wasn't the sort of woman one would particularly notice. Down on the lower East Side, in the Italian section, she would have been lost. She moved towards them a few paces and stopped.

"Tap, tap, tap," went Celia's heels toward the woman and her own door. Then the heel taps stopped. The woman was staring at her, and her eyes were slightly mad, that was why she hated Celia.

"What—" Celia began. She thought, "She's a crazy woman—"

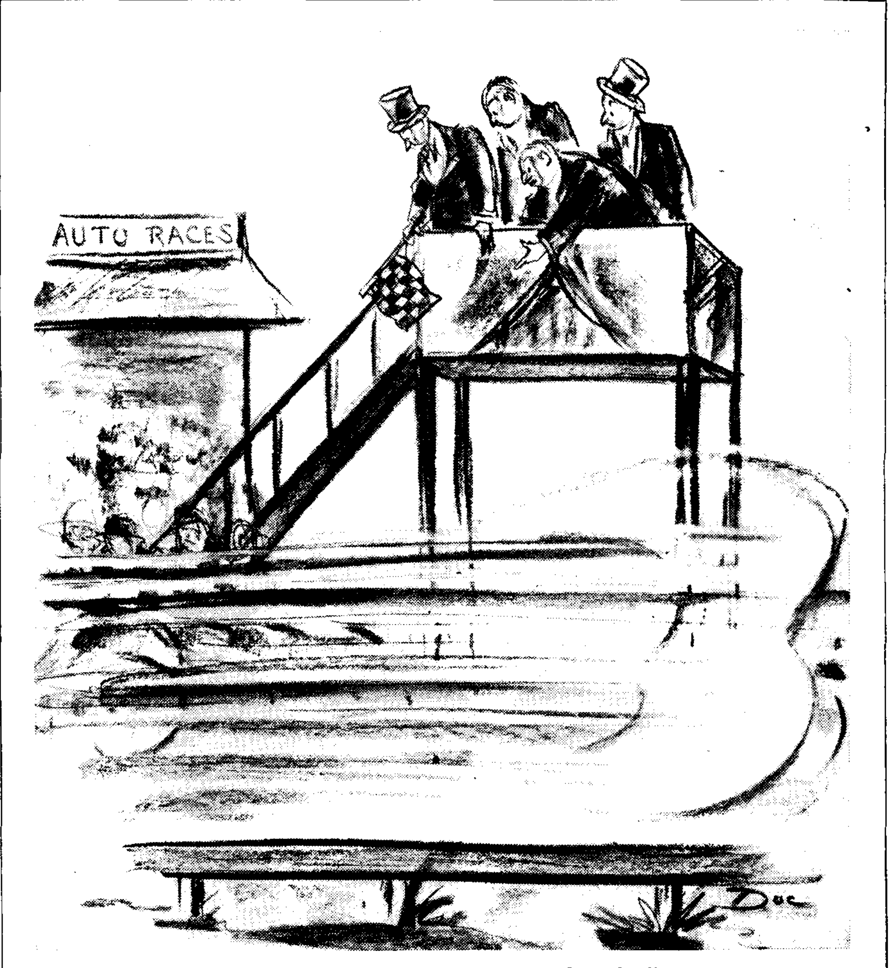
Daklin was saying, "What do you want?"

But the intruder with the mad Latin face wanted nothing of Daklin. Her business was with Celia. With the lyric simplicity of primitive justice she was dealing with the Other Woman.

"I am the wife of Pietro Gallo," she said.

Celia stood rooted and Daklin jumped and thrust her aside and the wife of Pietro Gallo raised the gun and fired.

(To be continued next week)



"If that was one of the racers, he wins"

GERALD GREEN

Make
YOUR RADIATOR
SAFE

Mobil Hydrotone
SOCONY-VACUUM

Mobil Hydrotone in the water ends Rust and Corrosion

DON'T WAIT for a rust-clogged radiator to make your engine overheat. Make sure that rust won't form by adding Mobil Hydrotone to the water in your radiator. Then the tiny radiator passages will be protected against scaling and corrosion. Whether your car is brand-new or old, guard against cooling system difficulties with Mobil Hydrotone.

LASTS FOR MONTHS
COSTS ONLY 35c

Mobil Hydrotone neutralizes corrosive, rust-forming elements. Prevents clogging and leaking. Don't risk costly repairs. Add Mobil Hydrotone to your radiator today.

MOBIL HYDROTONE
Buy where you buy Mobiloil or Mobilgas

Mobil-Products
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL
SOCONY-VACUUM

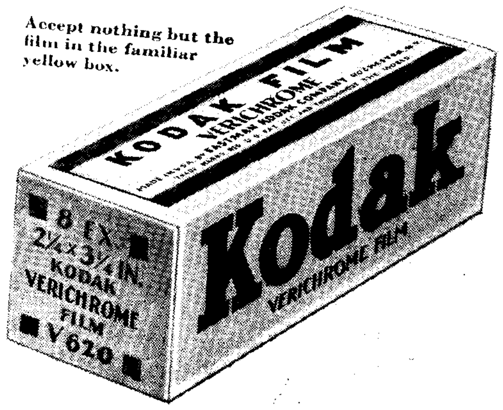
MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL UPPERLUBE

I can't begin to tell you, dear, how glad you'll be that you're making this snapshot record as she grows. Sometime you'll realize all that I mean.

Mother

THERE'LL come a time when you wouldn't part with them for love or money—those baby pictures of your boy or girl. Start a snapshot record from the first. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.


KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
8 EX.
2¼x3¼ IN.
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V620
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM

THE SNAPSHOTS YOU'LL WANT TOMORROW—YOU MUST TAKE TODAY

Are you prepared for the hundred-and-one great picture opportunities over the Fourth?

The Girl Who Learned

Continued from page 13

"To the manager of the Chicago office—'Dear Bill: You're right about Tony Galan. Consider this your authority to let him go. And right away. I've stood up for him for a long time, because I know that if he would stop playing and drinking, and get down to work, he could be our top man for the territory. But—'" he stopped abruptly as her pencil clattered to the floor. "What's the matter?" he asked, and she stammered, "Nothing—nothing at all," her face very white.

He looked at her, his gray eyes puzzled and questioning, seeming about to ask something, then deciding against it and going on. "All right, where were we? Read that back to me." And she read it, trying to keep her voice steady.

TOWARD the end she felt him watching her, and he waited a minute before continuing. "'But it's his own fault and I'm through. Pick out the man you want to replace him, and let's get going.'" He hesitated. "That's all, I guess, Miss Carr, and thank you. Let me have them right away." She nodded and made her feet take her across the endless carpet, his eyes on her back. Even then she was thinking of what she must do. Tony was in trouble. He needed her. Before she reached her desk she knew she was going to Chicago. . . .

When she got him on the phone at his office the next morning all the fatigue from the night's racking journey vanished at his voice.

"It's Mary, Tony. Mary Carr."

"Mary? What are you doing here?"

"I—I just came, Tony. To see you."

"Oh." A pause. "Why, fine. Great. How about lunch somewhere?"

Lunch, she thought. That long? "Not before then?"

"Well, it'll take me a little while to get organized. Say twelve at the—at a little place just around the corner from the Renton. The Silver Arrow, I think it is. All right?"

"Yes, Tony, I'll find it." And three more hours, almost, to wait. A movie in disconnected flashes, and at half past eleven the Silver Arrow in a cab, because it was the only way she dared venture the streets.

"I'm meeting someone," a booth in the corner, and then finally at half past twelve he came and she was on her feet before he saw her. "Oh, Tony," when he had threaded his way through the tables, "I'm so glad to see you. So very glad."

"I'm glad to see you, Mary," very calmly. "Sit down. But how come the unexpected pleasure?" He was someone she didn't know, strange and far away, different.

"I—I had to see you. It's about your job."

"What about it?"

"They're letting you go, Tony. Because—oh, Mr. Vandenburg wrote—"

"He did, eh?" Tony shrugged. "I sort of had a hunch it was coming. Oh, well, there are better jobs around."

"But what will you do?"

"Do? Why, nothing probably. Keep on living at home with the family the way I always have. I don't need a job really, Mary. It's just something to keep me out of trouble. The old man's idea. He'll just have to give me an allowance again for a while. Until I find something else, which I'll take care not to do too soon."

"I see," she said slowly. It was all crumbling. Everything. "Do you remember, Tony, telling me, that last night, that you loved me?"

"But Mary, I meant it. I—"

"I thought you did, Tony." She got up. "It was silly of me. Goodby." And she found her way out alone.

It wasn't easy at home, but that passed. On Monday morning she went down to the office and there was a new girl at the reception desk, a new girl who looked at her strangely when she asked to see Carl Vandenburg. But she went in, and he was sitting behind his big desk, his gray eyes very kind.

"I wanted to see you," she said from the edge of her chair, "to explain about Friday, and why I had to leave."

"I don't think you have to," he said. "It was about Tony Galan, wasn't it?"

"How did you know?" her eyes wide in surprise.

He smiled. "I miss a lot of things," he said, "but not everything. Tell me about it. If you want to."

And because he was so quiet and so very gentle, and because there was, after all, no one else who would understand, she told him. Told him everything and finished with, "I thought that he cared about me, and I—I loved him, but he didn't. He was ashamed of me really, I can see that now. We went to funny out-of-the-way places where we couldn't see his friends, and he wouldn't write to me, because, I suppose, he thought I might use the letters somehow."

"He needn't have been ashamed," Carl Vandenburg said slowly, "he might have been very proud. I would have been. And now the best thing for you is to get back to work. I've arranged for you in the stenographic department."

She thanked him with words that sounded flat and commonplace, but with a dignity new to her since yesterday and that he understood. At the door he stopped her. "I'd like to ask you just one thing," he said. "You still do love Tony Galan, don't you?" And she said, "I'll always love him, I guess, always," and he nodded.

For the next four months she worked long and hard, going home alone and up to her room, lying there and trying to sleep, trying to keep her mind from him, from Tony Galan.

IT WAS at the beginning of the fifth month that Carl Vandenburg called her into his office, and she sat in the big chair again.

"I hope you'll approve of this," he said, "but you've come along very fast. You get things done and I need that kind of help. As it happens, my secretary is leaving to be married—they're always doing that—and I'd like to have you take over the work." And again, "If you want to."

It was here and it was wonderful. Of course it was wonderful. "I'd like it. If you think I can."

"Fine," he said, very pleased, "that's settled then. Come in here tomorrow." And it was all that simple. Only there was no one to tell it to. No one who would understand what it meant, really. No one any more.

They worked always until six in his office, and sometimes later, but it was not until the third week, one night, that he said, "These things must go out tomorrow. Would you mind staying? We could get a bite at the lunch wagon across the street and work right through." And she said, "Of course," and telephoned her mother, "I won't be home for dinner," remembering suddenly the last time she had said that, and holding the receiver in her hand for almost a minute after she was through, her thoughts going back and back.

They perched on high stools in the little diner, over coffee in thick cups and sandwiches that were limp and crusty. "Do you know," he said finally, because at first there didn't seem to be much that they could talk about, "you're more of an assistant to me than just a secretary. I knew when I asked you to come in that you'd do well, but I didn't realize how well."

And she was pleased and very glad, and told him so. "You've changed a lot since—since that day," he went on, glancing at her quickly. "Perhaps it's just my imagination, but I don't think so. Things don't fluster you, and you handle people. You have poise. That's valuable anywhere." And she was thankful that the coffee mugs were so large and hid the pride in her face.

THERE were, in the months that followed, many of these sandwich dinners, these evenings when they planned to work, but often sat on their stools in the little diner for hours, talking about the plans that he had, the hopes and the failures. And she was able, more frequently as time went on, to suggest things that helped and that he appreciated.

They never mentioned Tony Galan, either of them, until one evening he said abruptly, "Do you ever hear from young Galan?" and she said "No" very calmly, and he nodded, speaking almost immediately of something else.

It was summer, late July finally, that he said, "Look here, I can't be feeding you in dog wagons always. It isn't fair." And she said that she liked it. "So do I," he smiled, "but I want to take you somewhere else. If you'd like to."

She looked at him quietly, liking him so much, and saying, "I would, of course. But this isn't a large town. Wouldn't it put you—people I mean—" and he understood quickly. "It wouldn't, and if it did I'd like it. Suppose I pick you up at your house at seven."

She was at home then, putting on the new dress that was so simple, so smart. Not like the black one, cheap and sleazy, hanging far back in the closet now, forgotten almost. No, not cheap and sleazy, not forgotten, and she took it down, spreading it on the bed and pressing her cheek against it, wishing that it were that night, so very long ago, with the silver slippers that had high heels and that he liked, and the bunny coat that was hers now, but that wasn't hers any more. And wondering where he was.

But it was seven o'clock and Carl Vandenburg was downstairs, ten minutes early, smoking, and asking her father's opinions, comfortable and at ease.

"I was telling your father what a help you are to me," he said; "perhaps you can use these." Gardenias, six of them, for her shoulder.

Then the big hotel and the cozy little supper club. . . . It was all perfect, almost, until the orchestra played their music, hers and Tony's, and, for a moment, it was hard to breathe, something choking in her throat and she wanted to be alone, so that no one would see if she couldn't keep the tears back.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked, and she shook her head. "Not—not just now, if you don't mind." And he said, "Of course," and was very busy with the waiter and not looking at her.

After a while he said, "I'm glad that we work along together so well. I think we have a lot of the same ideas, you and I. Not that working is everything—it's only a means to an end, really, but it is satisfying to make things go, to build something yourself with others. It's all

(Continued on page 34)

AMERICA'S
finest fitting
swimming suit

You wear only one garment on the beach. That garment must fit perfectly. Both style and comfort are entirely dependent on it. You are sure when you wear a Jantzen. It is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Knitted by the famous Jantzen-stitch process a Jantzen molds the body in lines of beauty with an amazing degree of natural line figure-control.

The Brä-Tuck (illustrated) $5.95
Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $8.95

Jantzen
molded-fit swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 228), Portland, Ore.
Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐
Name
Address

STOP-GO
STOP-GO
STOP and GO
4 out of every 5 miles you drive

COSTLY DRIVING—unless you have "stop-and-go" gasoline . . .

You shift gears over 60 times a day. And shifting gears after a single stop can use up enough gasoline to take you one-third of a mile.

For economy in today's "stop-and-go" driving, your gasoline needs 3 kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears! One kind of power for quick starts, one for fast pickup and hill climbing, one for steady running.

Super-Shell gives you these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—the first truly balanced gasoline. Sold at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

It's fun—they're free!

1000 PAIRS

McCALLUM'S

SILK STOCKINGS

THIS WEEK

What did Pee-Chee White say?

"MY NOSE DON'T SHINE, AND MY HAIR'S CURLED RIGHT, BUT THESE SHOES OF MINE ARE AN AWFUL SIGHT."

SAYS PEE-CHEE WHITE, "THAT'S NOT SO TRAGIC, ------------------"
PEE CHEE

Here's All You Have To Do—

1. Fill in the "last line" telling what Miss Pee-Chee says about PEE-CHEE White Cleaner. Write it on a separate piece of paper and attach this ad. Give your name, address and stocking size.
2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof, to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, Ohio."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. SAFELY cleans ALL White Shoes RIGHT.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST CLOSES at midnight Wednesday July 8th. Awards will be made for the best "last lines," in the opinion of the judges, whose decisions will be final. Duplicate awards in case of ties. Entries become the property of Pee-Chee Cleaner Mfg. Co. Winners will promptly receive prizes by mail.

PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

The Girl Who Learned

Continued from page 32

I've had for a good many years, for all my life almost, and sometimes I forget that there are other things far more important. You mustn't let me forget that, will you?"

"There isn't anything more important for me, now," she said, and he didn't ask what she meant.

They went back to the little supper club many times after that first evening.

She was beginning to count on these times with Carl, to look forward to them because they talked so frankly together and because he listened silently to her ideas, disagreeing with them or accepting them as if they were worth while, offering his own thoughts in the same spirit.

ALL through that second summer they were together, until the evening when it was so stifling hot and they drove out into the country in his car, the top down and the air silky warm on their cheeks. And down the road, finally, that she remembered so well, so very well, and tried not to.

"They say there's a place along here that's amusing," he said, "good music and not bad food. The Gables, I believe the name is. Shall we drop in for a look?" And she nodded silently, thinking that she could do it, and wanting to know.

There was the same headwaiter, smiling "Good evening, it has been a long time," and leading the way through the tables, seating them. And it was then, from across the room, that she saw him; saw him in the booth that had been theirs so long ago, the little booth in the corner, her heart pounding suddenly, her head faint and a little dizzy because he was just the same sitting there, his hair so very blond and the blue eyes and the same little smile, his long fingers twirling the glass. It was as if she had gone out, just for a minute, and was coming back to him again. Except that there was someone else now, beside him, sitting very close, someone with black hair that was frizzed tight, and eyes that were too eagerly on his.

And she looked across at them, at Tony and the girl, wondering, now that the faintness was past, if she were still that girl sitting there beside him, talking to him with her heart in her eyes and a dress that was new and that she hoped, hoped so much he would like.

Until Carl Vandenburg, following her eyes, said quietly, "Isn't that Tony Galan over there?" and she said, "Yes, it is," very simply.

He looked at her, starting to speak, stopping, watching her in silence for a minute almost, then: "Would you rather leave—go somewhere else?" And she shook her head slowly. "No, no, Carl. I don't want to leave. But," her eyes asking him to understand, "but, if you don't mind, I would like very much to have them join us."

And he got up quickly, with the surprise, the hurt perhaps, that he couldn't conceal quick in his lean face, but, "Of course, I'll speak to them," threading his way through the tables, standing tall, smiling, beside the little booth. And she watched from her corner, watched Tony, seeing him rise, confused, scrambling almost, seeing him glance, after a few words, over toward her. She felt her cheeks growing hot, wondering what she would say to him, what she could say, until they were beside her, with Tony smiling down at her, making himself smile, and saying "Hello, Mary" just the way he had always said it when he had not seen her for a long time. But not quite the same, not quite so sure, questioning almost, as they all sat down.

There was that minute then, when her cigarette was lighted and she couldn't keep her eyes on the match flame any longer, when she had to look up and say something, something that would break that queer tense moment, with the black-haired girl looking at her, appraising her. That moment of dead silence which Carl Vandenburg broke, broke with nothing more than to inquire what they would like to drink, but making it sound so very casual, so easy, as if they were all together on a party and that was all, and the other girl, the girl whose name she hadn't even heard, wide-eyed and a little bewildered, pulling up at the neckline of her dress.

Then Tony looked quickly up to her, his blue eyes saying so much more than the words, "How have you been, Mary?" and she said, "Fine, Tony. And you?" or any other words that didn't matter. Nothing mattered except to know if, after the two years almost, if things were the same, if he were the same for her. He looked the same, surely he did, the broad shoulders, the long, strong fingers and the little twist down at the corners of his mouth. Only more tired, older perhaps, more serious. She couldn't know, just looking at him, it wasn't enough, not until they could talk.

The girl in black caught her eye, rising, and they went out together, saying nothing until, sitting before the dressing table, the girl, lips pouted for the rouge stick, said, "You musta known Tony before this, I guess," her eyes on Mary from the mirror, and Mary said, "Yes. I used to know him," very quietly.

"He's a swell fella," the girl went on, "I only just met him tonight. A girl friend of mine interduced us—she couldn't go out with him an' I'm glad she couldn't. . . ."

Back at the table it was Carl Vandenburg who rose quickly, so understandingly, asking the girl in the black dress to dance with him, leaving Tony to her, to Mary, alone. And she said quickly, before his lips could frame the questions in his eyes, "Will you dance with me, Tony?" as the orchestra swung into their music, slow music, with the low steady rhythm that they had loved. He hesitated only for a second, then pushed the table away for her to get out of the booth easily, and she took his hand, holding it behind her as they threaded their way towards the dance floor, holding it because she wanted everything to be the same, just the same, so that she could tell if it really were the same, if it still mattered. That was the thing she had to know.

AT THE dance floor she waited as his arm went about her and drew her to him, her face very close to the soft rough fabric of his coat, her eyes just free to see, suddenly, Carl Vandenburg dancing by with the girl in black, to see him glance quickly at her and then away as if he shouldn't, couldn't, watch her.

Then they danced, she and Tony, drifting, turning, in a far corner of the floor where the lights were dim, keeping away from the others and doing the steps that they had done over and over again, so many times, so many years ago. Until his whisper was close and low in her brown hair: "I called you tonight, Mary. Called you as soon as I got in. I wanted to see you. Right away." And she said, "Did you, Tony?" not going on, not adding what she felt he hoped for because she couldn't. Not yet. "Yes," he said, "I did. I wanted to tell you, to explain about that last time, in Chicago, when I—" and she said steadily, "You needn't, Tony, you needn't explain. Don't try to, please." "I would have long ago, Mary, but I went back to work. He wrote me, Carl did, and asked me to. He's been swell for the past two years." And at the name, at Carl's name, her head went back. "He did?" she asked, a quick thrill in her heart remembering that day when she had come back, when he had asked her if she still loved Tony.

"Yes," he went on, "he said he wanted me to have every chance, and sent me to the Coast. I couldn't put things in a letter, how I felt about you, although I tried, many times. So I waited." She said nothing, thinking entirely of Carl, of what he had done, thinking a little that Tony was, after all, here with some other girl. That didn't, somehow, matter. She scarcely heard his next words.

"Couldn't we go back, Mary, start again, you and I? We had such wonderful times," his arm tightening at her back, "so many of them right here, dancing together with the music as it is now—the lights low," whispering into her hair, "soft lights and sweet music. Couldn't we?"

AND then she did know, suddenly, all at once, feeling so very free, so sure, so happy that it was hard to keep it from her voice. "No, Tony, I'm—I'm sorry, but we never could. Not ever. I didn't know until—until I'd danced with you; I had to do that to—to realize that it isn't enough, not any more, just the soft lights and sweet music. There has to be more, Tony. Don't ask me, please," turning and going back to the booth, back to Carl Vandenburg, trying so hard to talk to the girl in black.

"Do you mind, Carl, if we go now?" as he got up quickly holding her wrap. Then "Good night, Tony," and to the girl, staring startled, bewildered: "And I'm glad, so very glad, that you were here."

It was being home again, where she belonged, in the big car with him, with Carl Vandenburg, silent beside her, his profile strong against the moonlight, silent until he turned, saying as if he could no longer wait: "Has he changed—Tony?" And she said slowly, "I don't know. Perhaps," her eyes to his face. "You brought him back here, Carl, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said, straight ahead, "I did. I should have brought him back a year ago. But, month to month, it was harder. I was more afraid."

"Of what, Carl?" softly.

"Of—oh, well, that perhaps you hadn't changed as I was sure you had. Or that he had, enough to make you love him still. Has he?"

Her voice was very low beside him. "It wouldn't matter, now, Carl, if he had. Not any more."

And Carl Vandenburg's eyes were down to hers, quickly, hopefully.

"Really, Mary, really? You mean it?"

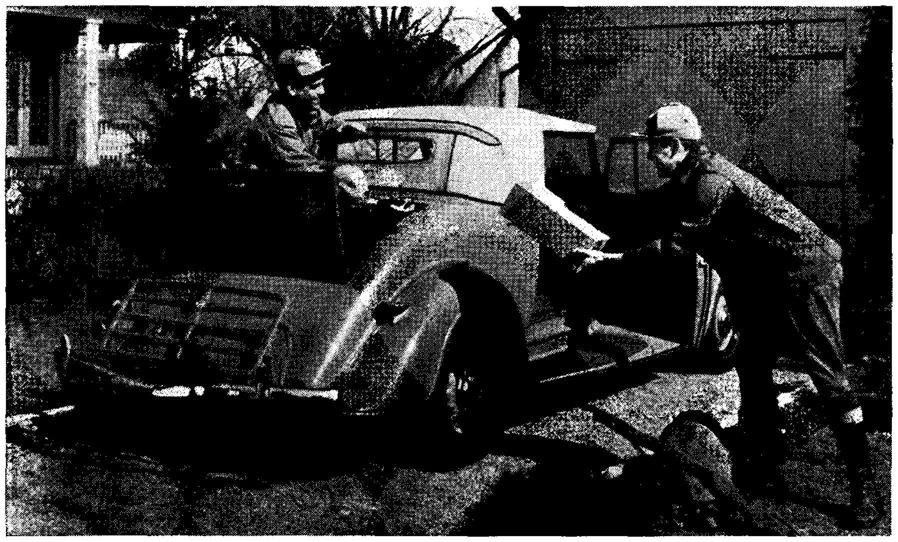
"Yes, Carl."

"Could we then, could we—" the big car slowing, droning to a stop, "could you and I—" with the exhaust making little clinking sounds as it cooled, the headlights glaring bright, unheeded, unnoticed, until, when the tiny clock on the dash had ticked beyond a half circle, Mary freed one slender white arm, dimming them, then turning on the radio to music, low and steady. And Carl watched her, smiling, puzzled. "Why," he asked, "why did you do that?"

"Because," she said from his arms, "because we, too, have our soft lights, our sweet music. You and I. But more, Carl, oh, so much more."

..it's a picnic

wherever you are, Beer in Cans



CARTON HOLDS A CASE; HALF THE WEIGHT—HALF THE SPACE

DRINK RIGHT FROM THE CAN; NO EMPTIES TO RETURN

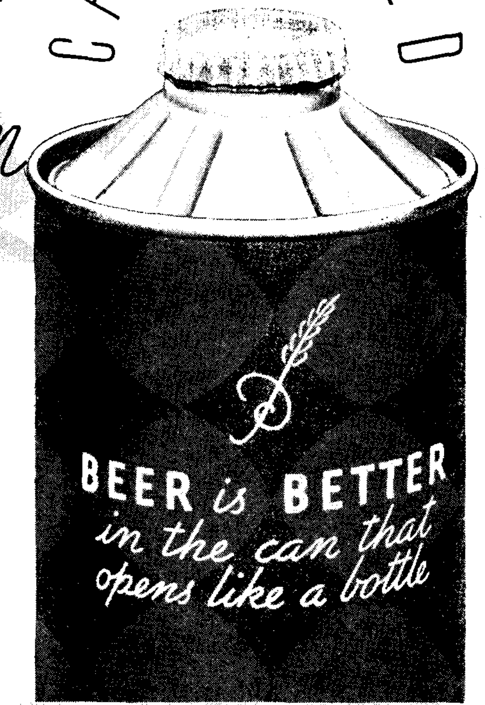
OPENS LIKE A BOTTLE; POURS LIKE A BOTTLE

CLEAN . . . BRINGS BREWERY FLAVOR

CAP SEALED BEER *in* CANS

GOOD BEER goes with good times like crackers go with cheese.

This can brings you the true delicious flavor of draught beer, and is so wonderfully convenient as well. No special opener required; drink right from the clean protected top; a whole carton (full case) is light and takes up little space; no deposits, no bother about returning empties. Remember, for full enjoyment of beer outdoors—or anywhere—insist on beer in Cap Sealed Cans.



●

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Opens like a bottle . . . easy to pour from . . . lined after the can is made . . . cap keeps pouring and drinking surface clean.

And, of course—tastes better . . . protected from light . . . no deposits . . . no empties to return . . . cools quicker . . . takes up less space . . . no danger of breakage . . . sanitary —used once, thrown away . . . holds 12 fluid ounces, same as a bottle.

●

Continental Can Company

• NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

When he doffs that

white dinner jacket
that pleated bosom
and blue corn flower

the Gentleman takes his Ease

in Q-Cumber CREPE PAJAMAS by B.V.D.

As smartly cut and as beautifully tailored as his tropic dinner jacket are his pajamas—by B. V. D.! And B. V. D. pajamas are *as cool as a Cucumber.* For the fabric is B. V. D.'s "Q-cumber Crepe"—known wherever well-dressed men gather as the lightest, the coolest, the most absorbent fabric that ever balked the heat and the humidity. "Q-cumber Crepe" pajamas $2. A wide range of cool summer fabrics in shorts at 50c and up. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., New York. The B. V. D. Co., Ltd., Montreal.

LOOK FOR THIS FAMOUS GUARANTEE

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

of style and comfort in union suits, shirts and shorts, swim suits. Ruggers, knit underwear, pajamas and robes by B. V. D.

© 1936, The B. V. D. Co., Inc.

The Next War

Continued from page 8

twenty centuries could be written in the form of a struggle on the part of the human mind to escape from the ancient disciplines, fetters and dangers of the combatant state.

Until a century or so ago that struggle was chronic and inconclusive. The material circumstances were such, distances were so great in proportion to human powers, that for the vast majority of our race through all that long period the practicability of a common control of human affairs did not arise. Wars were a fretting and fluctuation of frontiers, and all the community a common man knew practically from his birth to his death was the community of his own sovereign state. Great empires spread the idea of supernationalism until they attained unmanageable proportions and fell to pieces again, "catholic" religious propaganda made its difficult compromises with the local secular powers whose fundamental assumptions it denied, and a seventeenth-century writer, let us say, might well have been forgiven for believing that, on the whole, division into combatant states and alternations of political expansion and political fragmentation constituted the eternal form of human societies. So it had always been and so it would always be. The material conditions of human life seemed to be set implacably against the establishment and endurance of any universal community.

Peace or Disaster

None of us nowadays have the excuses of that seventeenth-century writer. In a brief couple of centuries the material conditions of human life have gone right over from the side of the combatant community to the side of the world community. The universalism of the world religions which was, to begin with, the extremest idealism, is now being paraphrased in the extremest realism by the airplane in the sky, the radio in the parlor, the food we eat and the clothes we wear. All men are now, in material fact, neighbors. It is far easier for a man to go all round the world today than it was for him to go from Odessa to St. Petersburg in 1736, and the swiftness of a message is beyond comparison. Modern war admits no longer of war fronts and secure bases; it has abolished the civilian; it is incoherently destructive and indeterminate; it ceases to have rational conclusive objectives for its operations. This is common knowledge now. A World Pax in the past would have been an exalted consummation; a World Pax becomes now, because of these changes, an urgent necessity. The dream of the past has become the imperative of the present. The combatant state is an anachronism.

Yet, though our minds accept this statement, few of them seem to grasp its full significance. For any living species a fundamental change of conditions means either adaptation or destruction. This is not rhetorical stuff I am writing; it is a sober scientific statement. It is as sober a statement as the assertion that summer will follow spring and autumn follow summer. But its significance is terrific. Either by a great mental and moral effort man will deliberately adjust himself to his new conditions, or he will be tortured and "selected" until he has been licked into some new shape by them, or he will be exterminated altogether. He cannot remain as he is. He cannot afford much more war. He has to achieve a World Pax speedily or face biological disaster. We are not discussing theories about some other planet; we are canvassing the outlook of ourselves and our children.

Certainly, we find almost unsurmountable difficulties directly we face towards world peace. The essence of these difficulties lies in this, that all existing organizations for collective action on behalf of human beings are part of, or under the control of, localized combatant governments. And we are coming to realize more and more definitely that the world community is a solvent for the combatant state. The combatant state is organized to resist its own dissolution —that is to say, it is organized to prevent the appearance of world controls. It organizes the patriotism of its people. It suppresses cosmopolitan suggestions. It directs and monopolizes every collective activity. It takes over finance, production, economic life generally, transport, education; it will not allow these things to be international.

The attempt to attain world peace through a mosaic of unfused sovereign states, the League of Nations, is a failure. Some of us foretold its failure in 1919. National governments will not abolish or restrain national governments and we are all under national governments. That is why a class of baffled onlookers is appearing in the world. That is why the more clearly we apprehend the world problem, the less we seem able to do anything about it. None of the old political methods lend themselves to its solution. New methods for world control have to be adopted.

The realization of a World Pax appears at the first onset as an entirely baffling task. What is the situation? The ship of mankind after a long and troubled voyage through the ages has come upon a dark and unfamiliar shore. It is drifting onto the rocks. The captain, the lawful ruler, is an inadaptable creature of habit; the mate varies between a shifty nonentity and a slightly insane bully. They seem oblivious of the danger into which the ship is driving. But they are in possession of all the controls. There seems to be something radically wrong with the steering gear but the engineers are mysteriously inaudible below. Such an image of our plight is all too mild. It understates the case absurdly. For on this unguided planet which carries mankind there is no one captain but between sixty to seventy sovereign captains and a variable number of usurping mates. The growing multitude of awakened onlookers are realizing more and more clearly that the ship is now very near indeed to the breakers of an ultimate war cycle. . . .

A Way to Escape

What are these onlookers to do about it? What is there to be done about it?

These are not helpless ejaculations. Something could be done. Many of us begin to see what might still be attempted. Maybe we are seeing it too late. Yet we onlookers have not only seen much but learned much since 1914. We have done some effective thinking and have had some fruitful lessons. For reasons a psychoanalyst can make reasonably clear we resist doing many of the vast things that plainly have to be done, but it is nonsense to pretend that the broad lines of escape from the present world crisis are not ascertainable. Because we funk or shirk doing these difficult and maybe very dangerous things, as a parachutist in a stalled and falling airplane may funk jumping off, that is no reason for declaring that escape is not possible.

There is a way of escape but it does not consist in trusting to governments. On the contrary it consists of a criticism, an antagonism and possibly even a revolutionary attack on governments. We need to rescue a number of world interests from national government control as speedily as possible.

Certain definite things have to be done, things that will not come about in the course of nature, so to speak, if men do not do them. There is nothing I shall set down here that has not been advocated and repeated time after time by countless active-minded onlookers. All I shall do here is to assemble what thousands of people know definitely, at the backs of their minds at any rate, as being the urgent agenda of world affairs now.

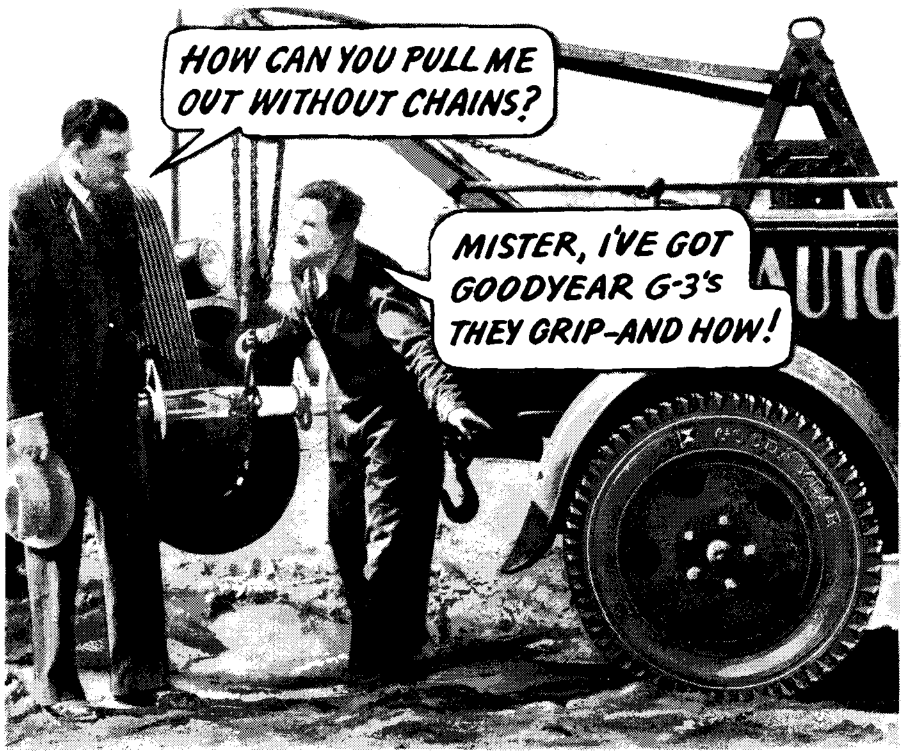
Nagging Isn't Sufficient

And first of all we want to implement our convictions by the clear definition of our common purpose of a World Pax. We want a greater league and a better league, a real league of men's wills, a league that will not resemble in the slightest degree that politician's put-off at Geneva, a league that goes deeper than diplomacy and wider than conference rooms, into the brains and hearts of resolute men. In short we want a new practical world religion whose declared objective is a federated world. It may be a very informal religion but it has to be intensely and without qualification aware of itself and sedulous for its effective unity and its essential aim. We may give it the wide mild name of modern liberalism, or some such fancy title as constructive cosmopolitanism or scientific world reconstruction, we may link it back to the universalist religions of the past, say that here at last is *true* Christianity, or *true* Buddhism, or we may assert its present novelty, but these are mere questions of terminology and formulae; the essential quality the new practical world religion must have, the thing in it that has to be stressed uncompromisingly, is the repudiation of nationalism and the establishment of a World Pax and a new way of living for our race. The willfully combatant state is the enemy—of its own citizens just as much as of the rest of mankind. Our primary association is a world league against it.

We cannot make such a league, you say. It is asking too much of people. They have not the imaginations to realize their danger; they have not the dispositions to make the attempt. And they will not have the courage to go into opposition to established power.

Perhaps that is right. Perhaps such a league will never be brought into effective being. I will confess that I myself do not see even the beginning of any such steadfast concerted effort as the world situation demands. Expressions of pacifist intention without any effort to evoke and use the necessary world controls do not count. Things like the British peace ballot have about as much permanent effect upon advancing disaster as a squeaking of mice in a burning house. You are against a World Pax so long as you remain an unqualified supporter of a combatant government. Passive resistance to war, again, is mere neutrality. Pacifist sentiment, it is true, abounds in the world today, but any such obstinate, widespread, sympathetically co-ordinated, constructive understanding, any such mass of strenuous effort and persistent toil to take hold of affairs as is needed to summon this mighty possibility of a World Pax into existence, does not appear.

(Continued on page 38)


HOW CAN YOU PULL ME OUT WITHOUT CHAINS?
MISTER, I'VE GOT GOODYEAR G-3's THEY GRIP-AND HOW!
AUTO

WE OWE OUR LIVES TO GOODYEAR G-3's–THEY ALWAYS GRIP AND STOP!
RAILROAD CROSSING
THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY

I ONLY GOT 14,000 MILES ON MY LAST TIRES. THESE G-3's HAVE ALREADY GONE 25,000-OVER 60% BETTER!

HOT FROM THE CAMERA SHOTS TELL WHY—

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR G^3 THAN ON ANY OTHER TIRE—

You don't have to take our word that the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather is a great tire — *the millions who are using it will tell you that!*

The photographs and statements reproduced here are typical of thousands gathered by our field men in recent months. On-file evidence that "G-3" can take it as tough as it comes — and give its owners more mileage and safety than they ever enjoyed before.

Read the picture story here. Add up the proved facts — *the Goodyear Margin of Safety that protects you from skidding accidents — Supertwist Cord's greater blowout resistance in every ply — "G-3's" tougher, wider, heavier tread that delivers 43% longer non-skid mileage* — and you will understand why millions are saying—

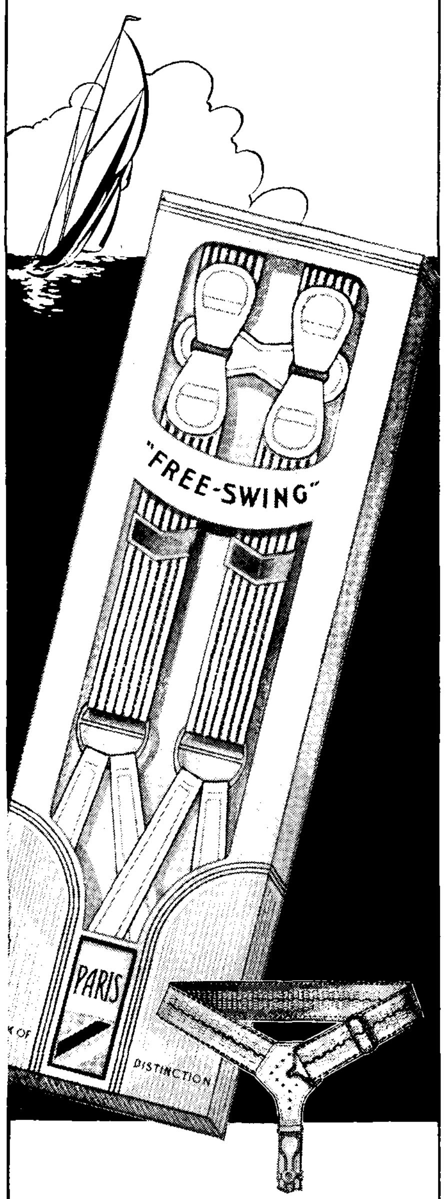
"I wouldn't buy anything but a Goodyear 'G-3' All-Weather. No other tire can touch it for the money!"

THAT GOODYEAR SUPERTWIST CORD IS CERTAINLY SOME PROTECTION FOR FAST DRIVERS. I'VE NEVER HAD A BLOWOUT IN A GOODYEAR!

G^3 ALL-WEATHER —A GREAT TIRE ON THREE COUNTS

1. **THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY** with tough, sure-gripping center-traction tread that gives 43% longer non-skid mileage than even former Goodyears.
2. **BLOWOUT PROTECTION** because of patented SUPERTWIST cord in every ply . . . more resilient, more enduring than any other cord.
3. **LOWEST COST PER MILE** service with greater safety in every mile — proved by the experience of millions.

For Cool Summer Wear



PARIS

Garters and Suspenders

"FEEL AS COOL AS THEY LOOK"

Get the breezy benefit of these easy-going, comfort - giving, new, cool Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris. Then let the other fellow worry as the mercury climbs—you've found a way to "beat the heat" . . . partially, if not completely. Many men buy two pairs of each because alternating them prolongs their life.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders $1 and up
"Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders"

Paris Garters 50c—$1
"No Metal Can Touch You"

AUTHENTIC PARIS STYLING
The Mark of Distinction

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York

The Next War

Continued from page 36

First among the activities of those who would bring about a World Pax, there is the duty of an unremitting propaganda of action. It is not sufficient to nag at war; it has to be forcibly prevented. The independent sovereign state *is* war and in the last resort if we are against war we are against the sovereign independence of our state. There has to be an incessant reiteration of the fact that the age of combatant states is drawing to its end and that new forms of organization are needed and must be thought out and brought into operation.

Two Lines of Advance

Necessarily a perennial world campaign for free expression is demanded in order that a world peace propaganda may go on. If the great salvage is to be achieved no doctrinaire suppressions, no imposition of new or old dogmas upon men's minds, no excuses based on the imaginary strategic necessities of this usurping system or that, are tolerable. The salvaging of civilization demands a resolute will, indeed, but an open and alert mind.

A general idea and demand is, however, only the basal requirement for the overdue readjustment of world affairs. We have to deal with our governments and in part through our governments, in order that they may be progressively supplemented or superseded by the establishment of world controls. And, also, our movement has to be sustained by a living body of knowledge and lucid ideas, so that we shall not misunderstand each other and blunder against each other in ignorance. These two, the political and the mental offensives, are the main lines of advance onward from our basic proposition.

Let me first stress the latter of these two systems of requirements that impress themselves upon the onlooker, because it is the one that is less evident in contemporary discussion.

There is as yet no widespread recognition of the importance of a great summarization of modern knowledge and ideas—an encyclopedic synthesis—if in the future human affairs are to be handled with any hopeful freshness. It is extraordinary how little this need of knowledge and clear principles is recognized. Human thoughts and knowledge have never been so abundant and in such a disorderly state as they are now. All the great changes of phase in the past, the major revolutions, have been preceded and carried by a vigorous intellectual reorganization. And nothing new can be attempted in collective human affairs without a rejuvenation of ideas.

The other line of advance for these onlookers who are taking action to save our species from the disintegration which is threatened by those dangerous anachronisms, our present political institutions, is actual political activity. In whatever sovereign state the onlooker finds himself he must presently set himself to its deflection from militancy. He will not be a "traitor" to his government in the sense that he would subordinate it in any way to any other existing sovereign government, but continually he will be against its isolation. The United States of America has been an experiment of extraordinary value to mankind in its long conflict between the local and the general interest, and in its avoidance of internecine annexations and wars of conquest between its states. Federation, more and wider federation, the lowering of barriers, the establishment of world directorates for this and that, is the obvious, practicable line of escape for mankind from the ever-approaching danger of chaotic war. Archaic fears, an irrational xenophobia, shortsighted vested interests, bad mental habits, apathy and ignorance stand between the communities of today and—to name a few of the aspects of unity—a federal world control of money and credit, a federal extension of the Postal Union to all forms of transport, general free trade, an economic consortium for the exploitation of natural products and a world board of hygienic and demographic control. Beyond such overruling supersessions of regional government lie the possibilities of a world-wide police protection from violence and a world-wide habeas corpus. Step by step it would be quite possible to build up a system of world controls upon federal lines, a system before which war would fade out of the scheme of human possibility.

The way to federation may be a long and devious one. The federation of the world may need to be made piecemeal, step by step, for this specific purpose or that. The League of Nations, though it was hopelessly feeble in its constitution, was far too ambitious in attempting at one stroke a political league for the whole world. It was weak because it stretched too wide. Get together into groups, co-operate on this and that, share, cease to monopolize, seems the more practicable way. The details of the task may be infinitely complex but the idea of perpetually widening co-operations culminating in a world order is inspiringly simple.

Hard-living, industrious patience and self-control must be the contribution of everyone who accepts this new religion of world solidarity, this renascent religion, this religion of renascence, which is the only practical religion. Man, to tell the truth about him, is a malicious, suspicious, bone-lazy creature. Most of us recoil from the prospect of leading stern and vigilant lives. Most of us when there is hard work afoot are disposed, after a spurt or so, to strike lackadaisical or romantic attitudes and leave the rest of the work to someone else. We fag and mask our desertion under a pretense of fastidious elegance. We weary, we say, of "world mending" and "world menders"; we do it with an air of superior intelligence as though we had intimations of some happy Lubber world of the imagination, some Lotus Eaters' Island, some land of Cockaigne, with limitless abundance and absolute security under a blue springtime sky, to which we shall surely attain if only we try to go nowhere.

To Rule Human Violence

The universe has no first-class accommodation for the refined unhelpful. The alternatives to a great effort to reconstruct here and now are grimmer altogether. There is no land of Cockaigne anywhere for any man, no out-of-the-way safe corners left in the world, no inaccessible islands, no forgotten valleys to which he can escape and live delightfully forever afterward. That flawless "simple life" between farm and woodland, the agreeable alternation of seedtime and harvest, soft rain and kindly sun, never has been in reality and never can be. The spoiler has always prowled, envious and greedy; the pirate, the conqueror, the tyrant, the bully have pursued their kind since the beginning of things, and plainly now a heedless future unplanned and uncontrolled will give to those old enemies of happiness the new resources of poison gas, weapons of unprecedented range and precision—and the sky. And so perhaps finish the story.

Social dégringolade does not mean a return to some lost state of innocence. It may not even mean feebleness and extinction. The lazy and gentle will go to the wall, but not everyone will go to the wall. If man does not now grow very speedily to the stature of a world citizen, if he does not take hold of himself and his fellows, put all his knowledge in order, assemble his will, if he gives way before the ruthless who merely sharpen their faculties by murder with gas and bomb and will not rise to the creation of a gigantic Pax that will rule human violence from China to Peru, then if any survive it is those best fitted for a life of chance and violence who will survive, and *Homo* will grow to the likeness of something as fierce and ruthless as a man-sized insatiable rat, a bloodthirsty mechanic, a poisoner, a thing of incessant fear, precaution, cruelty, treachery and greed.

We Have Been Warned

In that ugly guise, as a criminal planetary-slum population, our race may enter possibly upon a new phase. Nature, so far as we can judge from the spectacle of life, is totally indifferent to the quality of consequences. The hyena, the mosquito, the cholera bacillus, thorns, fangs and skin diseases she tolerates as readily as roses, the lark singing, starlight and the sunrise. She is neither with us nor against us. It is our determination and ours alone that can turn the world to our desire.

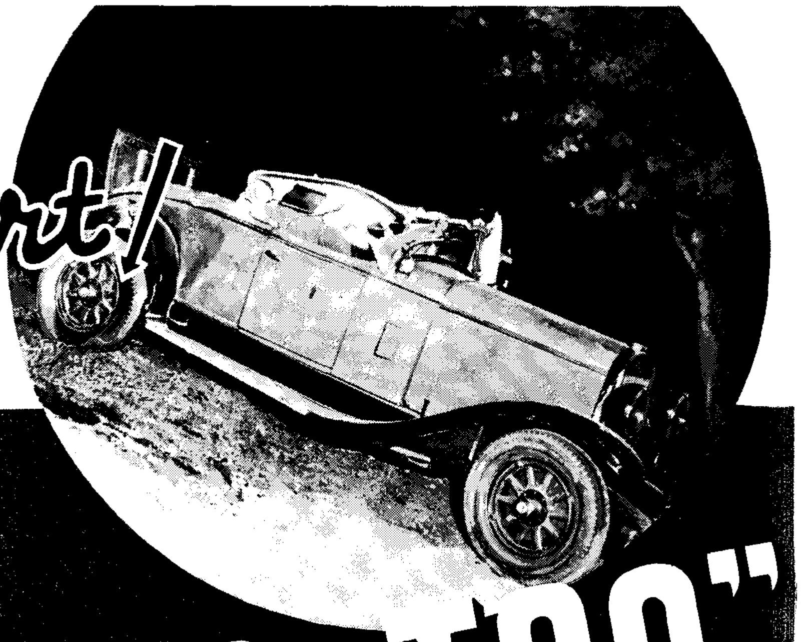
There is no way of escape from this disaster that threatens civilization as we conceive it but strenuous and complicated effort. If within a few generations we do not build that instructed, educated and disciplined world community, which alone can end war for us and avert degeneration, then the good things that have gleamed before our eyes, beauty, fruitful leisure, enlargement of vision, associated with ever-increasing power, will be withdrawn inexorably, one collapse will follow another and our children will pass down into the darkness, suffocating each other, flaying each other with bomb and gas, tearing each other to bleeding rags.

I am writing no gloomy fantasy; this is the manifest reality of today. The reader knows that as well as I do. Catastrophe is the plain and reasonable probability of the human outlook at the present time. It is the flattest, clearest common sense that these things are ahead in waiting for us unless we turn into a new direction. We have been warned plainly by the events of the past two decades.

Not only do we know what may happen but we know in general terms what we ought to be doing about it. And we are not doing it.

But it can still be done. That the creative forces of the new age are slow in their emergence is a justification for impatience but not for despair. It is a poor soldier who will fight only for a certain victory. A great mental turnover has been going on and practical reconstruction has had to wait upon that intellectual revision. The federated world community has to exist first in men's imaginations, before it can give battle to the combatant state and so emerge to triumphant reality. Day by day as this fundamental antagonism in human politics grows plainer, reasonable men have less excuse for indecision in the planning of their lives.

Stop Blowouts before they start!



"FIX THE CASING, TOO"

(*Above*) *A damaged casing spread open so that the danger spot can be sealed against blowout risk with a Bowes "Seal-Fast" Casing Repair. The Dough Boy Gun held by the repairman shoots penetrating, self-welding live rubber into the hole where a Bowes "Seal-Fast" Plaster will anchor it for life. It's the quickest, thriftiest casing repair known—and absolutely safe! There's* always *a hole in the casing—insist on this tire-saving treatment after every puncture!*

- Putting a patched tube back in an unrepaired casing is a wide-open invitation to disaster.

Don't give blowouts a chance! At today's high speeds, a neglected nail hole or tiny cut can quickly grow into a blowout. Mud, grit, moisture, filter through the cuts in the casing and the tire chafes and rots. Soon you're driving on tires more dangerous than dynamite!

Take your "flats" to an authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" dealer. Get safe repairs for *both* casing and tube. After every puncture, there's *always* a hole in the casing. Have it made grit-and-water-tight by the exclusive Bowes "Seal-Fast" method that stops blowouts before they start.

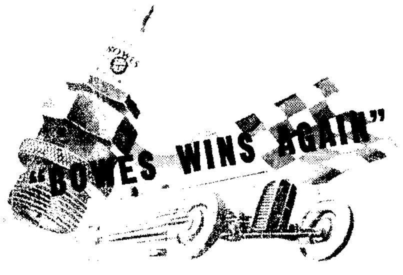
This wise precaution is quick, inexpensive—adds thousands of safe tire miles. Look for the Bowes "Seal-Fast" sign; get a complete repair whenever you have a puncture. Always "*fix the casing, too!*" Bowes "Seal-Fast" Corp., 226 N. Pine St., Indianapolis.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN. Behind it stands the authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" dealer, equipped to render *safe* service with *safe* materials.

Safe tire repairs—

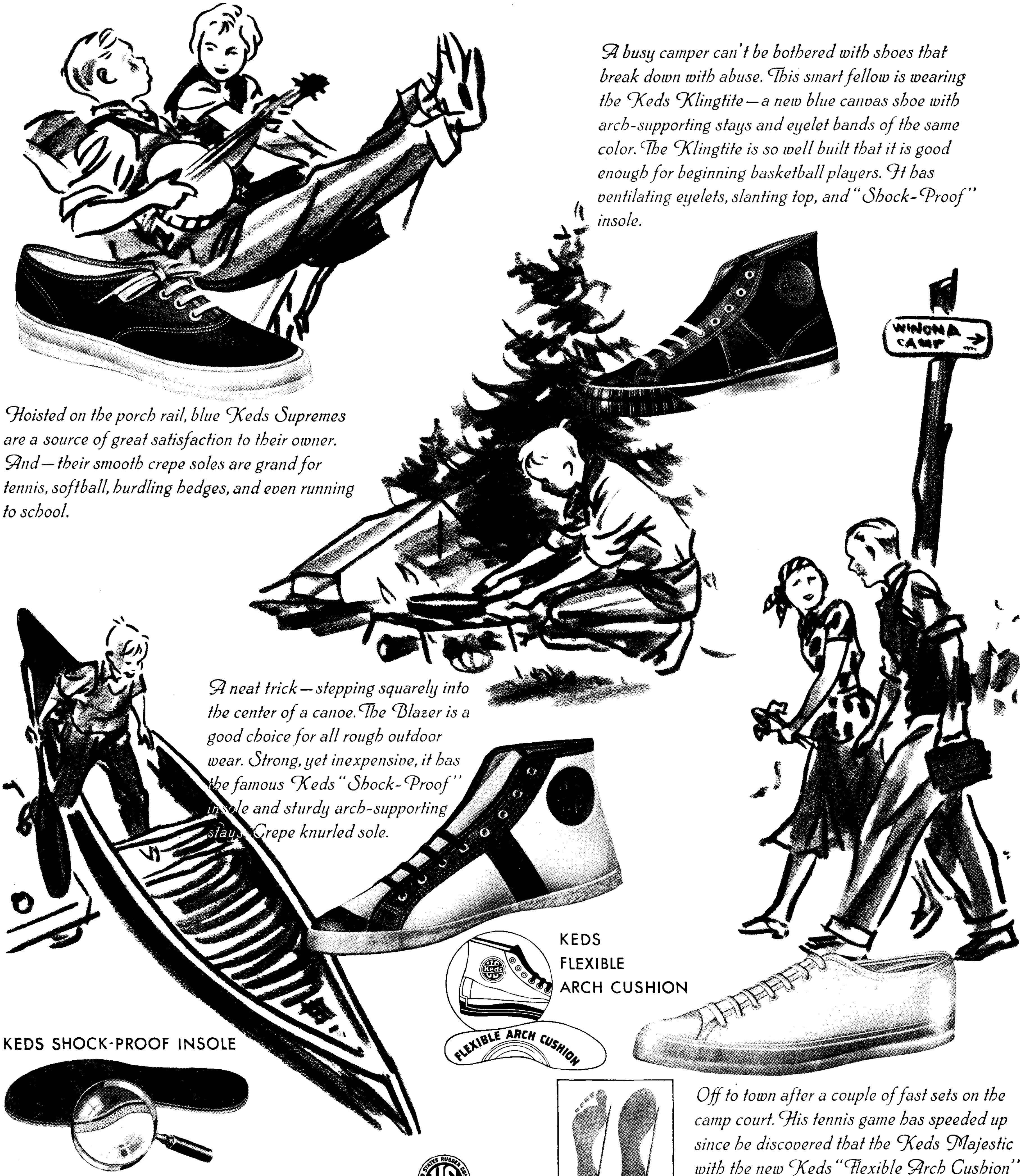
BOWES SEAL FAST

PATENT PROCESS



22 Out of 25 Feature Races Won with BOWES "SEAL-FAST" SPARK PLUGS

Motor experts know midget auto racing is the supreme test of spark plug stamina. Those tiny engines get fiery hot, demand perfect performance at 100 firings per second. Bowes "Seal-Fast" Spark Plugs capture the honors in this terrific ordeal. At Detroit, 22 out of 25 feature races—18 straight firsts—were won with Bowes Plugs. Use them for finer results in *your* car!



A busy camper can't be bothered with shoes that break down with abuse. This smart fellow is wearing the Keds Klingtite—a new blue canvas shoe with arch-supporting stays and eyelet bands of the same color. The Klingtite is so well built that it is good enough for beginning basketball players. It has ventilating eyelets, slanting top, and "Shock-Proof" insole.

Hoisted on the porch rail, blue Keds Supremes are a source of great satisfaction to their owner. And—their smooth crepe soles are grand for tennis, softball, hurdling hedges, and even running to school.

A neat trick—stepping squarely into the center of a canoe. The Blazer is a good choice for all rough outdoor wear. Strong, yet inexpensive, it has the famous Keds "Shock-Proof" insole and sturdy arch-supporting stays. Crepe knurled sole.

KEDS
FLEXIBLE
ARCH CUSHION

KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE

Off to town after a couple of fast sets on the camp court. His tennis game has speeded up since he discovered that the Keds Majestic with the new Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" is just what his foot needs. The uppers of bleached duck make a strong though light-weight shoe especially recommended for those who prefer the lace-to-toe type of oxford. Smooth vulcanized crepe sole.

KEDS
SCIENTIFIC
LAST

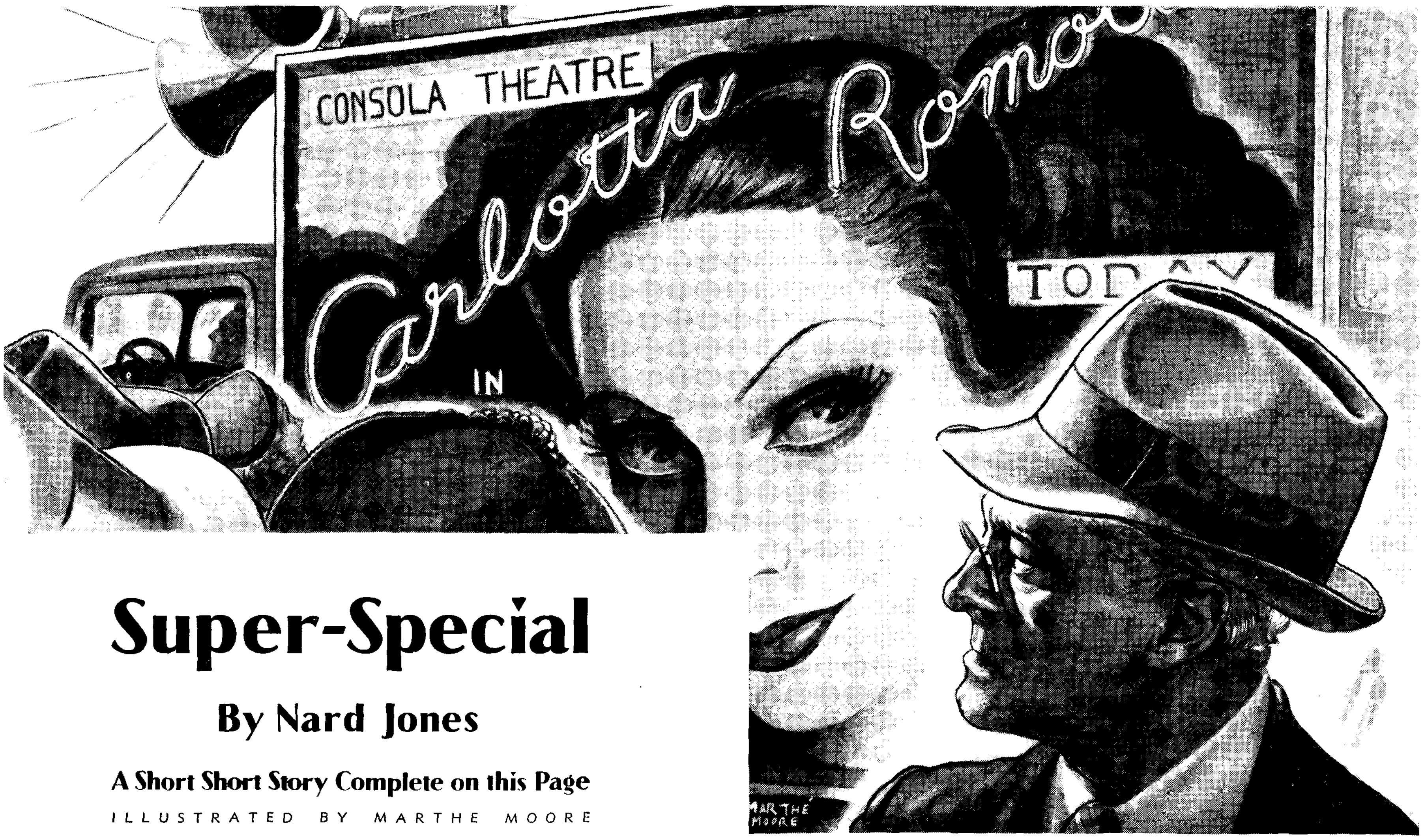
The Natural Shoe for Growing Feet

71 styles for 71 individual preferences • They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes.

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC.
1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Keds
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company



Super-Special

By Nard Jones

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

Loud-speaker cars bellowed the news of the big attraction

"WE FELT here at the bank," said Mr. Moon, "that it would be a good idea to have a talk with you at this time."

Mr. Leonard stirred in his chair uncomfortably. As manager (he could hardly call himself owner) of the smaller of two motion-picture theaters in a town which could support but one, Mr. Leonard possessed long experience with this chief executive of the banking institution.

"Yes," he said, clearing his throat, "I've been meaning to see you. I—I've got a good feature booked for next week. One of those jungle pictures that are going big, and I think I'll be able to make a little payment on that note, Mr. Moon."

The banker nodded coolly. "Yes, I'm afraid we must ask that you do. I think you'll agree that we've been lenient."

"I got no kick coming," said Mr. Leonard. "But, of course, I'd never be in a fix like this if the bank—if—" he trailed into timid silence.

"You mean if we hadn't helped Reiter start The Consola? You were bound to have competition, Leonard, sooner or later. And we didn't know, then, that Inland City couldn't support two theaters." Mr. Moon paused, observing the ash of his cigar. "Matter of fact, Leonard, we here at the bank aren't yet convinced that it can't. We feel that perhaps more vigorous showmanship would make The Venetian pay better."

Leonard flushed. "On what you allow me to operate I can't show much vigor, Mr. Moon. You know that Reiter's got better sound equipment, for one thing. You wouldn't let me invest in a new layout at The Venetian."

"We believed you were in deep enough. We wanted to protect you." The banker smiled. "We here at the bank don't pretend to be showmen, but we feel that there are basic fundamentals common to all business: You'll be able to make a payment next week, then?"

"Yes. I should be able to do it. With that jungle picture I ought to be able to do it."

"That's right. Remember, Leonard—we here at the bank are all for you."

As the theater manager departed through the bleak marble halls of the Inland City Bank, the president's words rang ironically in his head. "Yeah," he thought, "all for me they are. All for me they were when they helped this Reiter start The Consola."

Yet his resentment was tempered with the even less comforting suspicion that perhaps Moon was right. Perhaps he no longer knew what showmanship was.

Nowadays it was fellows like this Reiter who got the business—with fancy prologues, with orchestras, with maybe a little regular vaudeville as an added attraction, all to bolster up a movie where maybe nobody did anything but only walked and talked and sat on beds drinking cocktails.

But this jungle picture he had for next week ought to bring them in, Mr. Leonard told himself. If only the weather held out fair, he'd make a little something and could squeeze out enough to satisfy the bank. His thoughts were brighter by the time he had reached the modest rented house where he had lived with Clysta Leonard since The Venetian had opened back in the dim, dead days of silent pictures.

He found that Clysta's mood did not match his own, however. She stood over the stove, stirring morosely, and did not look up when he walked into the kitchen.

"What's the matter, Mamma?"

"Nothing. . . ." Then: "I got a letter from Maybelle. She ain't coming for a visit like we thought."

He pecked at her damp cheek, patted her on the shoulder. "There now, Mamma, I told you that since she was doing so well she would have to get back to work quick. It's only those that ain't doing so well that it's all right for them to take long vacations."

"I don't think she cares about us any more. Seven years it's been."

"You don't realize, Mamma, how hard she's got to work. You think of her still as a child with nothing to do but play."

"Well, at least she could help. She could send enough to help you out of your troubles. Maybe enough to put in sound equipment like that Reiter's got."

"Now, Mamma, them that makes good money has to spend good money," said Mr. Leonard philosophically. He took his wife by the shoulder and turned her toward him. "Things are going to be all right. I just saw Mr. Moon."

"He's going to give you time?"

"I can get some breathing space if I make a little payment next week, Mamma. And with Johnny Bardon in that jungle picture I should do it easy."

Mrs. Leonard smiled weakly. "Nothing ever puts you down, does it?"

IT WAS out of the very meager salary which Mr. Leonard drew from The Venetian that he made extra preparations for the coming Johnny Bardon picture, "Jungle Nights." He took larger space in the two newspapers, and had some fancy lobby cutouts made. He hired a loud-speaker car with one of the "Jungle Nights" twenty-four sheet posters on each side. The poster showed Johnny Bardon making love to a girl in a tiger skin and not much else, and Mr. Leonard thought it might attract some of those who could be interested in a picture named "Two Cocktails in the Dark"—The Consola feature for the week.

The Bardon picture opened Friday and did a day's business above the average. This was a good omen, indeed. But Saturday morning Mr. Leonard walked out of his front door and found a dodger which was obviously a hasty print job. It had the word FLASH across its face in big red letters. When he read the dodger Mr. Leonard turned pale and stuffed the sheet into his pocket. On the way downtown he encountered two loud-speaker cars, each bellowing the news of the big attraction of Bernard Reiter's theater.

It seemed that The Consola had acquired Carlotta Romola's picture. Carlotta Romola, no less. Carlotta, that seductive foreign star who, fan magazines had confided, learned perfect English at great cost of time and money to the studio. Inland City was to see and hear her only through the ever-watchful showmanship of Reiter.

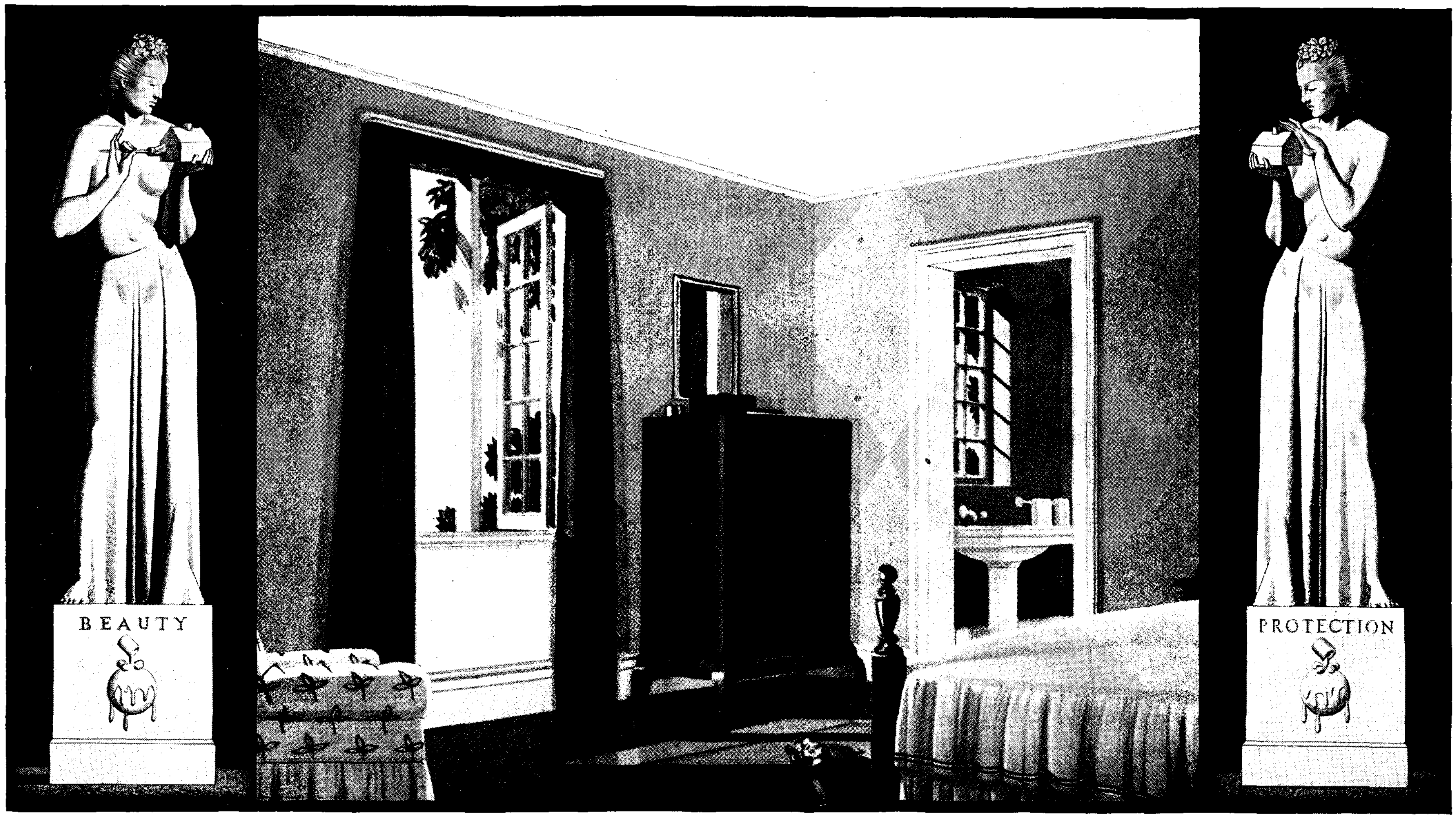
All this Mr. Reiter revealed, without much modesty, in his publicity. Inland City might have had to wait almost a year to see Carlotta Romola's first release—but now it would not have to wait at all. It would be in on one of the first showings.

In his dark little office behind the projection room of The Venetian, Mr. Leonard shook his head. "'Jungle Nights' I've got, and with her at The Consola I might as well have a newsreel history of President Taft." Yet he stayed on into the final showing of the picture.

He sat there thinking of Mr. Moon, telling himself that he mustn't let Clysta see how he felt. Clysta would be happy, and he supposed that he must be happy, too.

Slowly he took Reiter's crumpled dodger from his pocket and smoothed it out on his desk. He knew very well that this Carlotta Romola was no better than the rest. He knew that she wasn't a foreigner at all, but had been laboriously built up in secret—taken from the ranks of the extras. But she would probably be a big success now. Managers like Reiter would be wanting her pictures.

His eyes filled with tears as he stared at the printed dodger with Carlotta Romola's picture on it. But they weren't tears of defeat or fear. There were tears in Mr. Leonard's eyes because, as fathers will, he remembered this head when it was small and helpless and rather unbeautiful.



Painting by Rockwell Kent

(Copyright 1936), Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

BEAUTY AND PROTECTION

BY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Surely the modern colorful bathroom and kitchen are contributions to easier living. And just as surely the bedroom . . . the living room . . . become enjoyable, charming spots when given the warmth and gayety of Sherwin-Williams colors. The pride of living in a well decorated house covers every room in it.

Think what has been done—what you can do—with such simple tools as a brush and a can of colorful, washable, durable Sherwin-Williams Semi-Lustre! You can make your tasks lighter because your surroundings become brighter . . . You can create an atmosphere that breathes your charm and individuality . . . You can pleasantly play with the color schemes that allure you . . . And you can proudly show your delightful rooms to your family and friends.

Bedroom . . . bath . . . kitchen—all the house will respond to the color magic in a can of Sherwin-Williams paint. Not only S-W Semi-Lustre, but S-W Flat-Tone and S-W Enameloid are at your aid. And for the outside of your home—where all the community can see—famous SWP, the best known and most widely used house paint in America means beauty and protection—and pride.

"All you need to know about paint" is the Sherwin-Williams label and the Sherwin-Williams name. And in city, town, or hamlet "paint headquarters" is where the "cover the earth" emblem means a paint dealer able and eager to help and serve you.

You can have twelve to eighteen months to pay for your painting. Ask the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality about the S-W Budget Payment Plan. Write directly to Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. C-3, Cleveland, O.

Ask your Sherwin-Williams dealer for a copy of the famous S-W Home Decorator. It is free of charge. Or write directly to the Sherwin-Williams Company, Department C-3, Cleveland, Ohio.

COVER THE EARTH

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT

Some People's Pets

Continued from page 9

dejectedly. The jewfish came up a bit timidly. "He doesn't know you," Raul explained. But he came up, lying half submerged on the rock. Raul bent down and gave him a piece of lobster. Then Raul reached down and scratched the side of the jewfish, and the jewfish turned over lazily. "Now run along," Raul said, waving him back. The fish wiggled off the rock and then disappeared under the surface of the water.

Then he called to the grouper, which had been sulking. He came up eagerly, to be fed and to be petted. This time Raul actually took hold of the fish and lifted him from the water. The fish didn't squirm, didn't even work its gills.

"You can keep a fish out of water for nearly a minute before it bothers him," Raul said, stroking the grouper—yes, stroking it as though it were a kitten he held in his arms. Then he dropped it back into the water. Now there were perhaps thirty fish grouped around the rock. He fed them and when they snapped at the food he spoke to them sternly: "Be polite, now. Don't crowd. There's enough for everyone.

Faster Than a Horse

"How do I start them? I just tap on the rock with my stick. This attracts the attention of the fish. They come up to see what's the matter. They see me with food in my hand. At first I throw them the food, then I make them come for it and take it from my hand. Soon they know that I am there just to feed them. So, that is all. Simple?"

It's simple once you've seen it. I've met other men, and women too, with strange hobbies. Some of them combine business with pleasure, and make money out of what they like to do best. There is Katherine Reid, for instance.

When Katherine was a youngster she lived with her father in the Everglades, that part of the Everglades which is inhabited by alligators, crocodiles and Seminole Indians. Her father traded with the Indians, and when Florida became a winter resort, and men opened alligator farms to catch the eye and the quarters of unwary tourists, Katherine's father supplied the farms with alligators. He was a one for catching them all right. He'd go deep into the swamps of the ugly country which borders the Tamiami Trail in southern Florida, and he'd come out with a dozen 'gators. Then he'd take them to alligator farms. Young Katherine always went with him.

Competition became keen among the proprietors of alligator farms, and one more perceptive than his fellows bought a couple of ostriches. Now he could boast that he owned an alligator and ostrich farm. Alligators were like domestic dogs to Katherine. She'd known them all of her life, but ostriches were something else again. She was interested in these ugly, ungainly creatures with the long necks, and she was especially interested when the owners warned her not to get near them—they kicked like mules, only harder.

This was a challenge to the youngster. She'd tame those ostriches, by golly, so that they wouldn't kick her. She'd make pets of them, friends of them, and make them do tricks. So she set her mind to the task of knowing and getting the friendship of ostriches. Today, she probably knows more about ostriches than any other woman living. Eventually she bought a couple of ostriches, and then she heard that they raced the birds in some parts of the world. Well, she'd introduce ostrich racing into Florida.

Today she owns the fastest ostrich under silks, if you can talk about a bird as we talk about race horses. Last year she took her prize ostrich, Clark Gable, to Tropical Park, and raced him against the fastest ostriches that could be found. She won the race, and the speed was forty-two miles an hour, which is much faster than a horse can run.

Let's leave Miss Reid with her ostriches. She's very welcome to them. Let's meet Alexander Ott, whose hobby is catching sharks. He's killed more sharks than any other man living, and it all started years ago when he saw a friend of his die after being attacked by a shark off the New Jersey coast.

Ott could never get the picture of that lad's death out of his mind. He finally went to Florida and started to kill sharks. To date he has killed more than 1,500 of them. It started as a grim business of revenge. It became a sport, and today Ott is the greatest hunter of sharks in tropical waters.

There are those who shoot sharks, or who drop depth bombs to kill them, but Ott uses a rod and reel—for the benefit of prospective shark hunters he uses a 12-0 reel carrying 600 yards of 36-thread line, which tests 72 pounds dead weight.

He has caught as many as ten in one day. As soon as he gets the first one he ties it to the side of the boat, and after cutting it open drags it along the water. Other sharks, attracted by the blood, come hungrily up to the surface. Then he throws out his heavily baited hook and waits for a strike.

"Once I caught twenty-five sharks with the same piece of bait," Ott says. "I dragged a big shark in, cut it open and found twenty-four small sharks just about ready to be born. I let them go, and it was funny to see the little things swim away. The largest shark I ever killed? It was one I caught off Naples, Florida. He was sixteen feet long and weighed about 1,500 pounds. I think he's the largest shark ever caught with rod and reel."

Six Feet Deep

Strange people? Here's another one. Two years ago a man walked into the office of the Miami Biltmore Hotel in Florida. Each Sunday the Miami Biltmore held a pool show with all sorts of unique water sports.

"I am Captain Tom Sellers," he announced to the manager. "I am the greatest diver in the world. I'll dive from any ladder that you can build, no matter how high it is."

"What do you charge for this diving act?" the practical manager asked.

"Oh, you'll have to talk to my manager, Mr. Solomon," Sellers announced gravely. "He's right outside. I'll bring him in."

Sellers departed, and returned a moment later. Where he had been affable, smiling, now he was businesslike. He had donned a new personality.

"I represent Captain Sellers," he said briskly. "Now about this act of his. First, let me show you newspaper clippings telling of his performances in England. And about terms. . . ."

The bewildered manager, convinced that he was talking to a lunatic, listened, but when Sellers (or Solomon) showed his clippings from English newspapers, he was all attention. Finally he hired him.

Now, at the Miami Biltmore, Captain Sellers climbs up a shaky ladder to a height of 130 feet, and while people hold their breath he hurls himself through the air. There's no fake about his act. I've seen him do it—and he dives into a scant six feet of water.

Sellers started to dive from great heights when he was a youngster living in England. He's been doing it all his life, and he's never even mussed his hair. What he has, of course, is a phenomenal sense of balance. He stands up there on a small platform, 130 feet from the ground, and turns his back to the water. Then he just leans backward, turns once around in the air, and lands feet first.

First Catch Your Frog

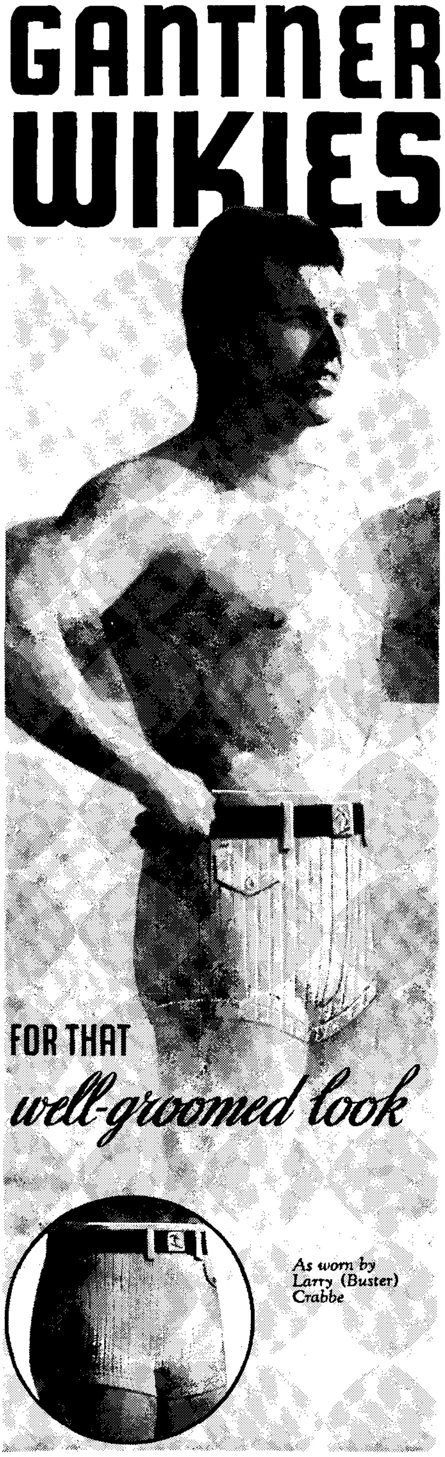
The great Florida hurricane of 1926 started Henry Coppinger on a strange career. His father, known throughout the Everglades as "Alligator Joe" Coppinger, owned a large alligator farm. He raised the 'gators and sold their hides. His farm was at a place called Pirates Creek. When the hurricane came he had about 1,500 alligators and crocodiles on the farm. The hurricane just took them up and blew them all over the landscape. When the wind had subsided, Coppinger and his son Henry went a-looking for their pets. They invaded swamps and they pulled alligators out of streams. Many of the alligators showed fight, but Henry and his father fought them right back. Henry would grab a 'gator by the snout and hold him while his father helped lift the beast inside a truck. Several times the 'gator got away and he and Henry would wrestle all over the swamps. But Henry hung on each time, and within a few days he and his father had recovered nearly all of their storm-scattered pets. Henry had a lot of fun wrestling those alligators. When peace was restored to the farm, he tried it again. Wrestling alligators became his hobby, a hobby out of which he now makes money.

Lately he has added crocodiles to his list of sparring partners. He takes quite a gamble. If the alligator or crocodile loses, he loses only a bit of dignity. If Henry loses, he loses an arm or a leg.

There are two great frog derbies held each year—one at Angels Creek, California, and the other at Sarasota, Florida. Frogs which can jump great distances are in great demand at both events. Charlie Huffner specializes in catching and training jumping frogs. He roams through the palmetto and scrub cypress swamps, stepping over water moccasins and crocodiles, intent only on finding big, strong-looking frogs which can be trained as jumpers. There are four kinds of frogs suitable for jumpers: pond, spring, creek and bull. One of his frogs, Pep, holds the present world's record. Pep jumped thirteen feet seven inches. Huffner started catching frogs as a hobby.

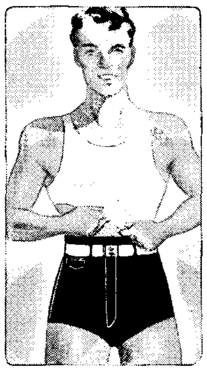
"Like all kids I thought it was fun to catch frogs," he explains. "I used to watch them jump and gradually I began to notice that those that jumped the farthest had common characteristics. They had longer legs, for instance, and they were deep-chested. I found that by exercising them I could strengthen the muscles used in jumping and add a couple of feet to their distance in no time. Today, I catch and train hundreds each year, but of course only a few become champions."

I have always maintained that working was an old-fashioned way of earning a living, but it isn't so bad if you can acquire a hobby which you enjoy—no matter how bizarre it is—and let it work for you. That's what these strange people have done, and they make it pay.

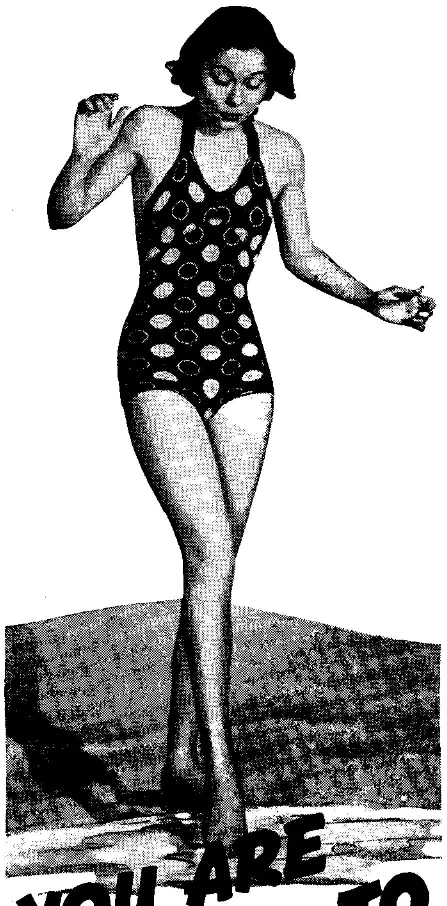


America's most popular trunks, because of these new, exclusive features! Gantner patented Perma-snug waist... won't roll down! Trim, free-breathing Lastex belt! Gantner self-adjusting Supporter assures utmost comfort! Quicker-drying yarns...Knit-to-Fit!

Also—
"Snap-on" Suits
WIKIES and 1936's smartest wool "upper" . . snaps on or off instantly! Perfect swim freedom — no back except the shoulder straps!



At better dealers everywhere, or write, giving snug waist measure, weight, style and choice of colors.
Top Gantner Patented WIKIES, 12 shades! $3.95.
Left De Luxe WIKIES, washboard rib! . . $5.00.
Right Snap-on or zip-on WIKIES suits! . . $5.95.
Boys' WIKIES, plain or fancy knit . . . . . $2.95.
Men's BO'SUN, pure wool . . . . $2.95.
Garment Pat., Tr. Mk. Reg.
(Canadians, write us. Women, send for style folder)
GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. J
San Francisco 1410 Broadway, New York
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suit



YOU ARE INVITED TO SAMPLE

NEW YORK STATE

THE STATE THAT HAS EVERYTHING

OVER THE JULY 4 WEEK-END

ONCE you've sampled New York State's vacationlands, you'll be coming back for more. There's so much to do in New York State, so many places to see, so many important sporting events and civic celebrations that you can pack every minute of a week-end, a fortnight or a month with interest and enjoyment. To help you plan ideal vacations, New York State has published an official guide, "VACATIONS FOR EVERYBODY IN NEW YORK STATE." It tells how to select a vacation place—how to get there—how to get the most vacation for your money—where and when to fish and hunt—what to see and a wealth of other information. Mail the coupon below to the Bureau of State Publicity, Conservation Dept., Albany, N. Y.

FREE! 80-PAGE BOOK

MAIL COUPON

Bureau of State Publicity,
Conservation Department,
Lithgow Osborne, Commissioner,
Albany, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "VACATIONS FOR EVERYBODY," including a 1936 Budget Plan.

Name (Please print)
Address
City State
S-C

Suspect

Continued from page 11

The main room was bare as a train shed and dimly lighted. The sergeant's desk was vacant. A policeman came out of the captain's office. He had a tough, Irish face.

"That him?" he demanded, glaring.

"That's him," said Caskey.

"Captain, here's that young punk that got in Lieutenant Caskey's way."

A big man with a heavy red face and iron-gray hair came hurriedly out into the main room.

"Got away, did he?" he shouted at Caskey. "Had him right in the palm of your hand and he got away—"

"Now, look, Captain," said Caskey.

"Bring him in the office. I got things to say to this young man. You come in too, Pat. I may have work for you."

THE captain went into his office, followed by Bart, who was pushed along by Pat and Lieutenant Caskey.

There was a short silence. Bart cleared his throat.

"Captain . . . I . . ."

"Oh, yeah?" said Pat, slapping Bart across the mouth.

Bart recoiled. Then something happened. He was never sure just what. But he saw Pat go back on his heels and then fall. Somebody hit Bart from behind twice and he fell also. They began to kick him. He put his hands over his face and took the kicking stolidly. When he came to, he was sitting in a chair facing the captain, who was calmly smoking a cigarette. Bart ached all over. His head throbbed violently. He again tasted blood.

"He's still groggy," said Pat.

Bart ran his hand over his face.

"I . . ." he began. But Caskey interposed.

"Shut up."

The captain blew out a cloud of smoke.

"All right now, son—talk."

Bart glanced at the three of them in turn. He noticed that Pat was holding his jaw.

"What about?"

"About? About Whitey Macfarlane. You've done a good job of stalling. But now you're through. If you don't talk now I'm going to beat you to a pulp, get me? We just been playing so far. Pretty handy with the mitts, eh? All right. We love it. Talk."

"I never saw that man before. He bought me a steak. I'm broke. I've only got twenty cents. He was nice to me, that's all. I thought it was a holdup."

"He was nice to you. Oh, yes, Whitey is a very nice fellow. He's only killed about twelve guys, including three policemen. A nice fellow! Talk."

"That's all."

"Get the hose!" shouted the captain, turning suddenly to Pat.

"With pleasure."

TURNING fearfully, Bart saw Pat take a piece of rubber hose about three feet long from a wall cabinet.

"Really," cried Bart, "I don't know a thing. I never saw that man before. Honest. . . ."

"Stand up."

Bart got slowly to his feet.

"Son," said the captain, "I'll give you one minute. Come clean or I'll beat it out of you and you'll wish you'd never been born. Talk fast."

Bart glanced at Pat. He saw the cruel smile and the evil light in his eyes. A policeman! Was this a policeman? A scene leaped up before Bart's eyes. It was when he was a little kid. He used to know a policeman named Mike Leavitt. Mike had been a wonderful man, always trying to help everybody in the neighborhood: dignified and kind, but impressive. In a flash, he saw Mike's calm face, his untroubled eyes. He was helping two little girls across the street; they were looking up at him. . . .

"Talk," shouted the captain.

Bart didn't know what to do. His head ached; he couldn't think. He stood staring.

"Shall I let him have it, Captain?" Pat demanded impatiently.

But the door was flung back and a young man with his hat on the back of his head and a cigarette hanging from his lower lip rushed in.

"Hiya, Cap. Where you got him?"

"How'd you get in here?" shouted the captain, half smiling.

"Walked in. Where's Whitey? Gimme a break, Cap, and I'll get this exclusive. It's a swell beat for me. Ain't I been looking after you guys?"

"Where'd you get the tip?"

"North side."

"It's cold. Whitey got away. But we got his boy friend here."

"Yeah?" The young man turned to stare at Bart, with his thumbs thrust into his lower vest pockets and his coat turned back. Bart saw that he was wearing a fraternity pin. His heart began to beat fast; he was so excited that he couldn't talk.

"Chi S . . S . . Sigma Chi?" he stammered.

The policeman stared popeyed. The cigarette dropped from the reporter's mouth.

"Say," he cried, looking at the captain, "what is this?"

"I'll bite."

The reporter came over to Bart.

"You mixed up with Whitey Macfarlane?"

"No, I never saw the guy before."

"Chi Sigma Chi?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Scioto Military School."

"Shake. Hyde Park. What's the matter with these dumb coppers?"

The captain stared for a moment, then he shouted at Bart:

"What's your name?"

"Barton Marker. I'm from Midland City, Ohio. My father's state veterinarian."

"That's what *you* say."

"It's easy to check," said the reporter. "This looks like a story. Give me the low-down, Marker. My name's Jack Elliott."

The captain got up.

"Pat," he said, "lock this guy up till we investigate."

"Yes, sir," said Pat.

"Now wait a minute," said Elliott. "Have a heart, Cap."

"Not a word of this gets out," said the captain. "If you print a word of this it's your last. Didn't I give you that Romanelli beat?"

"Yeah, but ain't I had your monicker in so much the city editor's beginning to kid me about it? Come clean."

"What a chance! How do I know this kid ain't stalling? We're in bad enough on that Macfarlane getaway. Play ball, Jack. We know about where Whitey is. Play ball, and we'll give it to you exclusive."

The reporter looked at Bart doubtfully for a moment, then his face froze and he turned away.

"Okay," he snapped.

PAT took Bart back through the dark corridor, unlocked his handcuffs and thrust him into a big cell.

"Sonny," he said, "being's your old man is a high-up, if you got a little dough on you I can get you anything you want; booze even. I got some nice rye; five bucks a pint."

"I . . . I've only got twenty cents."

"Yeah? But your old man will spring you, won't he? Sure he will. You can run a charge account with old Pat. Anyway, if you don't pay me I can take that overcoat. It's a pip. What say?"

Bart wanted to punch Pat in the nose. Not two minutes ago this ape had been aching to give him the rubber hose; now he was all friendly and oily, trying to make a dime and get in good at the same time.

"I don't want anything."

Behind Bart a dark form rose from one of the bunks.

"Scram, mackerel-snapper! Beat it. They ain't got nothing fit to eat in this man's jail and now they won't even let you sleep."

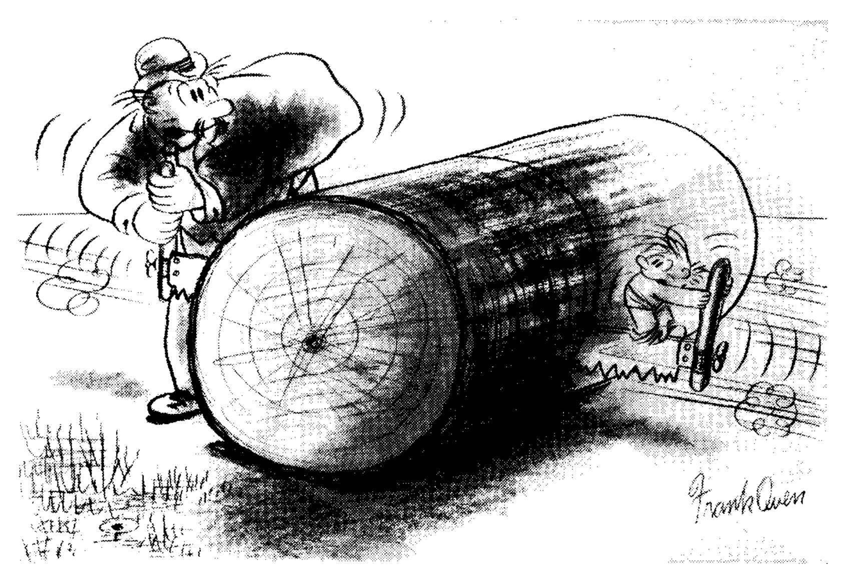
"Shut up, Coggy," said another voice.

Pat's face contorted.

(*Continued on page* 46)

Philbert Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"Hop off, Philbert! We're close enough to the ground for you to start helping!"

A hard picture to get . . . but Agfa film got it!

It's hard to catch fast action without blurring and without loss of detail. But see how Agfa Film does it. Notice how clear-cut the action is . . . note the flying sand . . . yet see the detail in the grain of the wood. Agfa Film's high speed permits fast action pictures without loss of sharpness.

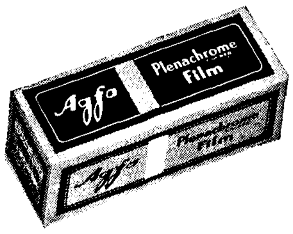
Agfa Leaping figures . . . caught in mid-air . . . outlined sharply, clearly against the sky . . . with a wealth of detail in highlight and in shadow! An unusual photograph!

Yet not so unusual as you might suppose, nor so hard to get . . . if you're using Agfa Plenachrome Film.

Because Plenachrome insures the best possible results . . . under *any* conditions. Its high speed, wide latitude, color sensitivity and amazingly accurate response to light values give you clear, brilliant negatives . . . every detail perfect.

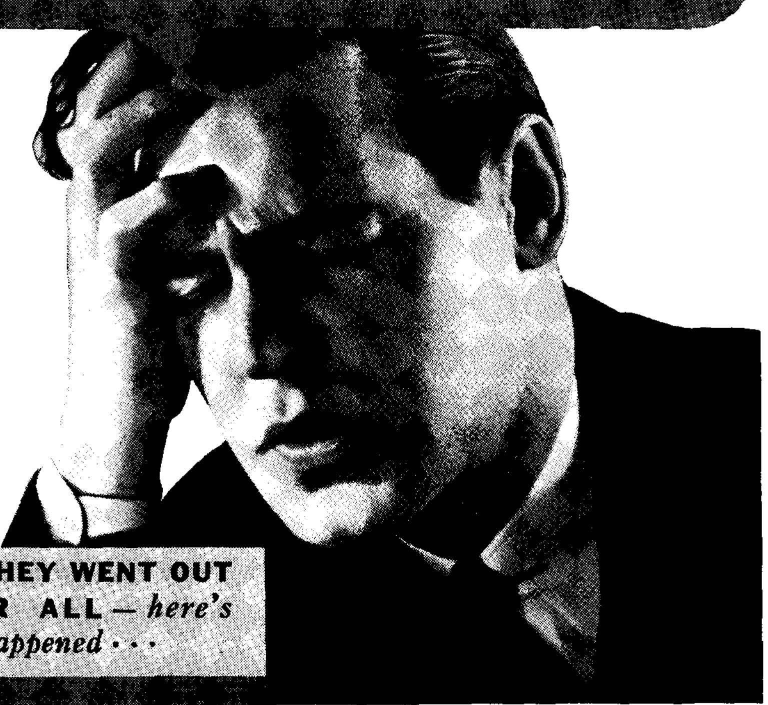
Next time . . . ask for Agfa Plenachrome Film. We are so sure you will be delighted with its extra margin of quality that we offer you every roll with the guarantee of "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free." **Made by Agfa Ansco Corporation in Binghamton, N. Y.**

AGFA
PLENACHROME
MADE IN U. S. A.



THE GUARANTEED FILM

"Aw, let's stay home tonight — I've got a rotten HEADACHE"



BUT THEY WENT OUT AFTER ALL — *here's what happened . . .*

● "Tom and I had planned to see a picture, so I was disappointed when he begged off because of a bad headache. Then I remembered what a friend had told me about Bromo-Seltzer.

● "I phoned the drugstore for some and gave it to Tom. 'Tastes good,' he said, 'but this headache's tough!' Pretty soon, though, he called, 'Hon, the old head's easing up!'

● "Before I knew it, he was ready to go—said the pain was gone, he felt better all over. Now we both take Bromo-Seltzer. It helps my headaches as quickly as it does Tom's."

Why this simple way stops Headaches **FAST**

1. Stops Pain. Bromo-Seltzer goes to work *quickly* to relieve the discomfort—whether it be a stabbing pain or a throbbing ache—that is making it hard for you to concentrate on your work or enjoy your fun.

2. Relieves Nausea. Bromo-Seltzer relieves the nausea that so often accompanies headache. Because of its formula and the form in which you take it, Bromo-Seltzer helps to settle an upset stomach.

3. Quiets Nerves. Bromo-Seltzer quiets nerves. Pain excites the nervous system—causes nerve fatigue, leaves you jittery, restless. Bromo-Seltzer soothes the nerves, relieves strain and fatigue.

4. Reduces Acid. Bromo-Seltzer reduces the excess acid in the blood which accompanies some types of headaches. It helps restore normal alkaline balance. Write for free trial bottle to Emerson Drug Company, Dept. 6, Baltimore, Maryland.

BROMO-SELTZER

FOR HEADACHES—

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Suspect

Continued from page 44

"I'll git you," he shouted. "I'll beat the life out of you, you punk."

"Come in and do it; you ain't tied."

Bart stood there, trembling slightly. This jail was a terrible place. Never could he have imagined anything like it.

"All right, smart guy. When they take you through that little door, think of old Pat."

"Nuts!"

Pat turned to Bart.

"Sure there ain't nothing you want?"

"Not a thing."

"Okay. See you in the morning."

Pat went away. Bart heard the keys clanking down the corridor, then silence. Someone put a hand on his shoulder. He jumped sideways. There was a raucous laugh.

"Jumpy, eh? Don't blame you much. What a guy! You can write your own ticket, buddy, your own ticket. These bulls been busting their pants trying to get their dirty mitts on Whitey, and when they do you upset 'em. Nice work."

"Hiya, boy," the other voice chimed in.

Bart stood staring. "How did you know?"

"Wing, the trusty. He knows everything."

"I'm climbing up," said the other voice. "You take my bunk, buddy. The lower's best. I've seen guys bust their conks wide open falling out. Go ahead. Feeling pretty bad, eh? Wing says they was giving you a going-over and you wouldn't talk. Nice work."

"Well, you see . . ." Bart's head began to throb painfully; he felt dizzy and groped about him till he found the bunk, then he fell back on it.

"Good night, pal," said a voice. "See you in the morning."

COGGY and Monk had already eaten when Pat came with Bart's breakfast. Bart was still asleep. Coggy woke him. Bart sat up, then groaned.

"Not so hot, eh?" said Coggy. "Think nothing of it. Here's little Red Riding Hood with your chow."

Pat unlocked the cell door, put the tray on the floor, then backed out and turned the key quickly.

"See, Monk," said Coggy. "The Irishman ain't taking no chances. Someday I'll bust him wide open when he opens that door." He turned to Bart. "Here's chow, pal. Looks good. Is Whitey paying off already?"

Bart sat up. The room went round and round, then steadied. Coggy whisked the napkin off the tray.

"Wow! Liver and bacon. Orange juice. Buttered toast. Strawberry jam. Hot dog. That's living."

Monk came over to look.

"I wish Whitey was keeping us," he said.

Bart studied the two young bandits. They were both undersized and ugly. Coggy had protruding eyes and an abnormally large jaw. Monk was stooped and had a vicious, sallow face. Coggy had a man on a gallows tattooed on the back of his left hand. Monk had a scar on his cheek which was darker than the rest of his face. They stared at the food on the tray, smacking their lips.

"All I want is coffee," said Bart. "You eat the rest."

"Oh, say . . ."

Bart felt better after drinking his coffee. He sat watching Monk and Coggy, who were wolfing down the food and quarreling over it like a couple of monkeys. When they had licked all the plates clean, they took out makings and rolled cigarettes; then they sat on a bunk and talked. Bart lay back and stared about him. It was like being an animal in a zoo.

"That Whitey!" said Coggy. "Me and Monk was with him on a stand over on the South Side. Is he tough? Me and Monk, we ain't boy scouts . . ."

A new world opened out before Bart; a world of callous brutality, unbelievable hardship, casual murder . . . he thought of the quiet streets of Midland City, the good fellowship, the small quarrels soon made up, the pleasant evenings, the dances which were so much fun . . . beyond this, while he and his friends were dancing or kissing their girls or watching a show, somewhere men were dying in the darkness, police were beating poor morons like Monk and Coggy into insensibility; there was crime and bitter hopelessness and terrible degradation and misery.

PAT was at the door of the cell. Monk and Coggy lapsed into silence, staring at Bart, who got up.

"All right, Mr. Marker," said Pat. "Your father's here."

Bart wanted to sing and laugh and dance. His father, his old man! He was safe. While he was putting on his coat, he turned to look at Monk and Coggy. There they sat, pictures of unconscious misery. No hope for them. Never any hope. They'd swagger sadly through what little of life was left to them. Better if they'd never been born.

"Well," he said, "goodby."

"Goodby, pal," they said. Then Coggy squinted up at him. "This is a spring I don't understand but, anyway, so long and good luck."

"Same to you."

Bart went out, followed by the policeman, who was all obsequiousness and smiles. Bart saw his father standing with the captain and another man. He ran over to him. Doc Marker's red face broke into a wide smile. He took Bart in his arms and kissed him. Bart drew back, ashamed; but no one laughed.

"Just got in, Bart," said Doc Marker. "Took the night train. Well, here you are." Bart's father laughed and looked away. He was embarrassed. Bart was embarrassed also. He wanted to thank his father for rescuing him. But he said nothing.

"This is John Allen, Bart," said Doc, introducing a big, gray-haired man, whose face was stern and florid. "He sort of runs things over here."

"I'll say he does!" said the captain, smiling weakly.

Bart looked at him with hatred.

"Yeah," said Allen. "I run things. Want to take a punch at this big sap here?" He indicated the captain with a jerk of his thumb.

"I wouldn't mind," said Bart.

THE captain smiled again weakly. Then he put his hand on Bart's shoulder.

"If you only knew what I go through every day. How was I to know who you were?"

"You might've asked."

"Never mind now, Bart," said Doc, who was fifty per cent father and fifty per cent politician. "Mistakes will happen. Well, let's go. Mr. Allen's coming down to the Bismarck and have lunch with us, Bart. Then we'll take in a show. Feel up to it?"

"I guess so."

They shook hands all around. The captain pressed Bart's hand with exaggerated friendliness and smiled his best political smile. Bart thought about Monk and Coggy and lowered his eyes. They'd never see a bull smile like that; no, never, if they lived to be a hundred.

Douglas Nets the Earth

Continued from page 20

honor that will be paid to him this week in Washington. For he has trod a plumb, occasionally spectacular, always sound, line from that dormitory roof of disgrace to glory on the South Portico Balcony of the White House, where, in front of newsreel cameras and Distinguished Guests, he will receive from the hands of President Roosevelt this year's award of the Collier Trophy.

A Niche with Aviation's Great

Donald Wills Douglas thus steps into the aeronautical hall of fame, and takes Pedestal Number 21. As he settles, for his immortal sojourn, he can do eyes right and see the greatest men of his science already enshrined, down the line for which, this one year at least, he will form the tail. Last year there was Captain Albert F. Hegenberger, for his blind flying; and before him, Frank Caldwell, for the controllable pitch propeller; and Glenn L. Martin, for his bomber; the Packard Motor Car Company for its Diesel aircraft engine; and Harold Pitcairn and his associates for their autogiro work in this country. So on, through two and a half decades in which man has made the longest strides in fitting on his wings—Lawrance, Reed, Hoffman, Sperry, Loening, Burgess, Wright, Curtiss, and the personnel of the various government air branches—Army, Air Mail, Commerce: all in their year of most glorious and effective achievement, since 1911, when Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's Weekly, conceived and donated this most famous of air trophies to be awarded annually "for the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year."

There will be few in the United States or elsewhere to dispute the snug and righteous fit of this laurel wreath on Douglas' engineering head. Indeed, within his own organization and immediate circle of friends it is passionately said that Doug should have been so recognized long ago. The aviation industry, as you may have suspected when the air mail testimony was on the front pages, is full of prima donnas and their attendant minor jealousies. It is a rule of the National Aeronautic Association that every man or firm who aspires to the Collier Trophy must submit a brief recounting his merits. Copies of the briefs are read independently by each committeeman, who arrives at his choice of winner thus, without interference of any sort, or exchange of opinion. Usually, there are a score or more of briefs. Some years ago, in pique because the coveted Collier Trophy had rested on a rival brow, the Douglas organization quit filing briefs in his behalf. Which goes to show that you cannot shut fame out, by closing the door—when you leave the window blinds up. And this year's Committee for the award of the Collier Trophy peeked in, nodded austerely, and recorded for aeronautical history their decision that the current presentation should be:

"To Donald W. Douglas, for the outstanding twin-engined commercial transport airplane:

"This airplane, by reason of its high speed, economy and quiet passenger comfort, has been generally adopted by transport lines throughout the United States. Its merit has been further recognized by its adoption abroad and its influence on foreign design is already apparent.

"In making this award recognition is given to the technical and production personnel of the Douglas organization."

Briefs this spring were solicited through announcement in the official journal of the National Aeronautic Association, and through private letters to firms, and to other interested persons. The Committee was swamped by the response; more briefs were examined than ever before. The fact that Douglas, unrepresented by a brief, was selected, may cause eyebrow-altitude records in disappointed hangars. But, children, you need pay no attention. First, because the NAA heads are nominal and honorary; and there is no one in the executive phase to carry an axe in search of a grindstone. Second, because the membership of the actual Trophy Committee is made up of notable men in the aeronautical field, whose names guarantee the integrity and impartiality of their opinions: leaders such as Major Alford J. Williams, maestro of aerobatics; Colonel Edgar S. Gorrell, President of the Air Transport Association; Charles L. Lawrance, himself a Trophy winner for his "Whirlwind" motor; L. W. Greve, Fred L. Smith, Powel Crosley, Jr., and J. C. Hunsaker.

When Robert J. Collier first gave the Trophy which bears his name he left it in the trusteeship of the Aero Club of America; thence it passed into the care and guidance of the successor body, the National Aeronautic Association. The latter is the foster parent of aviation progress in the United States; encourages and lends authority to aviation matters; is the official sponsor of races and competitions and the American last court of new records.

Wings That Span the Globe

This year, perhaps more than any other, the handiwork of the recipient of the Collier Trophy will roar its own tribute to his name throughout the world, while America's native homage is expressed by the President in Washington. For the most romantic, as well as most important, feat of this quiet, still young, always modest American was to spread a net that binds the wide earth to little Santa Monica, on the sandy flats between Los Angeles and the sea. Through the huge doors that let onto Clover Field there, monstrous fabricated birds have flown to come home no more, but to wing out their useful days on every continent under the sun and to sell the worthfulness, the genius of American aviation to all peoples.

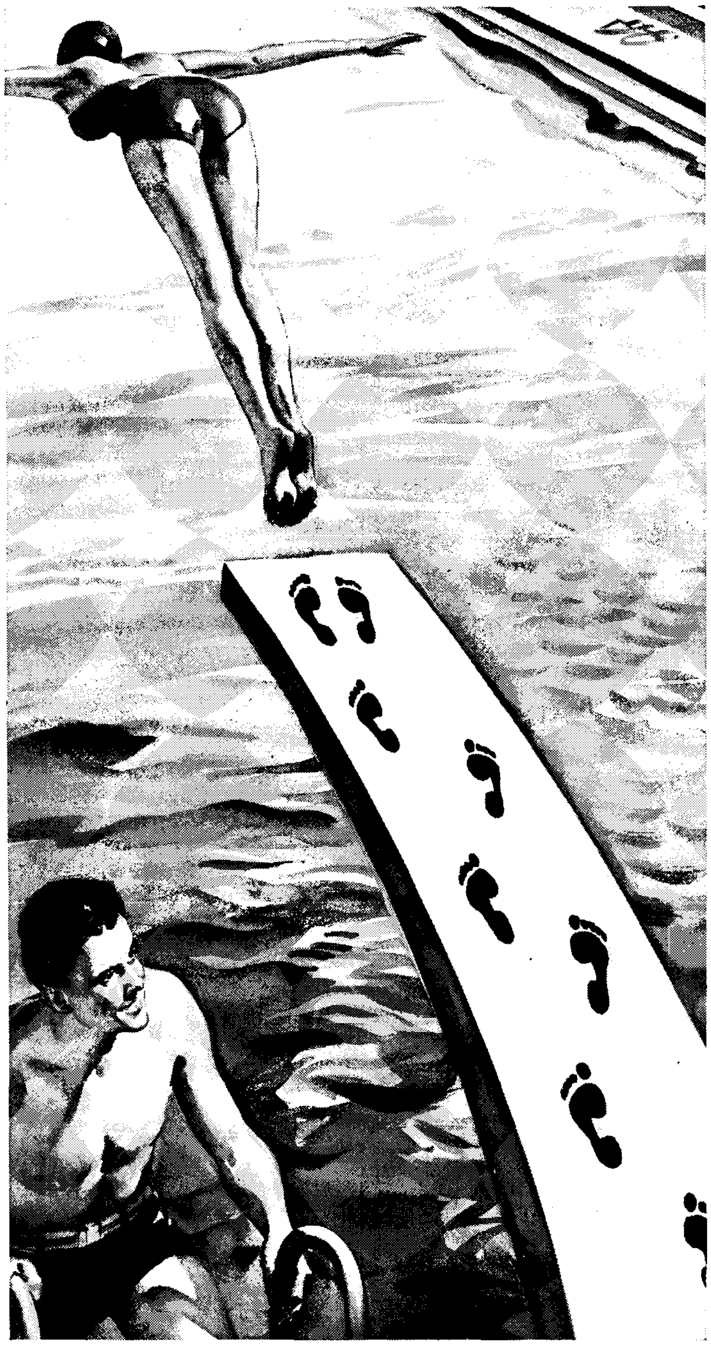
You will find the trademark of Douglas in skies over Asia, the farthest East Indies, the Swiss Alps, the mountains of our own hemisphere, both north and south. You will see, fluttering from its dragon-like nose in many climes, the flags of The Netherlands, of Switzerland, of Germany and Poland, of China and Norway and Japan, of various republics of South America. I shall not forget my own thrill one hot morning in Cairo, when I was on my way home from the Ethiopian war, and the plane that was to carry me across the Mediterranean to Athens came in over the desert from Persia; and I recognized, from its number and markings, the very ship that I had seen on the end of the production line in the Douglas plant in California eight months before.

We had a good talk, the Dutch pilot and I, while the Pyramids slid below; and he extolled the wonderful planes that had shortened his long haul from Amsterdam to Java by several days. He liked the Douglas ship especially, he said, because it gave him more time at home,

(Continued on page 48)

THE NEXT ONE IN GETS

ATHLETE'S FOOT!



SHE'S A "CARRIER"★

THE young lady who just made the beautiful swan dive has Athlete's Foot.

If you could see the infection her bare feet spread you would hesitate before you put your own feet on the plank.

The danger lurks everywhere—at the club, at the beach, even in your own bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Why not use Absorbine Jr. as an Ounce of Prevention?

Since it kills the fungus, it is foolhardy to wait until you get Athlete's Foot before doing something about it.

Keep a bottle in your club locker.

Douse it on after every swim, every shower.

If you already have a case of Athlete's Foot, use Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

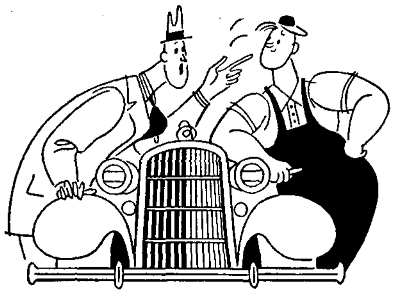
So stubborn is the fungus that reinfection may occur from your own socks, unless boiled 20 minutes or so when washed. If you have a bad case, see a doctor.

Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. and accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually dangerous to your condition. Price, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn



DON'T GET EXCITED, MISTER

"We'll give you the best oil we can buy... but we can't keep it from getting sludgy and tarry looking right after you begin to use it. That's up to you!"

"You've got a *genuine* Purolator Oil Filter under that hood. For 8000 miles it's kept your oil clean... so clean that for around half that distance it's even kept its bright, natural color. But *after* about 8000 miles, the Purolator is so full of the sludge, grit, hard carbon and small metal particles it's taken from the oil stream that it can no longer protect your engine. *That's* when repair bills begin." So remember this:

RE-SERVICE YOUR PUROLATOR AFTER ABOUT 8000 MILES

and for further information write Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, New Jersey, makers of

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter On Your Motor Car

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

•

Important Notice

TO OWNERS OF FORD V-8

Passenger Cars or Trucks

You can now secure a GENUINE Purolator Oil Filter with all attachments, at a price of $3.25 plus a small charge for installation. Ask your service station.

IF YOU want extra money, don't let the lack of a coupon keep you from inquiring about our attractive offer for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. *Write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hot Aching FEET

Quickly Relieved and Refreshed

Aching, sore or swollen feet are quickly relieved by Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. This invigorating, healing, medicated balm drives out inflammation; eases sore muscles and joints; soothes irritated nerves; reduces swelling; quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it and you'll never be without it. Get a jar today at your drug, shoe or dept. store, 35¢. For *free booklet* on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 448 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

D^r Scholl's FOOT BALM

(Continued from page 47)

in Holland, with his wife and children.

It was a crew of these flying Dutchmen, with their ruddy faces and bristling necks and calmest and bluest of all human eyes, pioneers of the world's longest and most colorful air line—Holland to Batavia, 9,000 miles—who gave to the Douglas plane its first great international fame. Parmentier and Moll, Dutch aces, flew K.L.M.'s first Douglas in the Robertson "London to Melbourne" air derby. A British pair, in a stripped racing ship, making a breakneck dash, won first to the tape—and gallantly. But the practical victory went to the team of nonflusterable Hollanders who, carrying passengers and regular load and crew of four, and making every scheduled K.L.M. stop on the way, finished second—so close behind that there was no crowing from the first; so far ahead that there were no alibis from the next best.

The European aviation industry sustained a shock which brought questions in Parliament and howls in Chambers. For once, there was no sarcastic dismissal of "another Yankee bluff."

All this stems from the escapade of a slim youngster in a blue middy uniform, who preferred puttering to formalized study. Donald Wills Douglas had gone to the Academy from New York City, where he was born; and where he has been no more than he can help, ever since. Papa William E. Douglas, now an understandingly proud director of Douglas Aircraft, was assistant cashier in the Park National Bank. The Douglases are of United Kingdom ancestry, Episcopalians, and I hope you don't need to be told that makes them Republicans.

A Sound and Steady Growth

While the very nature of his business and his own lack of capital forced Doug to accept some rather desperate financial chances in the earliest days of his company, he is no gambler. National defense may not be as imaginative nor as glamorous as national expansion, but it is a better customer because it is based on fear and must buy ceaselessly; whereas the other is founded in hope, and shops for holes in the clouds before it lays out cash. So Doug built military planes and the millions rolled in, come prosperity, come depression. The other lads scurried up and down the sandy barometer of commercial industry.

Doug's shadow never fell upon American commercial aviation through its lean years, when the pioneers were putting down without taking up; then, suddenly, after it was a hearty and successful brat, he walked in and virtually took it for his own.

Today, there is no uncertainty in Donald Wills Douglas' life. He is the winner of aviation's foremost trophy; he is the bedrock of the military air services; civil flight operators in every land beg him to accept them as customers; and his plant's growth is dictated only by his Scotch caution. Not by any considerations of financing; there is no end to what the banks would be glad to lend him, in his extraordinary success. He has six thousand employees, and twenty million dollars' worth of undelivered business on his books; and he thinks nothing of spending hundreds of thousands on pure experimentation. Yet not long ago he was almost lost for want of a few hundred dollars.

Just before the war he went from Massachusetts Tech into a job with Glenn L. Martin, who was then in the throes of his own romantic beginnings. Martin, too, has been a consistent builder to the military, and has made outstanding, if belated, contributions to commercial air transport. He had the Collier Trophy to show off in his Baltimore plant in 1933.

Doug engineered busily in Martin's little plant in Los Angeles, until the outbreak of war; then he became a civilian aeronautical engineer for the Army, and later rejoined Martin, as chief engineer of Glenn's new plant in Cleveland. In 1921, having saved up $600, he folded up his tent—and his slide rule—on the shores of Lake Erie, and stole away to Los Angeles to be a builder in his own right.

There was a rich friend—David R. Davis, who, in addition to cash, had a well-equipped hobby tool shop and grandiose dreams of fame in the skies. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," said Doug, "if I were to build a nice big airplane—with your money—and you were to fly it all the way across the continent, right over the whole United States, without a single stop?" Davis' eyes filled and glistened in the fashion of a true adventurer's. So Doug sent to Cleveland for half a dozen of his Martin factory pals; of whom at least three are now among the first citizens of Santa Monica.

They weren't sure they were going to like California, however, that first day; for they no sooner got their tools unpacked in the empty room back of a barber shop on West Pico Street than they got a typical Southern California greeting—pictures danced on the walls in their honor, plaster cracked, chimneys fell, and everybody rushed into the street yelling "Quake!" Doug almost had to resort to blows to keep them off the next eastbound train. Then — dangerously like Axel, the Danish carpenter, who built a boat in his attic and then couldn't get it out—the young aviation firm had to figure in his engineering plans for the Davis non-stop continental ship the *size of the elevator shaft through which its fuselage would have to be lowered from their second-floor room.*

Optimistically, Doug called his first ship the "Cloudster"—and it did rise to almost 20,000 feet in its tests; moreover, it was the first plane ever built that lifted from the ground a useful load equal to its own dead weight. After one unsuccessful attempt at March Field, in Riverside, Davis finally got it off the ground and laid away for New York, non-stop. Indeed, he did reach El Paso—which was a terrific achievement, for that year—before engine trouble fetched him to earth, and a sudden prairie twister mauled the Cloudster before it could be chucked into a barn. Davis, plumb discouraged, rubbed the dreams out of his eyes and went back to mundane interests.

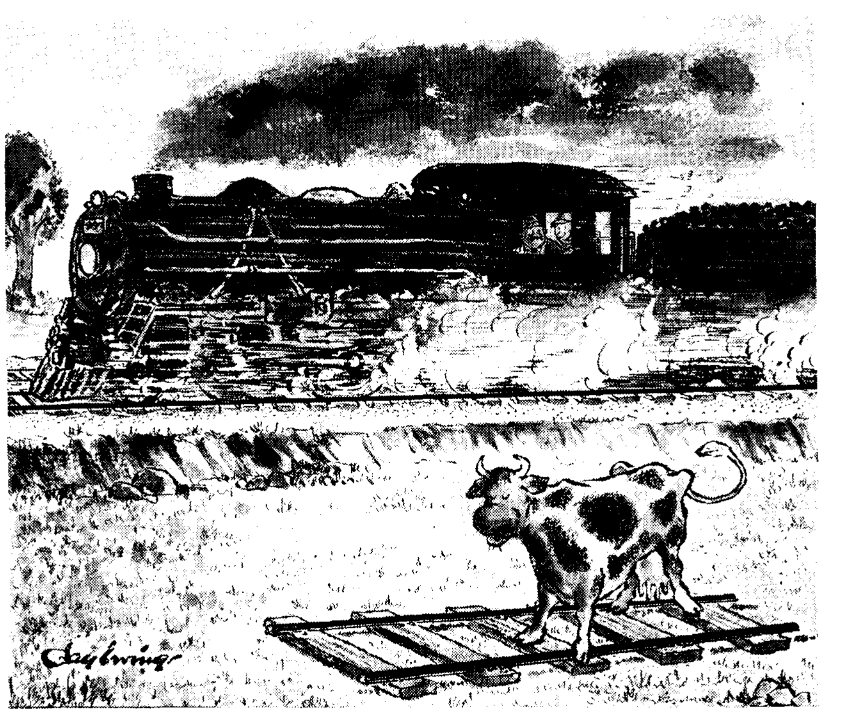
While all this was going on, Doug read in the papers the announcement of a Navy competition for a "torpedo" airplane—that is, a ship planned to carry torpedoes aloft and launch them at people with whom we are, officially, not getting along. So Doug plotted, and drew, and scratched his thatch; and then one day momentous word came from Washington—his blueprints had won favor, all evidently was forgiven about hitting the admiral on the head, and Doug was to get an experimental contract for three torpedo planes at a total price of $119,500, with payments to be doled out by the Navy in such fashion that he needed only $15,000 of his own in cash to begin the actual production. Doug rushed to friend Davis, but that flyer's aviation ideas were still in his shoes.

Twelve Years—1,000 Ships

Doug got his start through his friend, Davis; and he won a permanent anchor base through his friend, Bill Henry. Bill, a Los Angeles newspaperman, had been in Cleveland as advertising manager of the Martin company—briefly, for he was too good a reporter to waste time in such work. Douglas, setting up in California, had renewed his friendship with Bill; and now turned to him in the little matter of the $15,000. Bill took him to wealthy Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles Times. Chandler detected in the young airplane builder's eager story overtones that promised an industry useful and stimulating to Southern California. He snatched up an envelope (according to one version of the legend; it is more likely, however, that he called in his secretary and had a nice, neatly typed and spaced letter written) and wrote down the names of ten wealthy Angelenos, and a note urging each to pledge with him one tenth of the sum that Douglas needed.

Henry knocked off from his typewriter—as any reporter will do at the drop of a check—and made the rounds with Douglas, introducing him to the ten rich men; sticking with him until he got the signatures of all. That money, plus miscellaneous aid in the forms of credit and material from other kindly disposed folks, and ofttimes the newspaper salary check of Bill Henry, was dumped in the nick of time into the Santa Monica bank to meet the little pay roll of the Douglas company—and the ships that were to

(Continued on page 50)



"She's gonna be awful mad when she finds out it ain't the real thing. . . ."

JAY IRVING

NOW . . . ONLY 25¢ TO GIVE TEETH *Twice* THE BRILLIANCE!

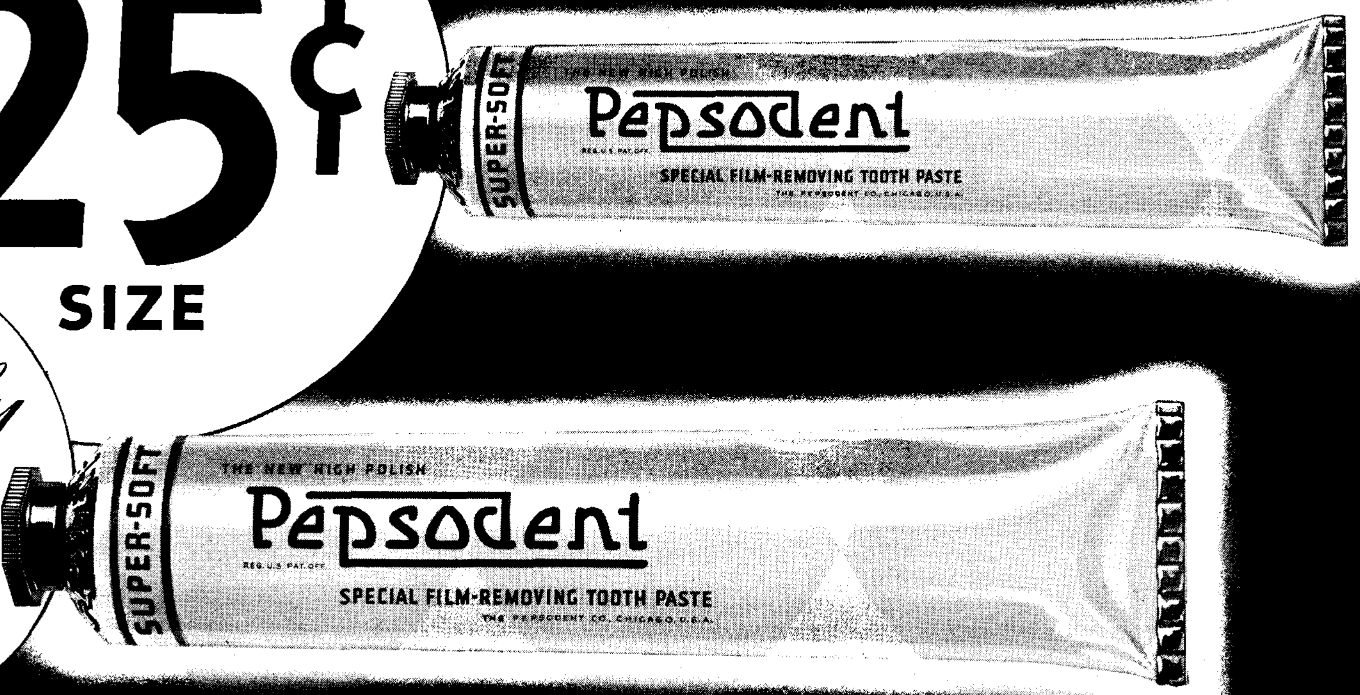
Special at all Dealers

SALE ON NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

New **25¢ SIZE**

FORMER 50¢ SIZE *Now Only* **40¢**

Holds twice as much as 25c size


SUPER-SOFT
THE NEW HIGH POLISH
Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.
SUPER-SOFT
THE NEW HIGH POLISH
Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES

In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent's history!

A Big new 25c size tube

Former 50c size now only 40c

Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known . . . Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT! Try it today. See why millions are switching to this new-day tooth paste discovery!

New! Super-Soft, High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste

1. **GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!**
   New $200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.
2. **MAKES TEETH LOOK CLEANER TWICE AS LONG—SAFELY!**
   You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists' tests.
3. **BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!**
   Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.

HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!

I GIVE UP! THOSE CHILDREN JUST WEAR ME OUT

...but it isn't the children. It's your tired, run-down condition

Do trifles get on your nerves? Are you often on edge, irritable, ready to "fly off the handle"? And do you tire easily? Do the simplest household tasks leave you worn out, exhausted?

Be careful! These symptoms are very often Nature's way of warning you that your body is not receiving sufficient Iron, or some other important food essential. Don't blame it on the children if their pranks make you feel cross and provoked. *Check up on yourself!*

How thousands "build up" with this Iron-rich food tonic

If any of the symptoms described above fit you—here's a suggestion. Try Cocomalt—the wonderfully delicious tonic in food form.

Cocomalt supplies Iron for red blood and strength.—And it's IRON that is easily assimilated by the body! Cocomalt contains Carbohydrates which furnish food energy needed for the strenuous activities of our modern high-pressure living. It contains Calcium, Phosphorus and Vitamin D so necessary for strong bones and teeth and it furnishes Proteins for building solid flesh and muscle.

Read below how Cocomalt helped Mrs. M. Campbell gain new strength.

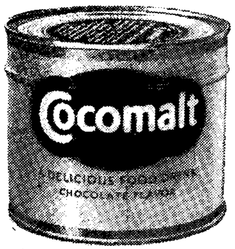
If *you* are run-down and inclined to be nervous you owe it to yourself to try Cocomalt. Of course, it is impossible to say that Cocomalt will benefit everyone. *But it has helped so many thousands renew strength and energy*—that you should not fail to see what Cocomalt can do for you.

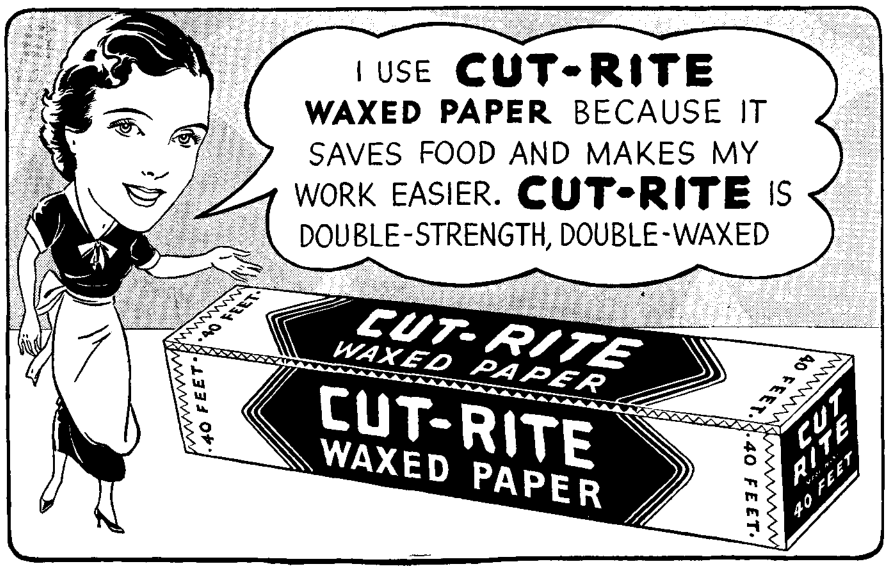
Cocomalt comes in convenient powder form; designed always to be mixed with milk. Delicious HOT or COLD. Sold by grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans.

MORE PEP AND ENERGY THAN EVER!

"The simplest tasks wore me out. I felt tired and listless. I read about Cocomalt and began to drink it every day. I began to feel like a new person. I have more pep and energy now than I have had in a long time."—*Mrs. Marie Campbell,* Chicago, Ill.

Don't confuse Cocomalt with mere milk flavorings, malted or cocoa drinks. Cocomalt is a delicious food tonic that supplies six vital food essentials. Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N J.




I USE CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER BECAUSE IT SAVES FOOD AND MAKES MY WORK EASIER. CUT-RITE IS DOUBLE-STRENGTH, DOUBLE-WAXED
CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER
CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER
40 FEET
40 FEET
40 FEET
40 FEET
CUT RITE 40 FEET

Douglas Nets the Earth

Continued from page 48

weave, like benevolent spiders, a net around the earth, began to sail forth. In the next dozen years he sold more than one thousand ships to the Army, Navy, Post Office, and Coast Guard, with another couple of hundred-odd scattered over the domestic air lines, and into foreign military and civil hangars.

The romance went out of Doug's personal enterprise, once he got started on his military building career; but it has been abundantly carried by more than one of those thousand ships. If you want proof of the former, of the prosaic side—the Douglas company has no funded debt, and has never failed to close a year with a profit. As to the latter, the romantic factor—well, for one example, the United States Army Air Corps fleet that made the epochal first flight around the world, in 1924, were Douglases.

His circumscribed activities, prior to 1932, had made Douglas well known in technical aviation, and in military circles—but he was quite unknown to the public, even the air-minded sections. It is a curious turn that the commercial transport, which brought him his current fame, was neither his idea nor altogether his development. It was a hybrid fruit; circumstances within a stagnated industry, crossed with an air line pilot's dream of a good modern ship, as put on paper by Jack Frye, president of T.W.A. and a former mail pilot, together with his bright young associates of cockpit and drafting board.

The Birth of the Douglas Transport

The building of large transport planes for the important American civil air lines had been something of a closed shop until 1932. Ford, with a very good ship—advanced in all points of comfort, safety, performance, and reliability—dominated the market, and seemed on the way to a position in aviation similar to his automobile experience. Tony Fokker, Dutch genius, whilom builder for the enemy Germans, ran him a stout race. Then Ford—broken-hearted, it was said, by the death of a protégé, one of his brightest young test pilots—suddenly cleared his heels of aviation. Fokker, with the Knute Rockne accident charged against his ships—found the handicap of prejudice against him as a foreigner, active enmity in Navy and Army bureaus, too much. The field was open, and Boeing of Seattle split it still wider with a fine low-wing monoplane that carried ten or eleven passengers, a stewardess, and two pilots across the continent at 150 miles an hour or better.

It was now that Jack Frye and his colleagues came into the picture. Their line needed a life saver—and got it, when the quiet and practical young Frye took charge. He caused to be drawn up in his organization a book of specifications—this thick—for a new plane for use on his line. The book was months in the writing, as it had been years in the making by experience. His own ideas were in it; and those of old-time pilots, and of younger men, and engineers, and everybody in the company who had something practical and workable and definite to offer. All these were sifted, and tested in so far as possible; discussed and amended. The result was the so-thick book, which was the beginning of the now famous Douglas transport. Jack Frye sent his specifications, with a letter asking for bids, to five of the foremost aircraft builders—Curtiss-Wright, Ford, Martin, Consolidated, and Douglas.

Douglas, who saw the pathetic confusion in the industry behind the specifications even as clearly as he saw the specifications themselves, jumped in with both feet and all his engineers. He jumped first and he jumped farthest. James H. Kindelberger, his chief engineer; Arthur E. Raymond, assistant chief, all the others, rolled up their sleeves. They soon laid a satisfactory bid on Frye's desk, and got the contract for a first ship at $125,000: and a great many more at around $60,000 apiece if Number One made good. It did, and the era of high-speed, high-altitude, quiet-cabin, modern air transportation had begun. That was the DC2—which, decoded, probably means Douglas Commercial Number 2. I don't know anything about DC1.

The Ship of the Future

DC3 is coming from Santa Monica now; and it is the useful giant that brought the Collier Trophy home to Doug. Almost half a hundred of these ships are on order, or have already begun to function over our domestic air lines. Each has a wingspread of ninety-five feet—equal nearly to the frontage of five average city lots—weighs twelve tons, loaded, and will travel across the land at more than one fifth the rate of the rotation of the earth.

Meanwhile, in Doug's pet department, a barred and guarded room known in Santa Monica as "The Holy of Holies," DC4 is already more than a dream. Moreover, a military brother—a veritable monster, whose commercial possibilities suggest New York to London with fifty passengers in sixteen hours—which no one is permitted to see, or even to mention without crossing himself, is in the works. DC4 is months from actual use. It will cost close to a million before it is ready for unveiling. It will be, no doubt, a greater advance over DC3 than the latter was over DC2—which only yesterday was hailed as revolutionary, and is now hoary. Doug, however, insists it won't be "revolutionary": in the clipped New England accent that he picked up in his year in Boston, he insists there is "nothing revolutionary in the airplane business. It's just a matter of development. What we've got today is the Wright Brothers' airplane, developed and refined; but the basic principles are just what they always were."

Donald Wills Douglas is about forty-five now, looks younger, which is a small trick for rich men with time and inclination to play at outdoor hobbies. His is sailing. He was a member of the 1932 Olympic Games United States Yacht crew, is a commodore of something or other, and has a lot of pretty but impractical silver mugs. He made Santa Monica yacht conscious, and inspired the town's nice little harbor. But he has not made sailors of Santa Monicans; a fleet of dories he designed and built for them a few years ago has gone to the bottom or the junk pile, and the Santa Monicans have gone back to their automobiles. They like Douglas, though, and his wife and their attractive family of four boys and one girl. They will all come around, too, those neighbors, to see the Collier Trophy, when Doug puts it on show.

And if you wander by for a look and happen to ask Doug his opinion of the future of aviation, he will take you out and show you the sliding doors to the big addition he is now building to his factory. "Those doors," he will tell you, "could accommodate an airplane with a 250-foot wingspread!"

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 15

in the crush. She was watching him, not the collapsing house. She was watching him all the while.

A ripping detonation jerked him around. The roof had fallen in on the second floor and Moynihan's boys were up there jiggling on the flattened shingles. Others were crawling out of the wreckage, coming down a stairway swaying under their weight. Like all buildings along the road, this one had been nothing more than a shell of boards hooked to a fragile skeleton—and now it fell piece by piece. Axes slashed into the steps; two-by-fours began squalling against the nails that held them, and then the stairway crashed to the ground. A plank behind the building burst like a gunshot, releasing some key support; all the weight of the wrecked upper story sagged on the lower supports. Moynihan's men swarmed around to one side of the building. Moynihan's voice yelled: "Together—yo—yo—yo!" They were putting their weight against it. Of a sudden the lower floor slid sidewise and Straight-Edge Annie's house crumpled completely to the ground, its skeleton and its framework an interlocked mass of boards pointed askew.

Overmile turned. He stared at Peace queerly. "What next?"

Moynihan trotted up, the sweat pouring down his face and drenching his cotton shirt. He cocked his gray head, smiling in a glittering, pleased way. "Would there be another buildin' to wurrk on, Mr. Peace?"

Peace said: "The drinks are on Sid Campeaux."

Overmile murmured, "A nice thought." He followed Peace as the latter shouldered his way through the crowd. His men were storming along behind. Peace wheeled at the Club's wide doorway and went in. And stopped.

The excitement outside had drained this vast barn of a place dry. Through the layered smoke he saw the barkeeps making a lonely stand behind the long bar; the band sat idly on the platform, and all Campeaux's girls were crowded in a far corner, looking uncertainly out across the barren floor. There wasn't a player at any of the tables. Roy Lovelace sat on his stool, dealing himself a game of solitaire, and his wife stood, as always, by his shoulder. The rest of the gamblers sat by their rigs, woodenly watching Peace. Campeaux waited at the end of the bar with Al Brett at his left hand, with two other men ranked behind him.

MOYNIHAN'S men crowded up. Peace crossed over, walking along the bar until he was near enough to see Campeaux's lids rise and throw out a blank, thoroughly inscrutable glance.

Peace said, over his shoulder: "Ask for what you want, Collie—it's on the house. If you don't get it, take it." Campeaux's lids drew nearer together. Al Brett's feet crept farther apart.

"Sid," said Peace, "we've pulled your building down and the boys are dry. It's your treat."

Campeaux murmured: "Your fun comes high for me. Some day it'll come high for you."

"It wouldn't be much of a job to pull this joint down, Sid." Peace said that softly, but there was no softness in him.

Campeaux lifted his arm to the nearest barkeep. "On the house." Moynihan's Irishmen yelled. Al Brett's feet kept shifting on the floor; a faintly florid color got into his cheeks.

Peace said: "Mitch Dollarhide made a mistake in judgment, and he's dead. Don't send dumb men after me, Campeaux."

"I'll remember that, Bucko," murmured Campeaux. Then he permitted a little emotion to warm his talk. "You're a fool, which I have just discovered. You turned the dogs loose tonight, like you did in Julesburg. It's a risky thing—as you'll remember when I turn that pack against you."

Peace showed his streaked smile. "I don't hire men to do my chores, Sid. Something about you stinks to me." He stared at Campeaux in a way that was hopefully eager. "Take exception to the remark?"

Campeaux's big jaws grew tight. He let the sighing moment go by; his lids shut out another fraction of his eyes. "No," he said, "not now. I'll just remember what you said."

PEACE laughed then and that laugh slapped Campeaux across the cheeks deliberately. Peace turned and walked across the long floor, out through the doorway. Overmile, set on thin edge, slowly backed away, not letting his glance stray from Al Brett, so obviously cocked for trouble. He retreated in this manner as far as the doorway and wheeled to follow Peace. Morgan had come up. The three of them went along the walk, past Laramie's tents and log huts and raw-pine buildings.

"You cut things pretty fine," sighed Overmile.

"Where's Tarrant's people?" asked Morgan.

Peace said: "We'll wire them, tonight. In Omaha." There was the smell of coffee in the wind. Peace saw a small counter inside a tent cabin's doorway. He swung there on impulse and went in. He had his head down and he didn't lift it until he had pulled his long body up to a stool. But when he did he found Nan Normandy standing behind the counter.

Overmile said, pleased, "You're here?"

"Yes," she said, and continued to look at Peace. It was as he had remembered—that pride and gravity written in her eyes. A self-reliance that struck him with a force. But he dropped his head again, weariness pressing on his shoulders. "Coffee, if you've got it." Overmile was talking, drawling gaiety in his tone, definitely shaken out of his somber mood. Peace heard her step back beyond a partition to a kitchen beyond. He rested his head between his two broad hands, shielding his eyes from the light.

Coming back with the coffee, Nan Normandy observed the drawn quality of his face. She put a cup in front of him, gentle in the way she spoke:

"You need this."

Overmile said: "How about me?"

Peace drank his coffee black. The heat of it halted him a little; it pulled him out of a deep hole. Nan Normandy stood back from the counter, hands behind her. The light was kind to her, softening and tinting her cheeks. Her shoulders made a pleasant shape against the rough wall, and a remote smiling turned the corners of her lips. It was something, Peace thought, that lived unquenchably inside her.

Phil Morgan dropped his question into the silence with a suave dryness. "This your place, Miss Normandy?"

She said, "Yes," and let her eyes touch Morgan a moment. The man's manner put something into her glance that was thoroughly enigmatic. As though she felt and reacted to the skepticism with which he regarded all women.

"Rough country for you," commented Morgan.

"Perhaps," she said, "I like life that way."

"It may be," agreed Morgan, and rose

(*Continued on page 52*)

Saved by Simoniz!

Caught in a Desert Sandstorm

Sand! Sand! Whirling, slashing, cutting sand! Rugged road-men ran for shelter, yet this Pontiac sped on! Blasts of sand destroyed the chrome, pitted the windshield, wore enamel off license plates . . . "but never even so much as scratched the finish, because it was Simonized!"—says the owner, O. F. Weissgerber, Chula Vista, Calif.

SIMONIZ WILL PROTECT YOUR CAR'S FINISH . . . ALWAYS!

Whether you drive on city streets or through the desert, the finish of your car is safe . . . if Simonized. For Simoniz withstands all conditions of climate and weather. In fact, it's the best "beauty insurance" for any car. It makes the finish last longer, and keeps the colors from fading. Moreover, Simoniz is easy to put on, but hard for weather to wear off. So, give your car this wonderful protection now! If already dull and discolored, first use Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre. It is easier to use, faster, and cleans more thoroughly . . . yet absolutely safe and extremely economical. Then follow up with Simoniz, and your car will stay beautiful for years!

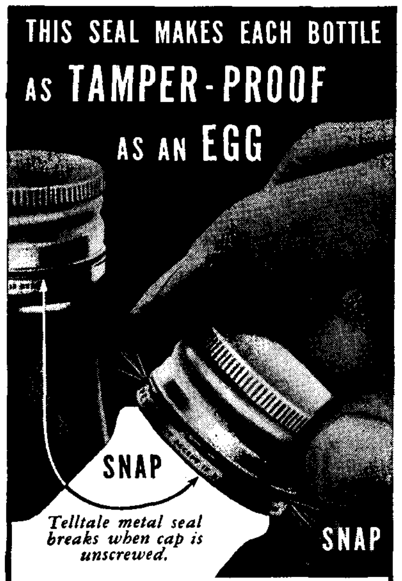
Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. There's nothing like them!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

THIS SEAL MAKES EACH BOTTLE AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG



WHEN YOU BUY
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
See Page 53
YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

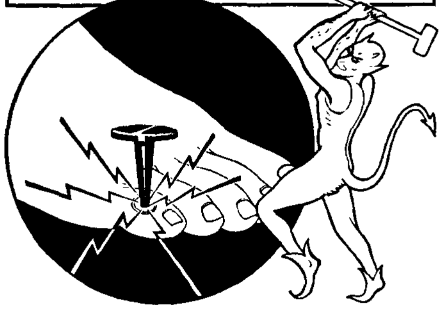
YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

NOW I EAT
ONIONS
Upset Stomach Goes in Jiffy with Bell-ans

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!



THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO REMOVE ROOT AND ALL

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it *all* out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful *double-action* corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today; 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

(Continued from page 51)

from his stool, paying the bill. Overmile got up reluctantly. "You're a light in a weary world. I think I better drink my coffee more often. It ain't a bad habit." The two men stood there, waiting for Peace to go. Peace slowly revolved his cup, watching the grounds stir in the bottom. He didn't move and he didn't say anything and Phil Morgan, keen in his observations, spoke up then: "Come on, Leach."

"What the hell?" grunted Overmile.

PEACE looked around, minutely surprised. Overmile stood high and solemn in the light, discontent rippling his cheeks; and then he followed Morgan out of the place. Peace turned back to the girl.

"Usually," she observed, "you are more direct in your methods."

"Yes," he agreed. "I wanted to stay. I wanted to see you."

"Here I am."

"No," he said. "Not for any reason. Not because I'm curious."

She said gently: "Just because?"

"I guess so." He spread his elbows out on the counter and he let his glance absorb the fullness of the picture she made against the barren wall. The color of her hair was rich yellow. Her eyes were hazel and as steady as any he had ever seen. Self-reliance, he thought again. But there was more to her than that. A love of life that her lips could not entirely hide, a hunger that her reserve could not entirely suppress. In all her ways she was a brave, fair woman.

He said, all out of patience: "Why are you here?"

She was suddenly smiling in a way that lighted all her expressive features.

"Well," he admitted, "strike out the question. Maybe I am curious."

She ceased to smile. "No," she said, "I want to tell you. I'm here because it is where I want to be. Because there isn't any reason why I should be elsewhere. My father ran away when I was seven. My mother died a year later. I was brought up by relatives in St. Louis—and I was supposed to marry a man there, and be content to go on living in St. Louis. It was a family arrangement, made many years ago." She stopped to give him a long, thoughtful glance. "How can I tell you?"

"Restless?" he suggested. "Unhappy?"

"No, people have always been kind to me. But it has always been an impersonal kindness. I never really belonged to anybody, after Mother died. Nobody belonged to me. I stayed in a house, with my uncle and my aunt and my cousins. But I only stayed there, just somebody extra. It didn't matter, to me or to them. Do you see? An emptiness."

He said: "What do you expect to find here?"

HER small, reliant shoulders lifted and fell. "Who knows? But life shouldn't be empty for anyone. It should be full, it should mean something."

"There are some bad endings to that trail," he pointed out.

It was her strong pride that he saw then; it straightened her. "Not for me. I'm not afraid—and I want nothing cheap." Her manner changed. She came toward the counter. "You have been hurt. I was walking in the alley. I saw you carry your friend down the stairway."

He rose, tired and yet still restless. He said: "Do you have to stay here?"

She gave him a long glance, that calm and direct and candid exploration setting up in him a definite reaction. She said, "Callie," and waited until a mulatto girl came out of the back room. "Keep the place for a few minutes, Callie." She came around the counter.

In the street, Peace took her arm and they walked like that through the straying crowd.

"There is one other reason," she said. "This spring I heard that my father had been seen out here. I should like to see him—to know what he looked like. He's the only person in the world I can claim."

"Suppose you found him," said Peace. "What would you say to him?"

They went idly on, a long silence coming between. When she at last spoke, her voice was very gentle. "I don't know. I think he broke Mother's heart. Yet from all that I have been told about him, he was a man born with wanderlust in him, unable to be still and unable to stand responsibility. I want to find him. To tell him I hate him—or to tell him I'm sorry for him." Her tone dropped to gentleness. "I don't know which."

He stopped and the peremptory gesture of his arm brought her around. Her face lifted, white and soft in this darkness, her straight figure swaying faintly. He said, "There are few women like you," and the sense of her presence was stronger and stronger to him, feeding the wild impulse that flashed its way through his restraint. He pulled her toward him; he lifted her head and kissed her in a hard, half-angered manner. She let him have his way, with the pressure of her lips unsettling him beyond anything he had known.

He stepped back. He dropped his hands. She made a still shape in these shadows. He said, carefully: "I don't think I can explain that."

Her voice was one note above whispering. "I can. You are a very full man, Frank. So full that your needs hurt you. You have a girl in Cheyenne waiting for you, but Cheyenne is far away—and you're lonely."

He said, almost humbly: "How did you know?"

"It isn't hard to know about you. You cut too wide a trail not to throw your personality across other men and make them talk about you."

They turned by common thought and strolled back. There was no more ease between them. Something lay definitely here, troubling him in a way he could not understand. They came back to the boardwalk and went along it, as far as her little restaurant. She stood a moment in the doorway, one hand rested on the casing, composed and aloof.

He removed his hat.

"I shall not make that mistake again."

"Mistake?"

He said: "Impoliteness, then."

She smiled, her lips turned in a sweet, womanly way. But he could no longer read her glance. The candidness was gone, the directness gone. She turned without saying more.

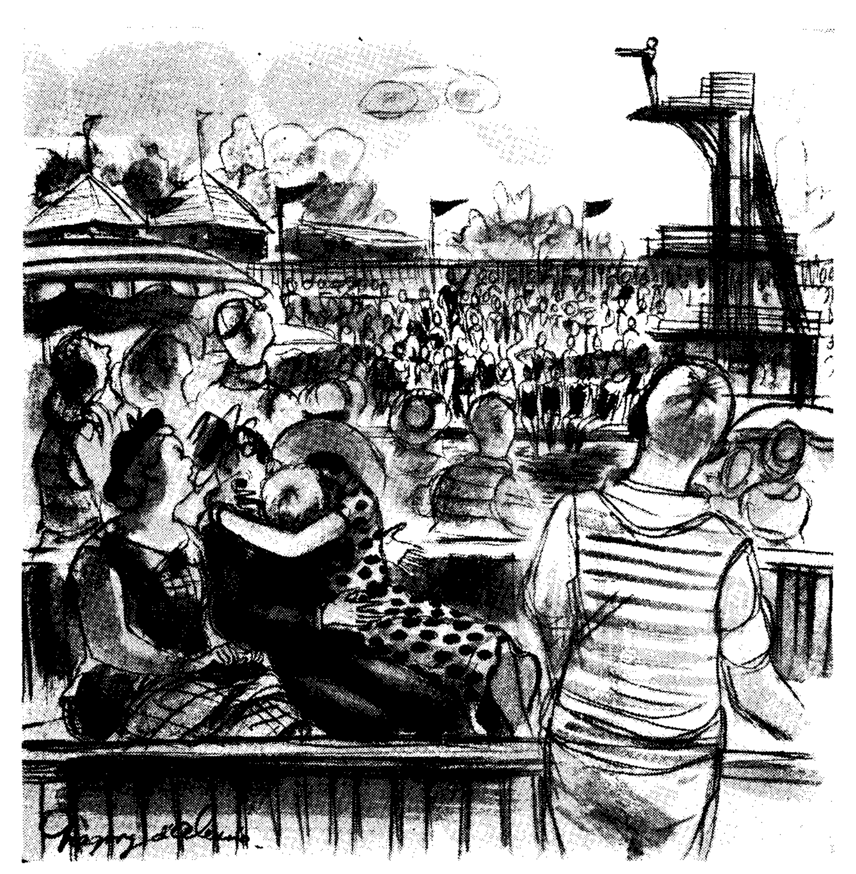
Peace sheered off into the crowd. He went toward the club, and stopped to pull his thinking together. The traveling stream of men slowly turned him and shunted him until he stood at the edge of the boardwalk. There he remained, his head tipped down and a long, sharp line creased across his brow. He thought: "I'll have to find Doc Harrison and tell him about Tarrant," and got out his pipe and tobacco. There had been a moment of ease, and afterwards he had kissed this girl and a door had closed in his face. He clamped the pipe between his teeth, drawing in the good smoke; his lips stretched, and thus he stood, squinting at the lights of the commissary shack across the way, not really seeing them.

ABE KLEIN walked into a corner of his vision, stopping there with another man. Klein had huddled himself close to this other one, talking swiftly. "You want to speculate, hey? Don't speculate. You put your money into something sure, like I tell you. Here is Laramie. It's brand-new. Someday it will be the biggest town in the West. Why not? Look, Setters. Here's the railroad. Here's the land. What's to stop it, hunh? It will be the greatest city you ever saw. Thirty thousand next year. It's got six thousand now. Smell this air. Good air, ain't it? Sure—and you wait and see the people come out here to get their health back. A hundred thousand by 1900. Maybe more. Now that lot on the corner across from the club I will sell you at positively a ridiculous figure. Three thousand. You'll sell it for five within thirty days. Sold, huh?"

Setters said: "I ain't buyin'—I'm sellin'."

Abe Klein paused. His shoulders fell and his voice changed. It turned lackluster and discouraged. "That lot you got? My friend, you was stung on it in

(Continued on page 54)



"I don't know who she is; she just said it frightens her to look!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

The American Taste Declares its Independence

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
COPYRIGHT 1935 BY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP
DRY GIN
The Original.... American Gin

In 1776, America declared its independence . . . And, before the war was over, Americans developed the cocktail.

There may be many drinks foreigners can tell us about —but if there's one drink we can tell the world about—IT'S THE COCKTAIL. And it's a lesson they've been glad to learn.

☆ ☆ ☆

FOR over 70 years (interrupted only by Prohibition) Fleischmann has been distilling gin especially for the American taste in cocktails and mixed drinks.

Distilled directly from American grain, Fleischmann's Dry Gin makes a smoother drink—brings out the hidden flavors of the other ingredients. It is always uniform—for Fleischmann controls every step in its manufacture, from the purchase of the grain to the finished bottle.

Trust your own native taste and brands. Mix your cocktails with Fleischmann's—the original American Gin, made by American labor and American distillers who have been with Fleischmann for over 45 years.

FLEISCHMANN'S DRY GIN

FOR PROMPT PLEASANT RELIEF THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE
Alka-Seltzer
BRAND REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
It makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (*acetyl salicylate*). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.
30c AND 60c PKGS. ALL DRUG STORES
Slightly Higher in Canada
LISTEN TO The National Barn Dance On The Radio Every Saturday Night N.B.C. Network.

CERTIFIED USED CARS
FAMOUS PLEDGE PROTECTS ALL WHO BUY FROM STUDEBAKER DEALERS
Prices in plain figures
30-day guarantee on certified cars
5-day driving trial on all cars
Buy with confidence under pledge protection.
STUDEBAKER DEALERS FOR BIG USED CAR VALUES

Yes THERE IS ONE OUTBOARD MOTOR THAT COMBINES QUALITY and LOW PRICE
It's the Sea-Horse Model 100—lowest priced Johnson in Johnson history. Ideal for fishermen, campers, cottagers, tourists. Weighs 24¾ lbs. 15 quality features, many not in any other outboard! Highest *certified* h.p. rating in its class.
WRITE for details on this and 6 other 1936 Sea-Horse Models. Most Johnson dealer names are in Classified Phone Directory under "Outboard Motors."
MODEL 100 $59.50 F.O.B. FACTORY
JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
250 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterboro, Canada
JOHNSON Sea-horse OUTBOARD MOTORS

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 52

the first place. Laramie don't grow that direction. It grows west. How do I know your lot won't end up out nowhere with the town two miles away? But I tell you. I'll give you four hundred."

Setters bawled: "Why, you sawed-off little gyp! Who was talkin' about the biggest town in the West a minute ago?"

"Can I help it if I change my mind?" complained Abe Klein persuasively. "Four hundred?"

"Six."

"Four-fifty."

"Six."

Abe's voice took on a note of extreme confidence. "Tell you what. Four-fifty and five acres in Julesburg to boot."

Setters said, completely outraged: "I still got a piece of Julesburg you sold me. Look at that place now. Deader'n a herring. Six or nothin'."

"Is it my fault if the railroad changes its mind? Five is positively my last offer. You bargain too close, Setters. Who's the Jew—you or me? Five?"

"Sold."

"Come," said Abe quickly, "and we'll get it signed."

Peace pushed his way down the street to Doc Frank Harrison's office. He said: "Ed Tarrant's dead, in Abe Klein's tent. I'm wiring his people tonight," and left Harrison instantly. He crossed over to the depot, spending a bad fifteen minutes on the telegram. Afterwards he went to Casement's big portable commissary shack, one room of which was headquarters for the Union's engineers. Leach Overmile sat beside a table. He had his elbows on the table, rolling cigarettes; there was a whole row of them in front of him. He turned his slim face toward Peace, not saying a word.

The expression in his eyes was hard for Peace to understand, being harassed and almost surly. Peace stood there a moment, trying to read this long Texan. Overmile moved his shoulders a little and swung back to his time-killing chore. He said: "Better hit the hay, Frank."

Peace turned in.

MAY went along, with the wind losing its softness day by day and the sun spilling out a greater heat. The bunch and buffalo grass on Laramie Plains slowly lost its greenness, the stubborn sage began to glitter with dust.

The track ran north on a yellow scooped-up grade, pointing toward the black shape of Laramie Peak. A mile a day, two miles a day, three miles a day.

On the last day of June the rails of the Union charged down upon the shallow North Platte and crossed to Fort Steele. On July first the work trains rolled into Benton, three miles beyond, to find the flimsy line of saloon and dive and gambling joint sitting in the midst of that bitter, treeless, grassless desert, waiting.

It was, on that day, one small street holding the club's big tent and half a dozen other bawdy establishments. Two days later, when Frank Peace came up from Cheyenne, two thousand people were there. In that intervening forty-eight hours a hundred tents had been erected and half a hundred houses knocked together from a ready-to-build pattern. Overmile was at the depot to meet Peace; and the two of them stood awhile in the dusk of a scorching day to see that sight, to marvel at it.

"Ain't she lovely?" drawled Overmile. "Hell itself ain't got a thing like it."

It was Cheyenne and Laramie rolled together, with the virtue left out and the man-eating wickedness increased. Lights burst through yellow windows, glittering against a dust that was like heavy sea fog. Bedlam hammered out of the joints, confusion rolled down the streets. A man stood on one corner and lifted his gun and shot three times through a second-story window, and pocketed his gun and walked away. The barkers were lifting their coyote yells from every saloon doorway; freighters lashed their teams through this thick street. Irishmen, thirsty and hungry for trouble, heaved a steady tide along the dusty way and lanterns beamed down from roofs where men sawed and hammered without pause. A woman put her head through that window so recently shot to pieces and began to scream, drawing no attention. Benton, 698 miles from Omaha, had caught its lusty stride.

"Bigger and better," murmured Peace.

"Nan's restaurant is down there," said Overmile, pointing. "I helped her get settled yesterday. Bardee Oliver moved in yesterday, too. Sam Reed's in his office. Seems to be a powwow. We got some trouble, I hear."

THEY crossed the track, turning beside a row of flimsy office shacks. Overmile said: "They transferred Archie Millard from Sanders to Fort Steele. I don't see why. You could have had another officer for escort."

"I had him transferred," said Peace. "Don't want him around Cherry."

Overmile shook his head. They had reached Reed's little shack before he spoke. "It ain't that easy, Frank."

Peace stopped there in the dusk. He said, unfavorably: "What would you do? Let Archie go to hell?"

Overmile wasn't smiling. He scrubbed a hand across his face. He had gotten irritable all in a moment. "I don't know. I'm not educated like you or Archie. I'm just a cowhand. Maybe that's why I pull for this Cherry girl. She ain't educated either. She just knows what she wants."

"Ten years from now they'd both be miserable."

Overmile let out a long breath. "It's now—not ten years from now, Frank. You know what that girl feels? I do. She'd rather have a month with Archie than a whole life of what's right. You don't see it?"

Frank said, more gently: "I see it, Leach. Today would be fine for them. And then it would be all over. Archie's in a bad shape now. But a little grief when he's young won't hurt him. Then he'll be glad to look back on something that wasn't more than a pleasant memory. If he married her he'd be a squaw man—lookin' back to what he might have been. That's worse than anything else."

Overmile stared at Peace. "You're a hard nut, Frank. I never knew a harder one. Nothin' means anything to you except what's right. Except your job. Someday you'll get hurt—and then you'll know."

They went into Reed's office, finding both Reed and Casement there. The room was blue with tobacco smoke. Casement roamed the small quarters like an impatient terrier. Reed sat more calmly at his desk, but he showed a troubled mind.

"I think you won't have any more trouble from Cheyenne," said Peace.

"Fixed up?"

"Yes."

Reed said: "You don't waste much time, Frank. Well, we got plenty more trouble to worry about. The Central's coming up the Humboldt. They're on level ground now, building fast. Nothing ahead of them but a few small ranges. Evans wires me from Salt Lake that they've sent their engineers into Weber Canyon, setting their lines on top of our location stakes. Huntington's in Washington, turning the Secretary of Interior there against us. I wouldn't give a nickel right now for our chances of beating the Central to Salt Lake. Somebody's been talkin' trouble with Casement's crews. I can't find out who it is. There's been a tie-up at one of the grader's camps up ahead. Man was killed and the work's stopped. That's Nick Moylan's camp at Bitter Creek. It's your job. I don't care who's killed—but get that grading going again."

"Sure," said Peace.

"General Grant will be at Fort Sanders, with Generals Sherman and Sheridan on the eighth."

Peace pricked up his ears. "Grant?"

Reed said: "Dodge is staging back from Salt Lake to meet Grant. Durant's been causing trouble again and there's to be a showdown. Finances back East are bad. Congress doesn't like us much, and the Indians have raided our section lines in Nebraska twice this week. You ride to Moylan's camp and see what's wrong."

Peace went out with Overmile. They strolled across the tracks again and stopped short of the street's deep dust. Overmile said, indifferently: "Cup of coffee?"

"Where's Oliver's store?"

Overmile pointed: "There," he said, and cleared his throat. "See you later." He went into the street rapidly, cutting over it diagonally in the direction of Nan Normandy's restaurant. Peace watched him, remembering the Texan's strange ways these last few weeks. But there was an impatience in him rapidly rising. He crossed and turned into a less crowded walk. Bardee Oliver had his sign over a one-story frame building; Bardee was inside, dry as usual.

"Ever been to Salt Lake, Frank?"

"No."

Oliver shook his head. "Must be a real smart place. I freighted thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods to one firm there this month. Might be a good place to set up business."

"Not unless you're a Mormon, Bardee."

Bardee looked at Peace with his shrewd eyes. "Maybe," he said, "I better read up on that religion. Eileen's in back quarters. Ben Latimer's there."

PEACE went across the room, discontent getting into him. It showed on his face when he knocked and was summoned in. Ben Latimer, sitting in his chair like a schoolmaster, came slowly to his feet. He said, "How do, Frank?" and got no answer. Eileen stood in a corner, as it seemed always her habit, her small body making a picture to Peace. He said, "Hello, Eileen."

Ben Latimer went quietly to the door. "Don't wish to be intrudin'. I got the contract for five miles on Bitter Creek, Frank. Nice clean work."

Peace stood stubbornly in his tracks and heard the door close quietly behind him. It was a picture that never changed, of Eileen's black head shining a little under the light, of a dark, quick face modeled in a kind of strict attention. She was a compact girl, strong-willed in her quiet way; and the serenity that he remembered was here in this room as in all rooms touched by her presence. He had carried the thought of that serenity with him; it steadied him now, softening his hungers.

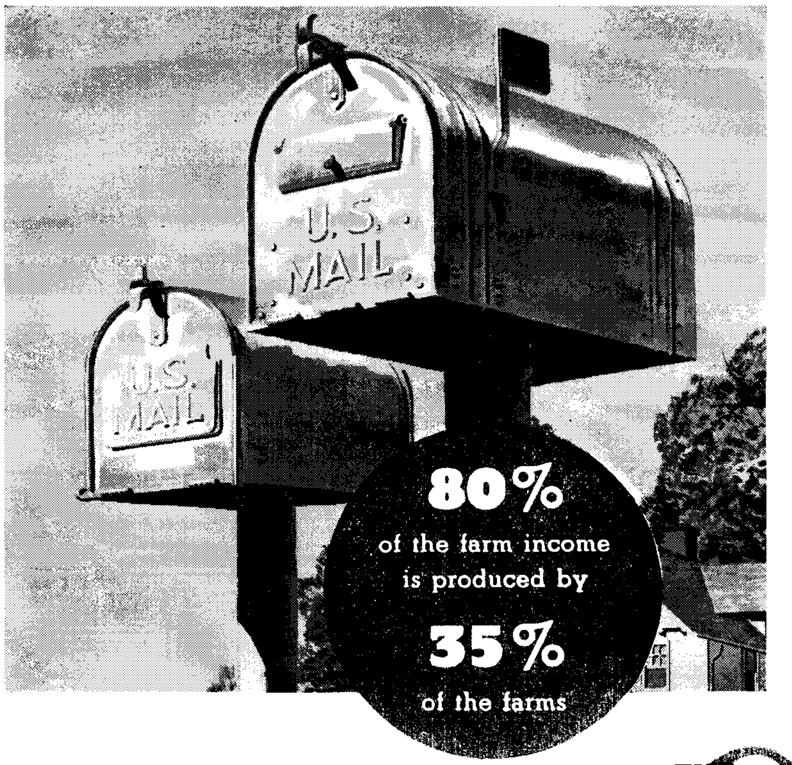
He spoke as evenly as he could, knowing how much she hated violence. "When a man's thirsty, Eileen, the first drink is the sweetest."

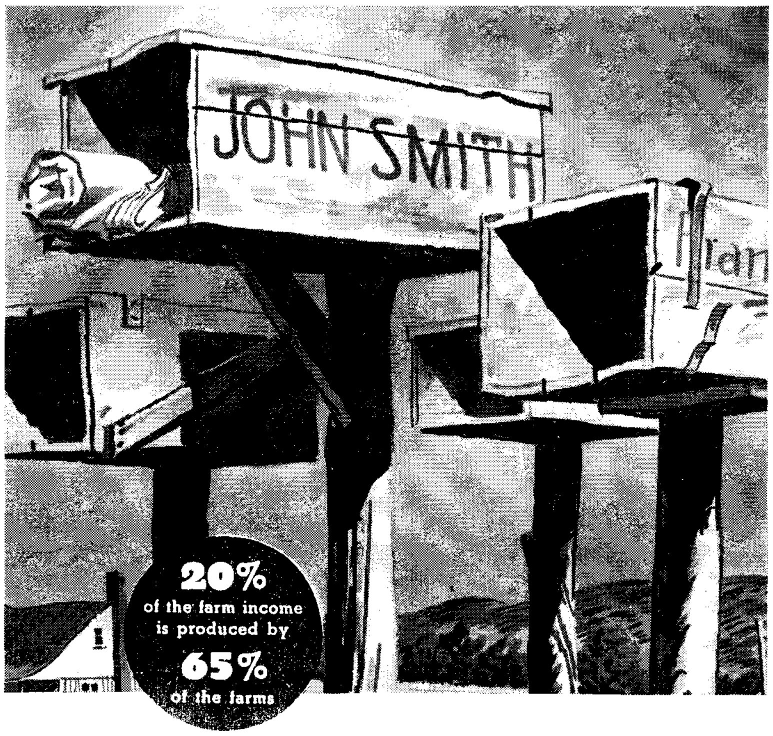
(To be continued next week)

THE NEW MAIL-BOX SCORE IS POSTED!

THE COUNTRY HOME NOW HAS THE LARGEST R. F. D. CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD

—leading with 47,006 more net paid mail-box subscribers than any other farm magazine. And the *right* kind of mail boxes—for The Country Home skips the rural slums and concentrates only on the better-income farmers of Farm Market A!


U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL
80%
of the farm income
is produced by
35%
of the farms


JOHN SMITH
20%
of the farm income
is produced by
65%
of the farms

FARM MARKET A

is the top 35% of the farms that produce 80% of America's farm income. The Country Home reaches the mail boxes of these richer farmers. Result: in the first 5 months of this year, 65 new advertisers and increased schedules from 33 old ones gave The Country Home a 37.1% lineage gain over the first 5 months of 1935.

THE Country Home

FIRST IN TOTAL CIRCULATION · FIRST IN R. F. D. CIRCULATION
FIRST IN FARM MARKET A

© 1936, The Crowell Publishing Co.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · THE COUNTRY HOME

CONSTIPATION?

Get Real Relief—and End the Laxative Habit

IF you've come to rely on cathartics that are habit-forming, and give only temporary relief at best—science offers you wonderful news. For repeated clinical tests have proved this fact: *The real cause of countless stubborn cases of constipation is shortage of Vitamin B Complex!* And in such cases, constipation goes—headaches end—energy returns—when this precious natural factor is added to the diet!

That is why Yeast Foam Tablets have freed thousands after years of slavery to cathartics. For there is no richer natural source of Vitamin B Complex yet discovered than pure whole yeast—and Yeast Foam Tablets are pure whole yeast!

Start now to restore health this easy natural way—with Yeast Foam Tablets. They have helped thousands. For you, too, they should strengthen digestion—restore regular, natural elimination. Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

MAIL NOW FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. C 7-4-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send free trial bottle of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name
Address
City and State

"MORNING-AFTER" EYES

Cleared in Seconds!

AT last! Bloodshot eyes *cleared* . . . made milk-white, sparkling! Druggist refunds money if one application of new, scientific EYE-GENE fails. *Fast* . . . works in seconds! Stainless . . . safe as water. Almost *instant* rest for tired, strained, smarting eyes. Thousands switching from boric and other old-fashioned solutions. At all drug and dept. stores.

EYE-GENE Tested and Approved 1943 by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

At Last A DOG SOAP that

PULVEX 6-USE, the new medicated health soap for dogs, stops itching by oiling dry skin. Promotes hairgrowth, hide health, kills fleas and lice, lathers marvelously, it cleans perfectly, destroys dog odor, gives a 'dog show' sheen. At pet and drug stores, 50c. More economical, outlasts 2 ordinary bars

- Oils
- Tones
- Grooms
- Kills Fleas
- Deodorizes
- Cleans

PULVEX The NEW DISCOVERY 6-Use DOG SOAP

ALL in one Operation

Fair-Haired Boy

Continued from page 19

Robert Martin's eyes. "Easy now, sir."

"You fool!" Old Jonas came to his feet thundering. "She's going for you like a trout for roe. Because your name's Martin and you're a shipmaster and a fair-haired boy in the fleet. Because—"

"That's not true, sir."

"I say it is! You listen to me! You're a kid in this profession. You're not yet thirty. You've got a ship gray-headed mates have waited for for twenty years. And more! You think you're good, do you? Better men than you are rotting away, junior officers in freight! Or pounding the beach. Let that shrink your skull! You do as I say! That girl—"

"Now wait, sir." The captain's voice was barely above a whisper. "I've got this ship over better men because Jonas Martin is supervising inspector for the coast, and because my name, too, is Martin? That's what you said, wasn't it, sir?"

"Certainly!" Old Jonas boomed. "Because you're my son. What else?"

"And they want to be nice to the big squeeze in the Inspection Service. Is that it?"

"What else, you young fool!"

"And that's why I'm the fair-haired boy," Captain Robert Martin breathed bitterly. "I was a fair-haired boy in that hurricane gale of '31 off Flattery when the Duranga ripped her bridge and pilothouse to hell and smashed four ribs for me. I was a fair-haired boy when the Placenta foundered south of the Aleutians and I went in an open boat through a sea that'd freeze your guts and tear out your soul and hauled off fourteen men. I was a fair-haired boy in the North Atlantic once, too, in a full-rigged ship called the Barton Brown when her mizzen went by the board and the rubble hung to leeward smashing her flank. I chopped it loose that night . . . with three other fair-haired boys. . . . But I'm master of the liner Paladin because my name is Martin."

Old Jonas never blinked. "That's what I said, and that's what I meant."

"Then I guess I'm no longer her master." The captain, his fists tight at his sides, erect and solid before the old man, restrained himself with effort. Only his face was a little pale. "If I told *you*, sir," he murmured with taut quiet, "if I told you to your eyes that in your official capacity in the service you were accepting outright bribes, what would you do?"

OLD JONAS came up abruptly. His large hand, black hair very plain at the joints, lifted swiftly. His palm slammed against his son's face.

"You . . . !" he said, and went silent, his eyes flashing and his lips compressed.

Captain Robert Martin never stirred under the hard blow. But the knuckles of his fists showed white. "That, sir," he said deliberately, "is precisely what I should have done to you—if you weren't seventy-three years old."

There was a still moment of tense silence. Then the old man turned on his heel and went out.

The shipmaster, alone in his cabin, remained standing there, quite suddenly face to face with something that had never before entered his head. It left him a little dazed. He stared blankly at the bulkhead, motionless. And that was the way Joan found him when she came in, dressed for shore, gay and lovely, with laughter in her eyes. But she stopped short at once.

"Bob! For heaven's sake, what's wrong?"

He tried to smile at her, she was so good to see. "Lost my job, Joan."

"No!" She came to him, one small white hand on his arm, her eyes wide with anxiety. "What have you done? It can't be! Fired? It doesn't make sense, Bob!"

"Not fired." He shook his head. "I'm quitting."

"Quitting! But why?"

"Look, Joan darling, would you wait for me?"

She raised her eyes to his. "You know I will."

"Might have known it." He did smile wanly. "But I didn't mean that. Sit down a minute. Be dressed in a jiffy. I'll tell you about it on the way uptown."

He disappeared into his dressing-room. And Joan, worried, waited for him, as he might have known she would. . . .

A GRAY, west coast morning found Bob Martin in reefer jacket and square-rigged cap, walking the Embarcadero, looking the shipping over with an experienced eye. Passing up the liners' docks, he went south where the steam schooners berthed, the little wooden lumber droghers of the Pacific coasting trade.

One of them, light and taking stores aboard, seemed ready to sail by the look of her. The Eureka. Engines, stack, and housing all aft. Empty, she squatted down on her stern with her bows and her swinging booms uptilted to the foggy sky. Martin saw a grizzled old fellow, a stump of pipe protruding from a walrus mustache, staring calmly down at his cluttered deck. He went aboard.

"You the mate, Mister?"

"No; I ain't." The fellow cocked his head and spat. "I'm Captain Nat Smith. Why?"

"Need any hands?"

"Hands!" Captain Nat looked him over with a cold and calculating eye. "You ain't no steam-schooner man. What's your name?"

"Robert Martin."

The skipper spat leisurely again and leaned thick forearms on the rail. "I can spot you fellahs a cable's length away. Passenger-ship dandy, I'll bet. Name's Bob Martin, you say?"

"Yes." Martin's jaw squared truculently. "What about it?"

"Oh, you're a tough 'un? That's what we need in the schooners." He grinned broadly. "Y'ain't by any chance got a ticket y'ain't usin'?"

Martin's eyes narrowed. "Yes; I have. Why?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing!"

"Mate?"

"Master! And you can go to—"

Captain Nat shrugged. "Ain't no use to get your dander up. I was just goin' to say I need a chief mate."

"A mate! You offering me a mate's job? What's the catch?"

"Yeah; sure. Ain't no catch. Exceptin', y'see, I'm tough on mates. They don't last long. I doubt you'll cut the buck, fellah. The Eureka ain't no white-glove quarter-deck job."

"What time do you sail?"

"Couple o' hours, I reckon."

"I'll have my duffel aboard in one."

"Okay." Captain Nat never stirred. It was all the same to him. "The Eureka's mine, and I feed men good. That's the best I can say for her an' me. See you later."

So the little Eureka went rolling out past Alcatraz and Fort Point with Robert Martin as her mate, bound for Gray's Harbor where immense lumber mills squat low behind lakes of giant logs. She wallowed her way up along the coast, with Captain Nat driving his new mate for all he was worth. Until one early dawn of gray scud and flying lower clouds, she sneaked across that famous bar. And that afternoon she started taking lumber aboard. Martin began to understand what they meant when they said steam-schooner men lived on coffee and overtime. The Eureka wasted no time.

Some days later, her decks deep out of sight beneath cable-lashed cargo, booms stowed and life lines rigged, she poked her way through the crooked channel, dodging flotsam, and headed for the bar once more. A southwest gale was making the gateway to the sea a boiling fury of white water. Captain Nat came up to it and eyed the gray desolation outside with one squinting eye half closed.

"The longer we wait, the worse she gets," he growled, and he took the Eureka across.

Outside, the larger shipping was lying to, bar-bound by the spouting sea. Captain Nat looked at them and grinned as he shaped the Eureka south. Robert Martin turned in for forty winks, weary and grim. Fifteen years of his professional life gone. It was better this way, though. On his own feet again. To hell with being a fair-haired boy.

He had the morning watch, floundering south of Blanco in a black cavernous night of shrieking gale and rushing seas, when he first sighted the jet of flame close in against the coast, like a torch blazing in a dark void. He watched it for some moments, frowning in the little wheelhouse. It grew brighter and more terrible until, in the weird yellow glow of it, he made out clearly a ship's deck and upper works. He swung the Eureka shoreward, and whistled up Captain Nat.

THEY came up with her in the first hour of a sunless dawn. In the eerie light the full horror of it was plain. Grounded close inshore where she had probably run in a last desperate hope, the vessel was by now a roaring furnace, lighting up a gray and barren stretch of beach, with the gale sheeting the flames and the spume onshore. A league away from her a passenger coaster, standing by, maneuvered in an effort to float down a boat. Captain Nat cursed. Bob Martin stared at the blazing inferno and forgot he was no longer on the spacious bridge of the Paladin. Command was suddenly in his narrowed eyes again.

"Floating an empty boat down to her! Bah!"

Captain Nat looked at him. "Aye," he agreed. "Not in this sea. Them coast guarders on shore ain't goin' to shoot no line aboard, neither. Not against this gale. Even if they do, it'll burn away fast as they lash it home. Them fellahs are in a bad way, Mister. Wanta try a boat's crew, Bob?"

"No good," Martin's voice was tight. "Smack in the weather. Smash a small boat to hell."

"Like as not. But them fellahs'll drown . . . or roast."

"No. What bottom's she got? Sand?"

"Aye; sand. Take the longboat. We got one."

"No."

"It's the only chance, man!"

"No. . . . Will you risk your ship?"

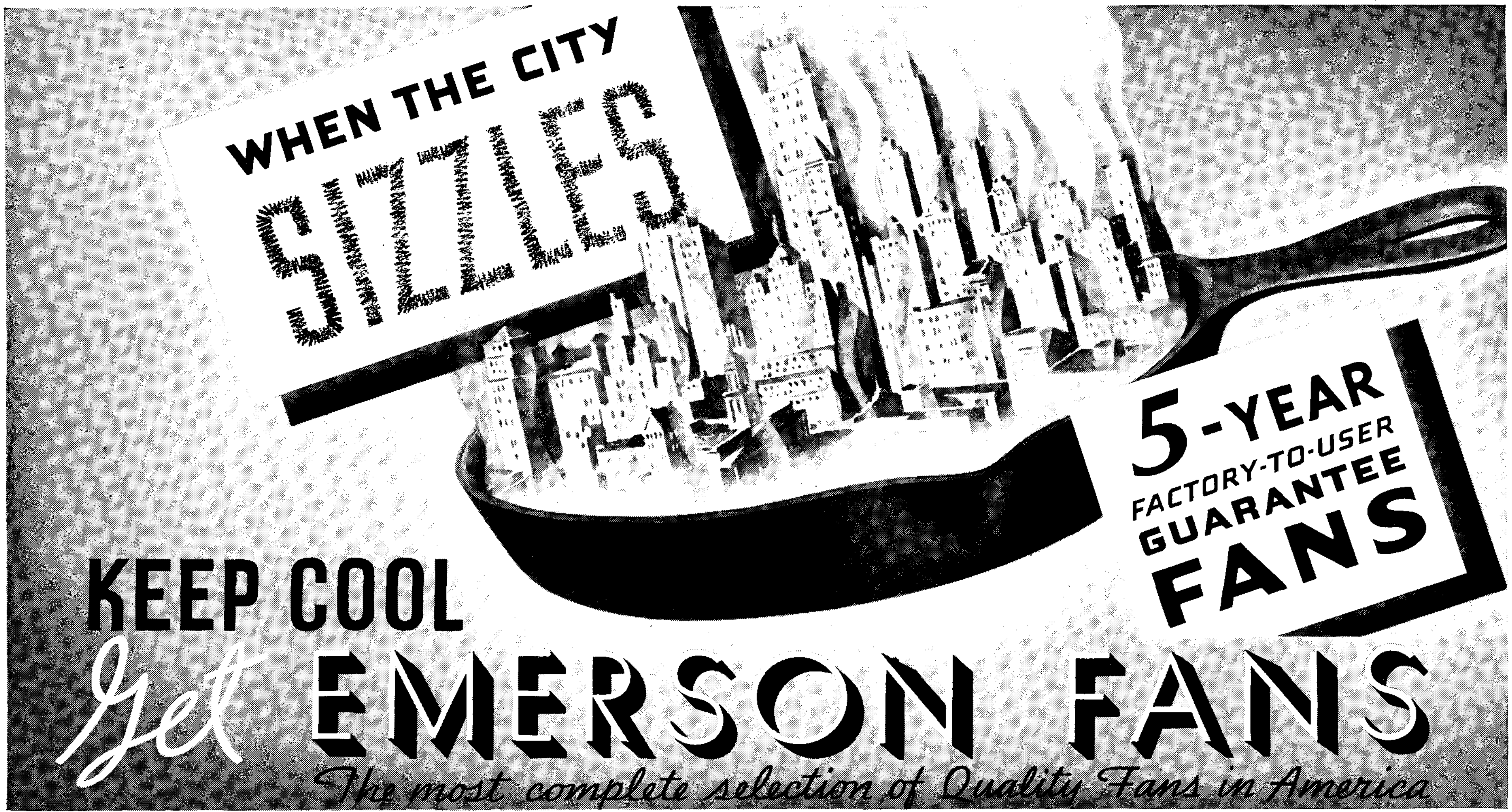
"What!"

"The Eureka's bounced over enough sand bars for lumber to try it once for human life."

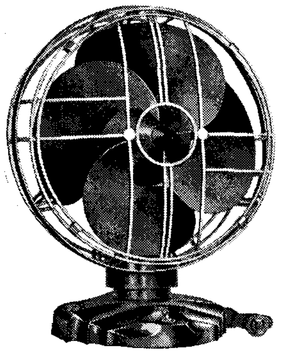
"Are you crazy?"

"No. That other fellow there can't get within a mile of her. We can. Shallow draft. Run her alongside. They can jump."

(*Continued on page* 58)



new! *Imperial* Silver Swan



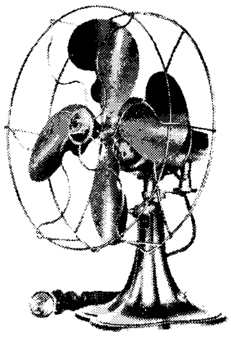
Introducing the lovely Emerson Imperial Silver Swan—as smart as a Paris gown—the most beautiful fan in America! Its gleaming chromium-plated guard and rich satin-black finish will harmonize perfectly with any decorative scheme. The Imperial is equally remarkable for its large volume of cooling breeze—its "finger-tip" oscillation control—its practically silent operation. By all means, see it. 10-inch oscillator, 1-speed, $19.75. 5-Year Guarantee.

10-INCH OSCILLATOR

new! Popular Priced FANS EMERSON Seabreeze

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

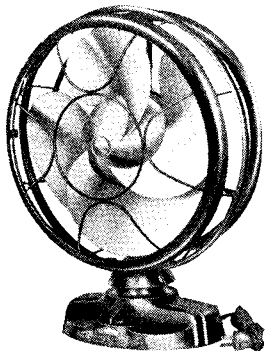
Good News! A complete selection of four fans; 10-inch table model oscillator, 10-inch oscillator with floor stand, 8-inch and 10-inch non-oscillating—all of Genuine Emerson Quality and priced from $3.50 to $14.00. Enjoy cool comfort in any part of the house, on the hottest summer day or night. Ask to see Emerson Seabreeze Fans. You'll want several. 1-Year Guarantee.



10-INCH OSCILLATOR

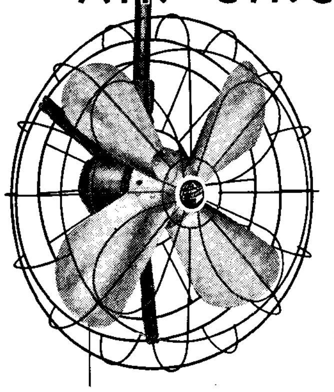
EMERSON Silver Swan

Introduced in 1934—a sensation in 1935, the original Silver Swans will go on to new popularity this season. Their aristocratic design, their beauty, their quiet, cooling breezes, all make Silver Swans the fans for discriminating people. Both 10-inch and 12-inch have Emerson "finger-tip" oscillation control. $17.50 and $32.50. 5-Year Guarantee.



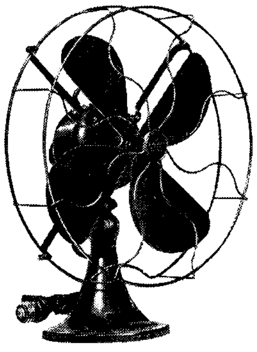
12-INCH OSCILLATOR

new! EMERSON AIR CIRCULATOR



Nothing so effectively moves great quantities of air as the Emerson Air Circulators. These fans, with ceiling, floor, counter, or wall bracket mounting, quietly handle the job of cooling perspiring people in shops, restaurants, stores of all kinds, churches, etc. Blades are chromium-plated—very attractive. Three models—24-inch, single speed—24-inch or 30-inch, two speed. Priced from $43.50 to $62.50. 1-Year Guarantee.

COMPLETE SELECTION OF EMERSON PARKER-BLADE FANS



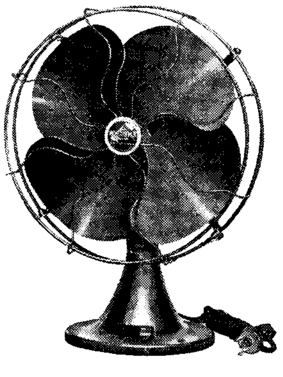
16-INCH OSCILLATOR

From 8-inch oscillators to 16-inch fans for homes, stores, general offices, etc., Emerson 5-Year Guarantee Fans are available in the splendid quality and workmanship that has made the name Emerson stand for perfection. Prices range from $9.95 to $32.00. Oscillators, all sizes, also available in full chromium-plated finish.

A complete selection of Emerson Ceiling Fans, Ventilating and Exhaust Fans.

new! *"Patented"* OVERLAPPING-BLADE FANS

When it's blistering hot—muggy, sticky, not a breath of air stirring; don't smother—let an Emerson "Patented" overlapping-blade fan flood you with refreshing breezes. These remarkable fans are unusually quiet in operation—are capable of greater air delivery, and all have the exclusive Emerson feature, "finger-tip" oscillation control. 10-inch, 12-inch and 16-inch oscillators—priced from $14.45 to $36.00. 5-Year Guarantee.



12-INCH OSCILLATOR

EMERSON ELECTRIC

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
ST. LOUIS Branches: New York • Detroit • Chicago

MOTORS — FANS — APPLIANCES

LEADERS IN THE FAN AND MOTOR INDUSTRY SINCE 1890

A Million Miles from Nowhere... in the Dark

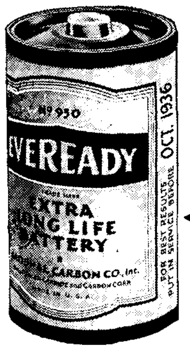
"It's Spooky to be Helpless in the Dark in Bandit Country," says Albert Williams

"Imagine the roughest mountain road you ever saw," writes Albert Williams. "Recall the loneliest spot you were ever in; the things you have read of beasts and bandits in Old Mexico, and you have the midnight setting in which the generator of my car chose to blow up. The thought of a night in that wild mountain pass gave us the shudders.

"It flashed upon me out there in the dark that here was another 'Critical Moment.' Of course! My big Eveready, full of *fresh* Eveready batteries was the answer.

"So I sat on a front fender holding our improvised headlight while my partner drove through the wild and rocky night to daybreak and breakfast.

"New York seemed a million miles away that night . . . and I thought how lucky it was those batteries were *fresh* when I bought them a month or more before."



EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

←

ONE REASON WHY THEY LAST LONGER

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., 30 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT BATTERIES LOSE THEIR PEP AS THEY DRY OUT ON THE SHELF, BUT I'M WONDERING HOW EVEREADY CAN AFFORD TO DATE THEIR BATTERIES?
IF YOU COULD STAND BEHIND THIS COUNTER FOR A DAY YOU'D UNDERSTAND THAT. PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF FINDING OUT FOR THEMSELVES WHICH PRODUCTS GIVE THE BEST SERVICE.
YOU MEAN YOU SELL MORE EVEREADY BATTERIES?
MORE? WHY MAN, I SELL 4,5 AND 6 TIMES AS MANY EVEREADY BATTERIES AS I DO OF ANY OTHER MAKE! THAT'S WHY EVEREADY CAN DATE THEIR BATTERIES... ..AND MEAN IT.

Their First Investment— -15 Minutes a Day

What should a family's very first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success depends principally upon his and her mental growth.

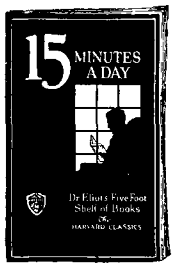
Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

More than 400,000 families have found the answer to these questions with the help of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it—how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.



Every reader of this advertisement is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book. Merely clip the coupon and mail it today.

P. F. Collier & Son Corp.
250 Park Avenue New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world; describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments. 652-HCE

Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Address ....

Fair-Haired Boy

Continued from page 56

"Who's gonna do a mad thing like that?"

"Me! I am." Martin peered down at Captain Nat and his tobacco-stained walrus mustache. "What do you say? I warn you, sir!" he went on coldly. "You've driven me from hell to high water ever since I joined your tub. All right. No complaint. But if you say no now, I'll smash you down!"

The grizzled steam-schooner skipper looked at him for a fleeting instant. His eyes puckered oddly. Then he grinned a swift, sudden grin. "Damn' if I don't think you would! Take the wheel yourself. I'll get out in the wing. Send me that sailor from the helm. I'll get the water pumps goin' an' keep her housings sluiced. Remember she takes a little extra starboard wheel. Good luck. We need it. Let's go."

NEITHER Bob Martin nor Captain Nat ever knew exactly how they managed it. The bridge of the passenger coaster standing by thought them mad on the little steam schooner as they saw her turn on her heel and start wallowing straight for the coast, rolling her deck load under in the ground swell. Straight for the furnace wall of the blazing ship she went. Captain Nat, hanging far out in the wing, bellowed the distances back. In the wheelhouse Bob Martin, his face strained and his jaw tight, held the spokes in his fists, gauging the run of the seas, the lift and hurl of the deck sheeted in spume. They crept closer to the blazing ship. The roar of it and the heat was on them, but little beads of cold sweat showed on Martin's temples.

Above the crackle and roar of the flames the high wind kept up its shrilling note. He swung the wheel, checked it, and roared out for full astern. He heard a grinding, rending noise as the Eureka's timbers slid smoking along hot steel. Then through all the blur and din he saw leaping shapes, lips wide, terror in their eyes. Something familiar about one of them. He couldn't be sure. Had no time for that. He hung on to the helm, his eyes still glued on the ship's lunging head. That was the important thing! Until Captain Nat came in, gasping and choking, and pushed the wheel over, jangling the engine telegraph.

The Eureka came away. Captain Nat didn't know his brows were singed off. He looked funny, fumbling for his pipe. He didn't really want it. Plain habit. His voice was husky, and his face didn't look quite so hard.

"Got twenty-one of 'em, Bob," he growled. "The rest . . . are gone. I guess that's all we can do. . . . Let go that wheel, you fool!" he roared suddenly.

And with her sides charred, her deck load and her own timbers half smashed to splinters, the little Eureka stood by until there was no longer any good in it. Then, crowded with survivors plucked from blazing hell, she went south again, looking for Mile Rock Light with what was left of her cargo.

She moored at last in her berth along the Embarcadero beyond the smart liners' docks, and the newspapermen and photographers poured aboard, looking for Captain Nat and his mate. Captain Nat was phoning from a dockside booth and Robert Martin was in the cabin where old Jonas sat wrapped in a muffler with his seamed face more dry and wrinkled than ever. Old Jonas had been on the blazing wreck, going north to Seattle on service business: he was one of those who had jumped to the lumber deck of the Eureka. He knew well enough what had happened. What he didn't know, Captain Nat must have told him. But the reporters couldn't understand what made young Martin's eyes light up when the old man, worrying the cabin tablecloth with thick, capable fingers, growled out—

". . . daredevil, dangerous, foolish thing to do!" He coughed and shuffled his feet, as if it hurt him to be saying things like this. "But a job well done. . . . That girl, Joan: you better marry her, Bob. I know when I'm licked, my boy."

"You're a good month late." Bob Martin grinned. "We thought of that the day I left the Paladin."

When he came on deck, Captain Nat was just coming aboard with his stumpy pipe in his teeth. His lips split in a broad-toothed grin at sight of his mate. There was a sly twinkle in his little eyes. He had something up his sleeve too good to keep.

"You're fired!" he snapped. "Get the hell off my ship."

Dazed, Bob Martin stopped short. "Fired?"

"You don't belong on this crumby tub. See? You're a passenger-ship dandy, an' right back there's where you go!" He puffed out a blast of vile-smelling smoke. "So you're fired," he finished shortly.

"Why you . . . !"

"I was just talkin' to Captain Langley on the phone. He's Port Super, as maybe you know, of a line of passenger ships here. He says you're a crazy idiot an' a young fool an' a lot o' other things I just don't feel like repeatin'. See? But he says he ain't accepting no resignation from Captain Robert Martin. The Paladin's yours and if you ain't ready to take her command when she's ready to sail again, he'll come down here himself—personal!—an' break every bone in your body." Captain Nat grinned. "He'd have his hands full doin' it, I'll bet! But I don't like bloody rows on my ship. See? So you're fired."

He turned and disappeared below. Martin would have followed him, but he saw a girl come racing along the dock from a cab with her eyes on him, waving. He went to meet her. On the wharf, with Joan in his arms, he owned half the world at least, and the other half wasn't worth bothering with at all. He grinned suddenly.

"I'm fired, Joan."

"Fired? Again?"

"Going back to the Paladin's bridge. Captain Nat did it. So the old walrus fired me."

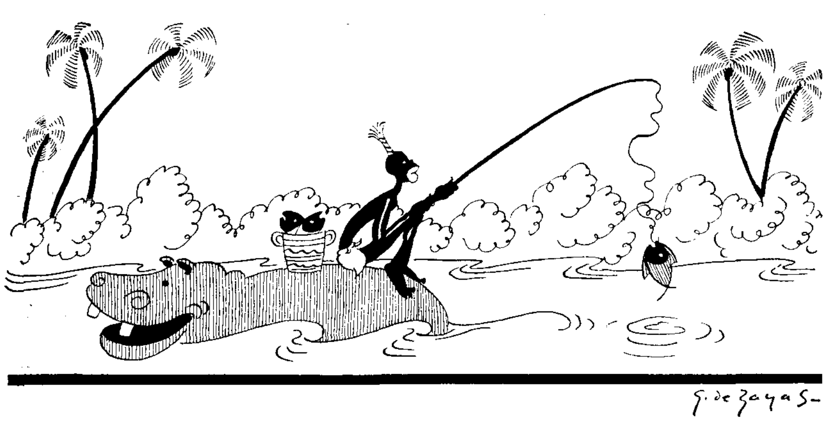
SHE looked up quickly with that swift impulsive gesture of her golden head. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were very bright.

"Maybe you forget, Bob, that my name used to be Smith, too. There are lots of Smiths in the world, I know. Only Captain Nat Smith happens to be my father. Don't you dare call him an old walrus!"

She tried to look very angry, but she wasn't, really. And below, in the Eureka's cabin, Captain Nat, recharging his smelly pipe, pushed a bottle across the swing table toward old Jonas Martin.

"I rode hell outa that young fellah," he growled, chuckling hugely, "just to see what made him go round. I found out, all right. I used to hate them passenger-ship lads. So help me, I did. And I didn't like the idea of him hitching to my girl no more'n you did. See, Jonas? But from now on, so far's I'm concerned, he's a fair-haired boy for me!"

Old Jonas looked up quickly. "Fair-haired boy be damned!" he exploded vehemently. "His hair's as black as mine used to be when I was that lad's age!"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Among the world's strange sights are an African native fishing in the middle of a river from the back of a hippopotamus, a Hindu musician tuning his drum with the heat of a brazier and an Arabian camel venting his anger toward his master by violently biting, shaking and trampling one of the man's garments for a few minutes.

The French army still pays striking tribute to the memory of La Tour d'Auvergne, who was killed in action in 1800. The name of this "first grenadier of France" has never been struck from the roll of the army and today, as during the past 136 years, it is still called at every parade of his company and answered by an officer who replies: "Died on the field of honor."—*By Gordon Morris, Santa Monica, California.*

For centuries in monarchial Spain, even to the day it became a republic in 1931, every royal procession included an empty coach, the *coche de respeto.* This beautiful carriage, which preceded that of the King in both rank and order, was reserved exclusively for the Holy Ghost.—*By Rachael L. Woodhouse, Madison, Wisconsin.*

During the World War the Germans often tapped the underground telephone systems of the Allies and secured valuable information. But one day new and strange sounds began to come over the wires, baffling the code experts and linguists up to the time of the Armistice. It was the language of a group of American Indians who had been taught to send and receive the messages.—*By Roland Birnn, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.*

Lucrezia Agujari (1743-1783), an Italian opera singer, is said to have possessed the highest soprano voice ever known. She could sing notes of excellent quality as high as C in altissimo, or more than an octave above the B flat which is about the limit of the average soprano.—*By Mary Jane McCoy, Chicago, Illinois.*

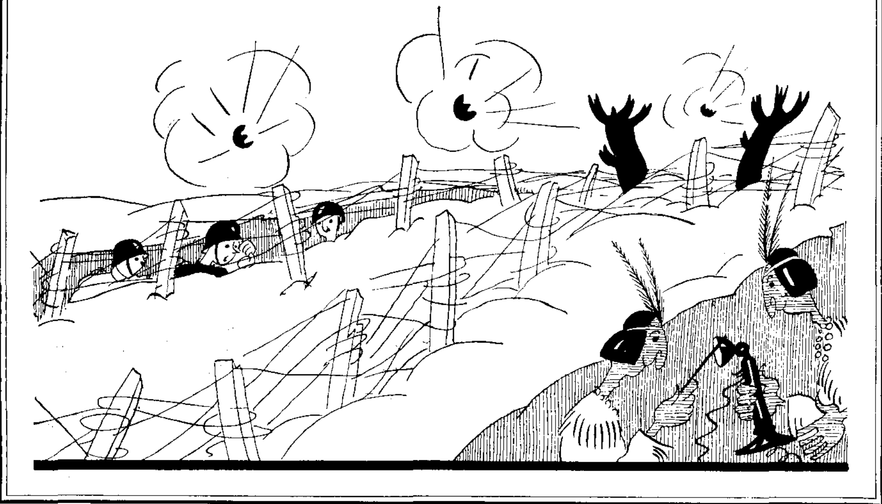
Although known as the land of famine, where millions of people go to bed hungry each night, China produces and consumes, paradoxically, the world's highest-priced table delicacies. Among them are snow fungus at $85 and peanut-bud paste at $200—a pound.

A New York lawyer, as copyright counsel for American motion picture producers, has saved the industry millions of dollars during the past ten years through his success in defending his employers in suits for plagiarism. His secret lies in his files, which contain records of 9,000,000 foreign and domestic books and magazine articles, plays, motion pictures and musical compositions.—*By Richard Holdsworth, New York City.*

For years in the 1900's Carrie Nation not only demolished saloons with her hatchet but publicly knocked cigars from men's mouths and berated women for wearing evening gowns. Nothing daunted her until the night she did her "hatchet act"—for $300—on the stage of Miner's Burlesque on the New York Bowery, when she was almost drowned in the heaviest barrage of eggs ever laid down by an American audience.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers



Don't risk neglect..

clean inside!

● Trouble ahead with tartar behind your front teeth. Don't take chances. Change to Tek. Cleans INSIDE surfaces as well as outside. Costs no more than ordinary brushes that are too bulky to reach the tartar zone. Guaranteed. Tek Jr. for children.

Tek
TOOTH BRUSH

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

MEN & WOMEN

Hotel Positions

GOOD PAY

FASCINATING WORK

LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES

Train NOW for hotel, club and institutional field. Salaries up to $1,800 to $5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify at home, in leisure time. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin of this ad and mail today for FREE Book. Check positions in which you're interested.

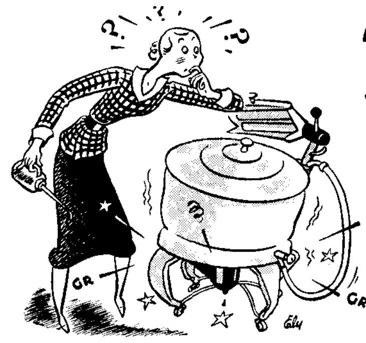
( ) Manager
( ) Assistant Manager
( ) Room Clerk
( ) Auditor
( ) Steward
( ) Hostess
( ) Housekeeper
( ) Cashier

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room MH-4113 Washington, D. C.

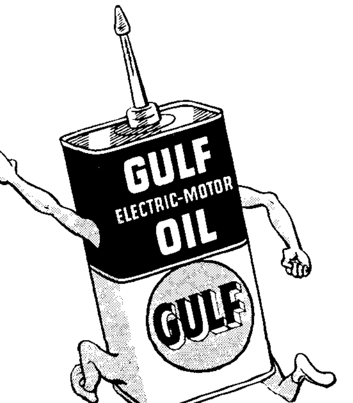
The Monark
SILVER KING

An Aluminum
BIKE!

BOYS, 12 to 16! Here it is! The Monark deluxe aluminum bike! Fully equipped, low-arched frame, 20% lighter than most bikes. You can easily earn this bicycle and any of 300 other big prizes. Make money, too! Just obtain customers in your neighborhood and deliver Collier's and our other fine magazines to them. To start, write Jim Thayer, Dept. C-129, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.



"LOOK OUT, LADY—
YOU'LL GIVE IT RHEUMATISM"



DON'T wake up and find yourself with a washing machine whose motor limps, moans, complains ... just because you lubricated its motor with ordinary household oil.

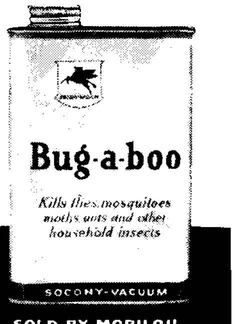
Use the ONE oil that's made specially for washing machines and electric refrigerators—Gulf Electric-Motor Oil. It side-steps repairs, prolongs life. Never gums nor sticks. The generous can with the handy spout, 25c.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL

The ONE oil made specially for electric washers

When you're singing in the bathtub
And a fly starts humming too,
You can kill the competition
With a shot of Bug-a-boo.
Thurber

• Bug-a-boo sends bugs toppling—hopelessly dead. There's not a chance of their crawling about half alive. For Bug-a-boo is not like any spray you've used. It hasn't that chemical smell of most insecticides. Instead, you'll notice a delicate fragrance which suggests a cool, pine tree forest. Use Bug-a-boo freely. It doesn't stain—harms nothing but bugs.


Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths, ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

BUG-A-BOO

KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL DEALERS AND LEADING STORES

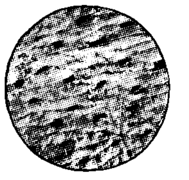
Why every barber uses a straight-edge razor

Only a razor that shaves at the straight-edge angle prevents "Afternoon Stubble"

STRAIGHT-EDGE ANGLE OF ENDERS RAZOR

IS YOUR BEARD ROUGH, prickly at 5 o'clock? Then your razor is not shaving close with a parallel stroke like a barber's straight-edge.

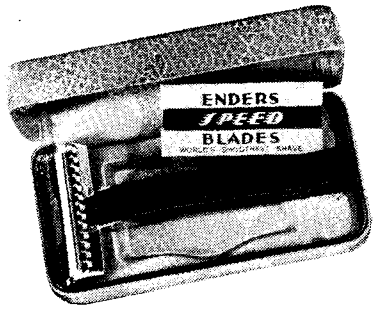
The straight-edge razor prevents "Afternoon Stubble" because it has no guards—its hollow-ground blade penetrates the tiny holes in the skin out of which whiskers grow.


Whisker holes in skin surface

That's what the Enders Razor does. It shaves parallel to the face at the perfect straight-edge angle. Thin top and bottom guards flatten the skin around each whisker as the barber does with his fingers.

Try an Enders Speed Razor today. Weighs 1 ounce. Easy to keep clean. Gives you a smooth, speed shave lasting hours longer.

If dealer doesn't carry standard set, we'll gladly send you a demonstrator razor and 3 blades for 25¢. Enders Razor Co., Inc., Durham Duplex Razor Co., Successors, Dept. 704, Jersey City, N. J. In Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Ont.



49¢ FOR COMPLETE OUTFIT: RAZOR, 6 BLADES, CASE

Too Much Sin

Continued from page 17

house, Giles was sitting barefoot on the porch. Betsy was in the yard digging about the roots of her flowers. Both were stanch friends of the Widow Duck, and Giles had a practical mind which might offer suggestions, in spite of the fact that the foreman was a godless sinner.

"Hit's a cryin' out shame, Mis' Duck," Betsy sympathized. "I yelled out my naw loud as I could. But Charlie was bangin' de gravel befo' de naws got a chanct."

"Let de Lawd jedge," the Widow Duck suggested. "De Book say, 'Blessed is de meek which take what dey kin git, for dey kin git plenty whilst de loud-mouf is crowin' 'bout what he gonter git.' So say de Sperrit, Betsy. Be not disencouraged."

"Dat's a pleasant fack," agreed Betsy.

"And what you got to say, Giles?" the Widow Duck asked, eying him intently. "You settin' up hyar widout de manners to gimme howdy."

"I got a couple er hunderd bale er hay on my mind," the foreman said. "An' f'm de looks er de way de sun is settin'. hit's fixin' to rain in de next day or so."

"You better git de Lawd on yo' mind."

"I'm is gittin' de church on my mind," Giles stated.

Betsy looked up. The Widow Duck knew the foreman too well to be surprised at anything he said.

"Do a heap er prayin'," she told him, "and maybe de church git you on hits mind."

"I hyars," Giles observed, ignoring her comment. "dat hit's a ruckus startin' up at Old Ship."

"Nawp, no ruckus," the Widow Duck told him. "Jest some new officers been elected."

"I hyars," the foreman continued, "dat Sugar done quit Charlie and gone back up in de hills to live wid her kinnery."

That was news!

"Dat's whar you sont Doc wid de car!" Betsy accused. "Giles, you done dat. You know Sugar ain't smart enough to quit nobody, on her own."

Giles explained: "Sugar been ailin' all spring, so I figgered a little pine air in de hills might do her some good."

The Widow Duck studied and studied, but she could not make sense of it. She shrugged her shoulders and dismissed the whole business.

"Reub," she stated, changing the subject, "is out ushin' a meetin' for tonight, to install Sissie."

"I'm countin on comin'," Giles said.

"Hit might not do you no good," the Widow Duck told him, "but hit won't do you no harm. You comin', too, Betsy?"

"I ain't got de cheeks to watch hit," Betsy declared.

But Betsy was in church, that night, and so was everyone else who could find so much as standing room.

THE Widow Duck arrived early, as was her habit. She lit the kerosene lamps, and then took her seat in the first chair in the "amen corner"—a position suited to a head deaconess.

Sissie and B'r Charlie came in together. Sissie favored the Widow Duck with a cool glance, seated herself on a front bench and stared straight ahead. The church filled rapidly and a nervous apprehension was evident.

Ordinarily, the congregation would have been singing, because the Widow Duck always led out a song as soon as there were enough people in the church to "drag up de seconds." However, this was no ordinary occasion, and the Widow Duck held back until she figured exactly the right tension was drawn upon the restless nerves of the congregation. Then she stood up.

"Kind friends," she stated impersonally, "us got to install Sissie. An' f'm de looks er de crowd hyar, tonight, hit look like a good thing to do."

B'r Charlie was surprised, and he permitted a smirk of satisfaction to play on his face. Sissie was too self-conscious to be pleased. She eyed the side door longingly.

"Giles is hyar wid us, tonight," the Widow Duck continued pleasantly, "and y'all knows nothin' shawt er a team er *mules can't drag Giles to church.*"

There was a general chuckle, in which Giles joined.

"But de p'int er de meetin'," the Widow Duck went on seriously, "is to git Sissie Ringgold installed as haid deaconess. Now, she ain't de haid deaconess ontwell she git installed—"

"Amen!" Betsy interrupted. "She ain't fitten—"

THE Widow Duck hurried on before Betsy could say more. "So, I'm gonter haid-deak de first song, an' whilst I'm leadin' hit, I aims to march outn de church and Sissie kin march up to de amen cornder and lead de yuther songs."

There was not a dissenting voice.

"Now, ev'ybody git sot for marchin'," the Widow Duck ordered, getting to her own feet. Then she opened her big mouth and sang.

It was a strange song, with long pauses between the lines, so the congregation had plenty of time to interpolate between them:

"I'm goin' down to de river—"
"Well?"
"Gonter face dat risin' sun—"
"Have mercy, Lawd!"
"Gonter r'ar way back and holler—"

That didn't sound like a church hymn and the congregation waited in silence for the next line. The Widow Duck leaned back as far as she could, and then shuffled an awkward dance step before she gave it to them:

"Shoot de liquor to me, John!"

Immediately the church became a babble of excited voices.

"De Old John song!" yelled Newman Dyke. "I didn't know Mis' Duckie had hit in her. Come on, Mis' Duck, and lead de line!"

"A reel!" B'r Charlie jumped to his feet. "A sin reel!"

The Widow Duck, with the dignity of a triumphant queen, marched down the aisle, singing as loudly as she could:

"Oh, my good man, he don't love me,
And my husband, he ain't no fun;
But I got me a jug and a bottle—
Shoot de liquor to me, John!"

"*Church* her!" B'r Charlie demanded with a roar. "Vote dat reel-singin' sinner outn de church!"

Newman Dyke jumped up on a bench and shouted loud enough to drown out all the babbling voices: "De fust vote to th'ow my friend outn de church gonter git 'e neck broke by me."

"Vote dat sinnin' Newman out, too," B'r Charlie yelled. "I votes 'em bofe out. Mis' Duck and New—"

Newman Dyke leaped across four benches and fell upon the preacher like a bale of cotton.

"Don't fight in de Lawd's house," Betsy warned. "Dis is God's house—"

Giles unceremoniously clapped his hand over Betsy's mouth. "Let 'em row," he told her. "Wait to somebody git hurted, and den I'll stop hit."

"Le's all sing," pleaded Reub. "Sissie, you lead out de Grand song."

"I don't know dat'n," Sissie confessed.

"I'll lead hit," offered Mamie T, a junior deaconess, and she shrieked as loudly as she could:

"Ain't hit grand to be a Christian?
Ain't hit grand?
Got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Sad'day,
Lawd, and all day Sunday—"

Sissie grabbed Mamie T by the hair and yanked her off her feet. "I'm de song leader hyar," she said.

Mamie T buried her fist in Sissie's stomach, and Sissie crumpled up. The Widow Duck shuffled another dance step and led out with a third verse of the Old John song.

Uncle Henry, the lotman, had been watching with interest the fight between Newman Dyke and B'r Charlie. From a safe distance, he advised: "Don't kill him plum daid, Newman. You know hit ain't a one-laigged coffin in de whole commissary."

At that point Giles took his hand from Betsy's mouth and stood up. "Quiet down, you niggers!" he roared. "I always said efn y'all ever started a ruckus in dis church I'd—"

"Wait a minute, Giles," the Widow Duck interrupted. "Don't say what you fixin' to say."

"I say what I please—" Giles began.

The Widow Duck did not hesitate. She loved Giles and respected his authority as foreman of Little Bee Bend. But she was in the Old Ship of Zion church, which was dearer to her than Giles or even Little Bee.

Now she grabbed a stout hickory window prop and swung it on the foreman's head.

THERE were several minutes of confusion, but when the dust cleared, the Widow Duck was in complete control. Giles was blinking his eyes and shaking his head, trying to clear it. B'r Charlie was sitting on the floor, looking stupidly at nothing. Sissie had disappeared.

"Now, members," the Widow Duck stated calmly, "Old Satan been amongst us."

"Amen," B'r Charlie mumbled.

"Shet up," snapped the Widow Duck. "And now," she continued, "us got him whupped."

No one denied that.

"So," she went on, "Giles ain't gonter git dis Old Ship to put dat hay in, like he was fixin' to do."

"Hit's liable to rain," Giles protested, "and rain gonter ruin dat hay."

"No mind dat," the Widow Duck told him. "Dis is de Lawd's house, and efn you comes in hyar you got to come in wid clean hands and pyore in de heart. But you comed in wid dirdy hands and a lot er hay in yo' heart. You sont and got Sissie to traduce B'r Charlie and den you sont me to Duke's so I'd miss a meetin', and git dis ruckus started. And den you c'd put dat hay in de church! Ain't dat de trufe?"

"DAT hay," Giles insisted, "will spile efn hit gits a rain, and hit ain't no mo' room in de barn."

"Whyn't you move some widow man outn his house and put de hay in?" the Widow Duck suggested.

"What widow man's house?" Giles wanted to know.

"B'r Charlie is a widow man ev'y since Sugar runned off and quit him. He don't need no house. He kin live around amongst his friends."

"I don't reckon I got no friends, now," B'r Charlie whined contritely.

"Sho, you got friends," the Widow Duck declared. "You kin do yo eatin' at my house. And might' nigh anybody'll be proud to bed down de preacher."

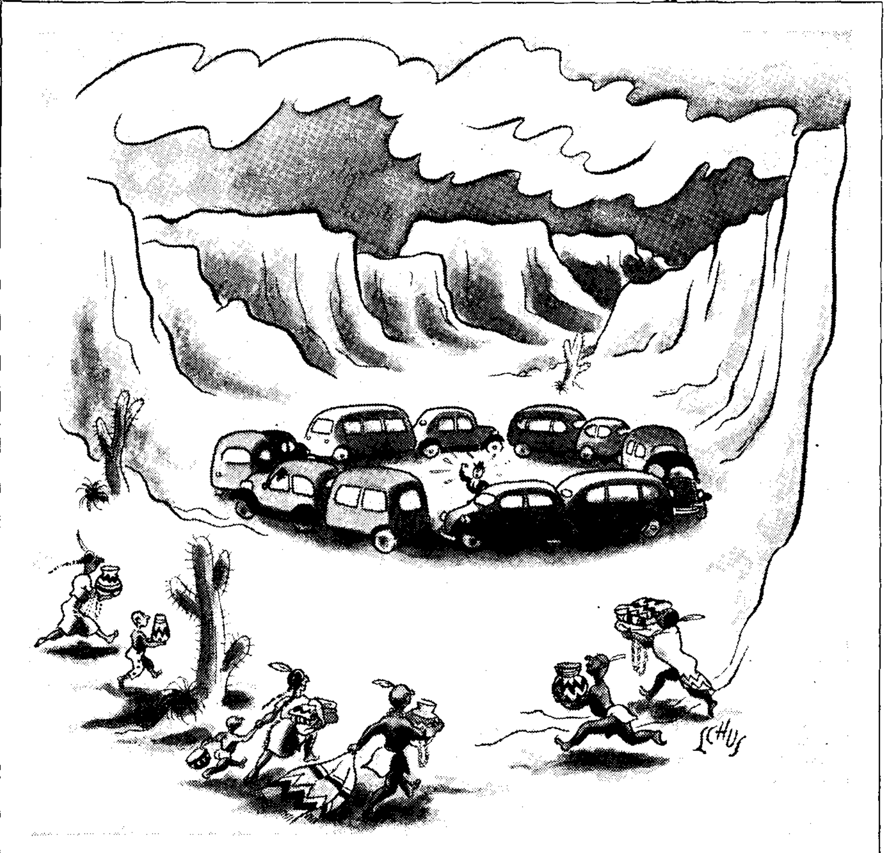
"Suits me," Giles agreed.

"Well, and so say we all," seconded the Widow Duck. "Now, on account er I'm still de haid deaconess, I'm fixin' to deak y'all a song."

"But Mis' Duckie," Betsy objected, "you better do some prayin', cause you sung out a reel in de church."

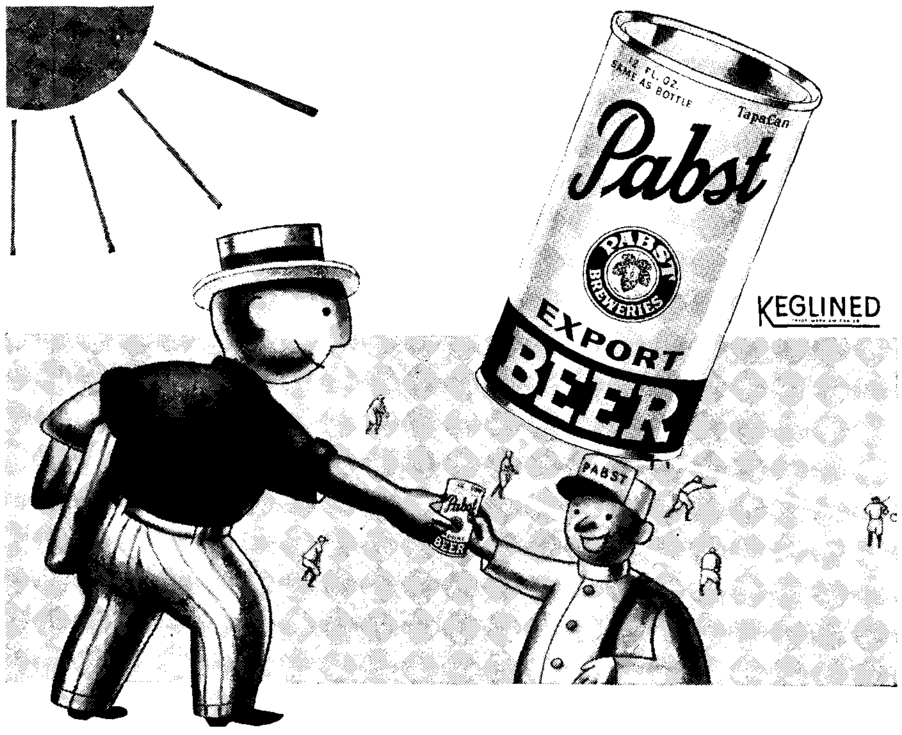
"Humph!" the Widow Duck grunted. "Old Ship is holy enough to stand up under a reel, I reckon. Now git sot, chillun, and jine in:

"'Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd—cert'ny
been good to me,
Feed me when I'm hongry—cert'ny
been good to me,
Woke me up dis mawnin'—cert'ny
been good to me,
And He save my soul f'm sin and
shame.'"



"The Indians are coming!"

ADOLPH SCHUS



The seventh inning stretch *for* PABST

TAPaCan—and laugh at the heat wave. Drop the old thermometer down a couple of inches with the delicious cool refreshment that is waiting for you in those famous silver cans that bring you Pabst Export Beer.

Smooth, wholesome, delicious—you simply do not know how good beer can be until you pour yourself a drink of Pabst Export Beer from your own personal non-refillable container. The product of ninety-two years of brewing experience is brought to you intact—with all its goodness sealed in. Light, which injures beer flavor, is excluded. You enjoy Pabst—delicious, fragrant—just as Pabst made it.

For the most in summer refreshment, you will want this beer with its finer flavor. At the ball game, at work, at home or at play—join the millions who enjoy real beer goodness—insist on Pabst TAPaCan.

DRINK PABST AND THE WORLD DRINKS WITH YOU

Old Tankard Ale

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale full bodied, full flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL
PABST TAPaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed Right In
- Protected Flavor
- Non-refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry
- No Breakage

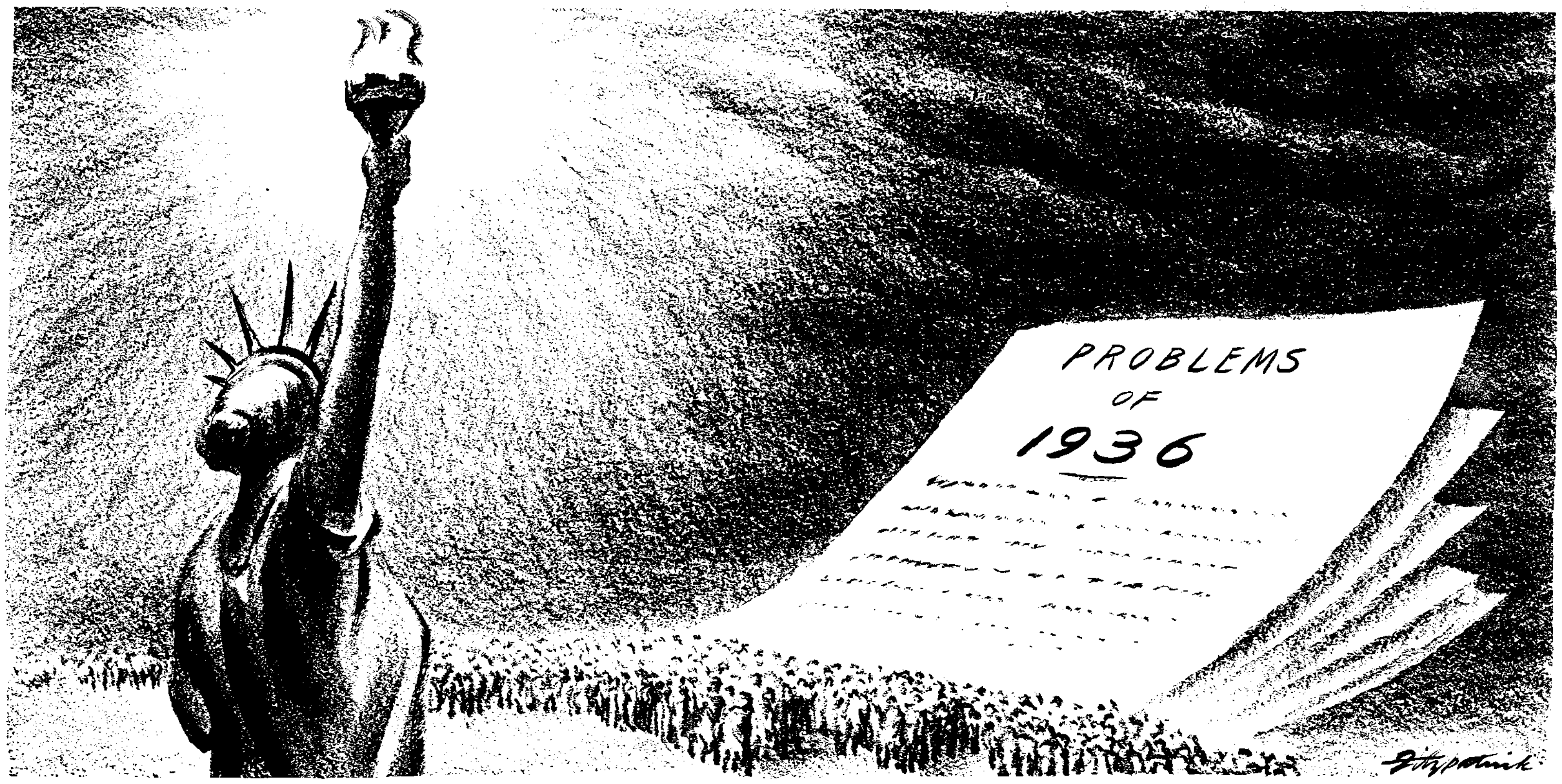
PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

© 1936, Premier-Pabst Corp.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY**, *Editor* **CHARLES COLEBAUGH**, *Managing Editor*



Our Great Tradition

THIS July 4th we shall have had 160 years of personal liberty. We should know by now whether we like it.

Many people do not. Mussolini says liberty is a middle-class vice. Hitler denounced it as a sign of national weakness. Lenin and, after him, Stalin said liberty must be suppressed in the interest of the proletariat. There are admirers of these dictators in this country.

We have just heard two great political parties define their principles and make their bids for the favor of the American people. A few weeks ago, the Socialists held their convention and drew up their appeal. During the next four months those of us of voting age will consider the claims of the parties and of their candidates.

More than ordinarily important will be the decision we render in November. For this year long-time drifts and tendencies have come into conflict with some of our traditional governmental principles. Our material world has changed and however we vote we must decide in just what ways we intend to solve our present problems.

We shall inevitably look backward as well as forward as we make up our minds. Out of the mists of our past, one great principle, expressed in different forms, survives. More than anything else, political liberty and economic opportunity compose our heritage.

When the thirty-three-year-old Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, liberty was a fighting word. The fifty-five men who signed the Declaration in 1776 knew that they would doubtless be hanged if the Revolution failed. They were willing to risk their lives.

Liberty seemed important because so few people possessed it. When he finished his half century of fighting and struggle in the public interest, George Washington boiled into his final message the essence of what he had learned. His wish was that "the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete."

It was the good hope of a great man. Everyone who has lived in the United States has been benefited by it. Because political liberty was the common right of every American citizen and because of the boundless economic opportunity available, millions of men and women from every nation of Europe crossed the Atlantic to establish new homes in a new land.

Except, perhaps, in Fourth of July oratory conditions were never perfect and not everybody was free. Until 1863 millions of slaves were held in bondage, and even later the rights of women were fewer than those enjoyed by men. Many were poor from the earliest times. But in contrast with almost every other country, America was the land of opportunity and of liberty.

In our country today we do not fear the military might of an ambitious dictator. No Fascist has organized, or can organize, a private army to seize power in the United States as Mussolini captured Rome or as Hitler took possession of Germany.

Our problems are more general. We face, not the threat of military adventurers, but the more difficult issue of adjusting familiar political principles to new economic conditions. We want to be productive and efficient so that we may have enough to live well, and we want, also, to be free.

The answers are not easy. Freedom and efficiency are not always found together. Mussolini persuaded a sufficient number of Italians that they would live better under Fascist control. So liberty was traded for better time schedules on the railroads.

We won't repeat that blunder. Too many Americans have experienced the advantages of a free life too long to make possible cheap and easy surrenders. Education is too widespread in this country. In too many communities boys and girls have learned in public schoolhouses the essential principles of American life.

American liberty has been tangible in its opportunities and limitless in its spiritual scope. We have been free to talk, to write, to assemble, to travel, to organize, to think as we pleased so long as we refrained from undue interference with others. The right to think our own thoughts, to make our own choices, to record our own complaints, has been the unchallenged heritage of every American. Such freedom has added enormously to the satisfactions of life.

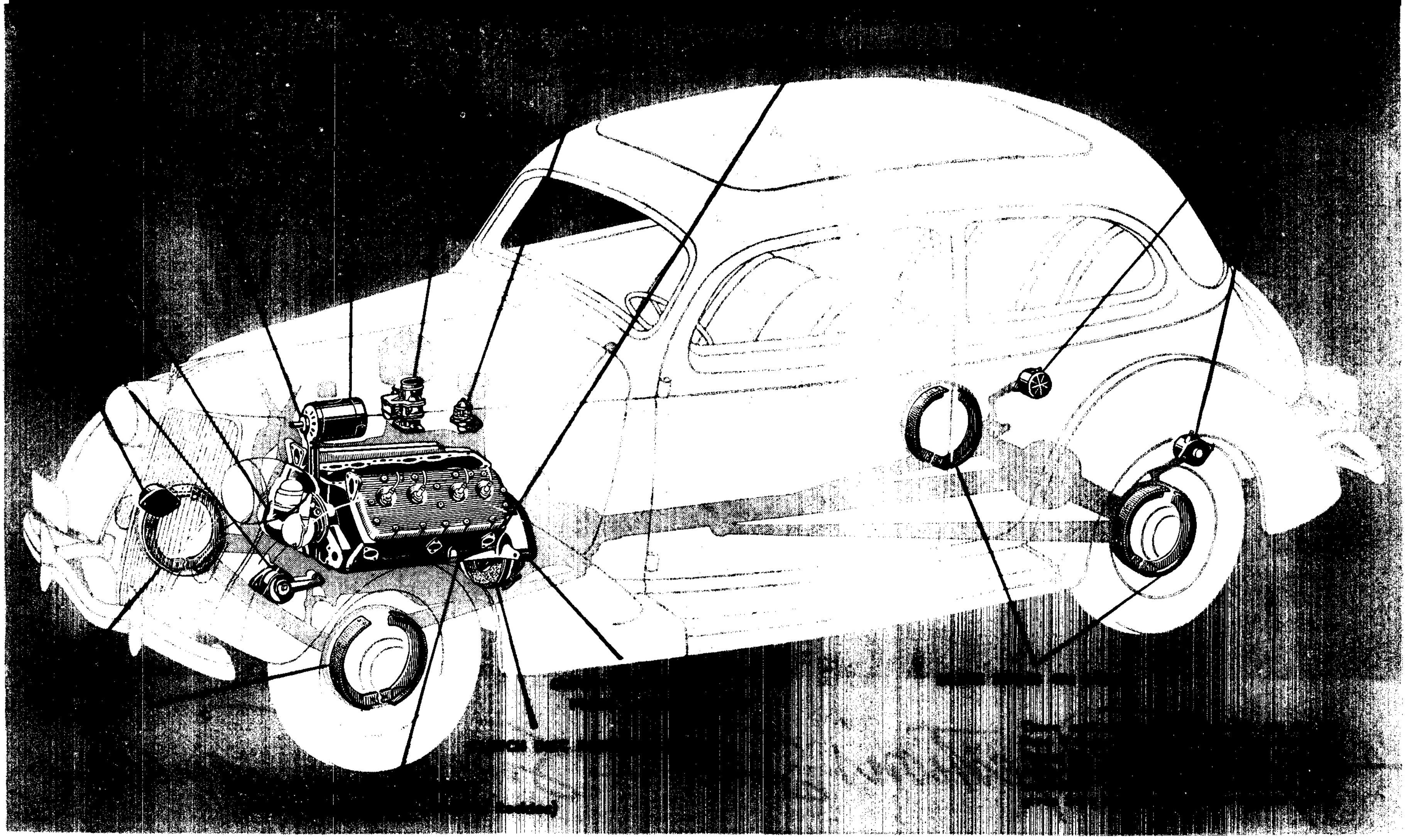
But make no mistake. We have responsibilities this year scarcely less burdensome than those carried so well by the men whose memories we honor at this season. We won't do much for America or for liberty by indiscriminate or automatic voting.

Examine the party principles with open mind. Listen to the candidates without prejudice. Keep in mind the basic principles which seem important and valuable in our growth as a nation and as a people.

Approach this election in the spirit which animated those who founded the United States and this land will be safe, regardless of who is elected. For the strength of this nation is to be found in the intelligence and the integrity of the great masses of men and women who do the voting.

So long as the love of liberty is strong among the people, no Congress and no President will diminish the freedom of the people. It may be hard to find the answers to various complicated problems, but the answers will be found and freedom will be preserved while the people demand it.

FORD SERVICE EXCHANGE PLAN



Only Ford Owners Enjoy the Economy of this Factory Service

The complete overhaul of an engine, or the repairing of a unit, is usually a slow, difficult job for the local repair shop. It is an orderly, simple, efficient operation in the great River Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company.

The men who build your new engine rebuild the used ones. The engine exchange plan gives you a shop-built . . . not a garage-built engine. Precision equipment guarantees certainty of result.

The Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plan offers real advantages to Ford owners. It eliminates the old-fashioned, long-drawn-out and expensive overhaul and substitutes a factory-rebuilt unit which gives another long period of satisfactory service. The price of exchange units is much lower than the cost of new units. Factory standards of quality are assured. There is no waste of time.

Ford factory-reconditioned units, available through all Ford dealers, have helped thousands of motorists to keep their cars and trucks in first-class operating condition at very low cost.

This exclusive service is one of the outstanding advantages of Ford ownership.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

"PARIS IN LOS ANGELES!" So the world of fashion and of Hollywood calls the charming, palm-studded Garden Room of the Victor Hugo Restaurant in Beverly Hills. And, as the diners pause between courses to enjoy Camels, Hugo himself gives the nod of approval. "Our guests know fine tobaccos as well as fine foods," he says. "They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here."

MRS. WM. I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., of Los Angeles and Palm Springs, made her *début* when presented at the Court of St. James. "How natural it is to smoke Camels," she says. "Camels stimulate my taste, really aid digestion."

—for Digestion's Sake—Smoke Camels

GOLD-CUP WINNER! George Reis wound up *El Lagarto* to over 55 m. p. h. to win the famous Gold Cup three times in a row! He says: "I eat heartily, smoke Camels, and enjoy good digestion."

Camels stimulate digestion in a pleasant, natural way... increase alkalinity

The human digestion responds unfavorably to nervousness, hurry, and strain. It is definitely *encouraged* by smoking Camels.

Scientific studies show clearly the manner in which Camels aid digestion. Using sensitive scientific apparatus, it is possible to measure accurately the increase in digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—that follows the enjoyment of Camel's costlier tobaccos. This has now been done repeatedly. The same studies demonstrate that an abundant flow of digestive fluids is important also to the *enjoyment* of food.

Make Camel your cigarette. Experience the welcome sense of well-being they bring you. For a cheery "lift" and for digestion's sake, enjoy Camels. They never get on your nerves. They are gentle on your throat.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"YOU KNOW WHAT nervousness and eating fast can do to digestion," says Claire Huntington, efficient public stenographer. "Camels make food taste so much better and help digestion."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.